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**ILLUSTRATED**

**1888**

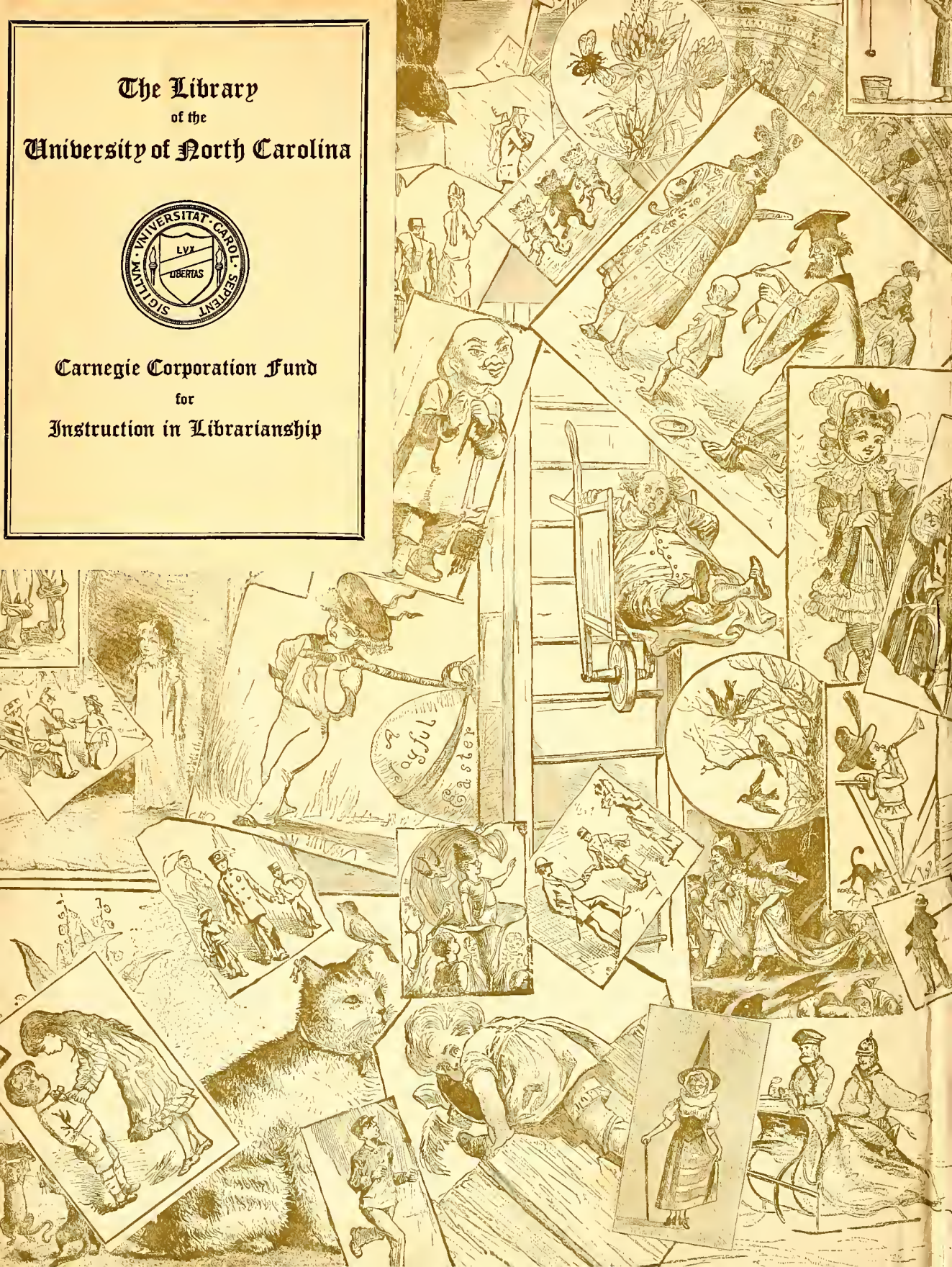
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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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VOLUME XV.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1887, TO APRIL, 1888.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XV.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1887, TO APRIL, 1888.





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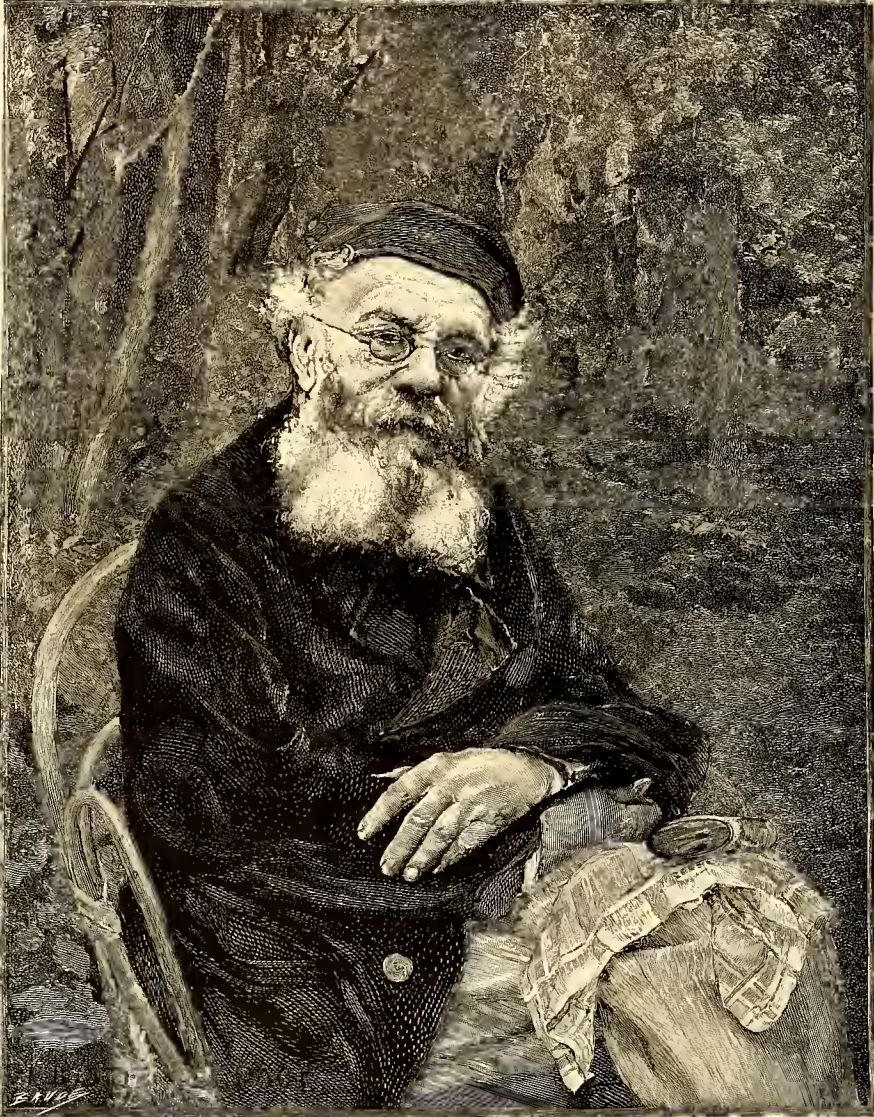
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GRANDFATHER LEPAGE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

(SEE PAGE 7.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

NO. 1.

## A PEASANT PAINTER—JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

IN the Department of the Meuse, in north-western France, is the little farming village of Damvillers, a mere handful of cottages dropped in the midst of rolling plains which are dotted with vineyards and ruled off by straight rows of slender poplars. The well in the village square is the morning meeting-place of women who clatter over the stones in their wooden shoes to fill their water pails. Presently you may see the men leaving their cottage doors on their way to work among the vines or in the potato-fields outside the village. Between their fields and their cottages they spend their lives. These peasants do not go away from home. They care most for the prospects of their crops. Their only time of merrymaking is the village *fête*. They are interested in what they can see, and understand, and handle.

But, strangely enough, among them grew up a peasant, one of themselves, whose eyes were keen enough to see that this out-of-door life was beautiful; that these figures laboring in the fields were endowed with a nobility of their own, and that the orchards and vineyards and grassy pastures of Damvillers were pictures in themselves.

I suppose that no other of the peasants ever thought whether their life was beautiful or not. They were obliged to work hard, and when the work was done, they were hungry and tired, and that was all.

Now, this young peasant, who was never so hungry or tired as to forget the beauty of the scenes around him, lived exactly like the others. He was born, it is now thirty-seven years since, in

a little stone cottage with an odd thatched roof, which stands at the corner of the village square. There are only four rooms in this cottage, and of these rooms the pleasantest was the large kitchen where his father and grandfather used to sit before a great open fire-place in which hung a generous pot filled with bubbling *pot au feu*, or the "soup of black beans," for which his mother was famous. Jules Bastien, the father, had been a cooper, making casks for the wine from the vineyards, but by and by he saved money enough to buy a vineyard for himself. Grandfather Lepage, too, was of a thrifty disposition, and from the earnings of his hard work he had saved a little sum of which he made good use, as we shall see. Behind the cottage and the barn was a delightful garden, where the young Jules and his brother Emile used to play among rows of hollyhocks and poppies, and under the shade of some old apple-trees. Many years afterward this play-ground became famous, as I shall tell you.

As the peasant boy Jules grew up, his mornings were no longer spent in play, but he trudged off after his father to work among the vines. Every one worked at Damvillers, and so Jules Bastien saw about him every day the men and women moving up and down the rows of vines, bending over the hills of potatoes, spreading hay in the fields or resting at noon, and the boys and girls tending the cows in the pastures. There was a sensitive brain behind his eyes, and something there was touched by these things.

Another boy equally sensitive might have written



rude verses. Jules began to draw the sights before him. He sketched the women drawing water at the well, and the strong-armed laborers in the fields. Once he saw some soldiers, and the brilliant colors of their uniforms appealed to him. So he drew soldiers for a time, and Madame Bastien, with a mother's loving pride, gathered and kept his rough drawings and showed them to any one who came to see her. I suppose Father Bastien looked with little favor at first upon this everlasting spoiling of paper. Probably he thought that Jules could use his time far more profitably in the fields. But the boy's interest in vine-growing was the interest of an artist, not of a wine-maker. He was sent to school, but the prizes which he brought home from the college of Verdun, a neighboring town, all were prizes in drawing. Then he looked toward Paris. At first his father was dismayed at the sacrifices of a life of art, and wished him to enter a scientific or military college. But Jules was resolved to become an artist.

Now in France art is recognized and encouraged by the government. In many towns as well as cities there are free art-schools, and scholarships are established for the assistance of promising students. All this has been a matter of course for so long that the people of France, even the peasants, have grown to understand the dignity of art as a profession. Accordingly, if a French boy wishes to become an artist, his choice is regarded as worth respectful consideration; while in America, where art receives no recognition from national, or State, or city governments, the adoption of art as a profession is looked upon very differently, even by people much better educated than the French peasants. In other words, art is a part of the very life of France, but it is as yet only a feeble transplanted growth in America.

So it was not deemed a crazy and unheard-of project when Jules Bastien asked to go to Paris, to devote his life seriously to art. But his father, a well-to-do peasant, could not support Jules during his term of study. Nevertheless, at the age of sixteen he left Damvillers for Paris. Too proud to become a burden to his family, he obtained a supernumerary clerkship in the post-office, and his leisure was given to the study of art. He remained in this uncongenial position for eight months.

But Grandfather Lepage, who was as confident as Mother Bastien of the young man's future, came to the lad's aid with the savings from his toil; and this help, with a pension of a hundred francs (about twenty dollars) monthly, from home (according to one account, the income from a scholarship fund), enabled the young peasant to

enter the *Beaux Arts*,\* as the chief academic school of fine arts is familiarly called.

Jules's home in Paris was a tiny garret in one of the narrow, quaint streets of the Latin Quarter, which has sheltered so many generations of students. All day long he was at work. He studied at the Municipal *Cours*† of drawing and heard lectures upon anatomy at the School of Medicine. He was admitted to the studio of Cabanel, and there he zealously worked at his easel through the day, surrounded by young art students much given to practical jokes upon each other. But Bastien was too much in earnest for joking.

Occasionally an erect, dignified man, with white beard and snowy hair, half hidden beneath a black velvet skull-cap, walked through the great room, pausing at this easel and at that for a word of praise or criticism. This was Cabanel, who is counted a famous artist; and yet all Jules's idea of art were opposed to those of his master. Cabanel is known as an "academic" painter. His pictures are correct according to the rules of the schools, but beyond this they excite no particular feeling. He paints models as historic or mythological characters, but in all his later pictures, at least, you think only of the well-trained artist painting pretty models in his studio. His characters are not living.

Now, Jules Bastien wished to get away from this academic art, and from the traditions of the schools, and to paint nature. As I have told you, he saw the beautiful side of the out-door peasant-life at Damvillers, and he wished to render this real life just as he saw it. So, while the elementary training in Cabanel's studio was useful, and while he gained a knowledge of his tools, the pupil and master were really as far apart as the poles. And the truth is that the pupil was a man of stronger individuality than the master.

Jules Bastien was just beginning to put his training to use when war was declared between the French and the Prussians. He enlisted in a company of *Francs-tireurs*,‡ and it is said that the commander, M. Castellani, an artist, saved his life. Jules Bastien's health was poor, and his spirits so clouded by the disappointments of his early struggles, that he exposed himself rashly in every battle, as if more than willing to be killed. M. Castellani, who knew the young artist's talent and promise, remonstrated with him; but still Jules was found in the front of every encounter.

At last, he was slightly wounded. Against his will, M. Castellani sent him to a military hospital in Paris, and privately asked the directress and the physician to find reasons for keeping Jules from rejoining his company. They did so. When his wound was healed, he was told that his general

\* Pronounced *bo-sar*.

† Drawing class in the Municipal School of Design.

‡ Sharpshooters.

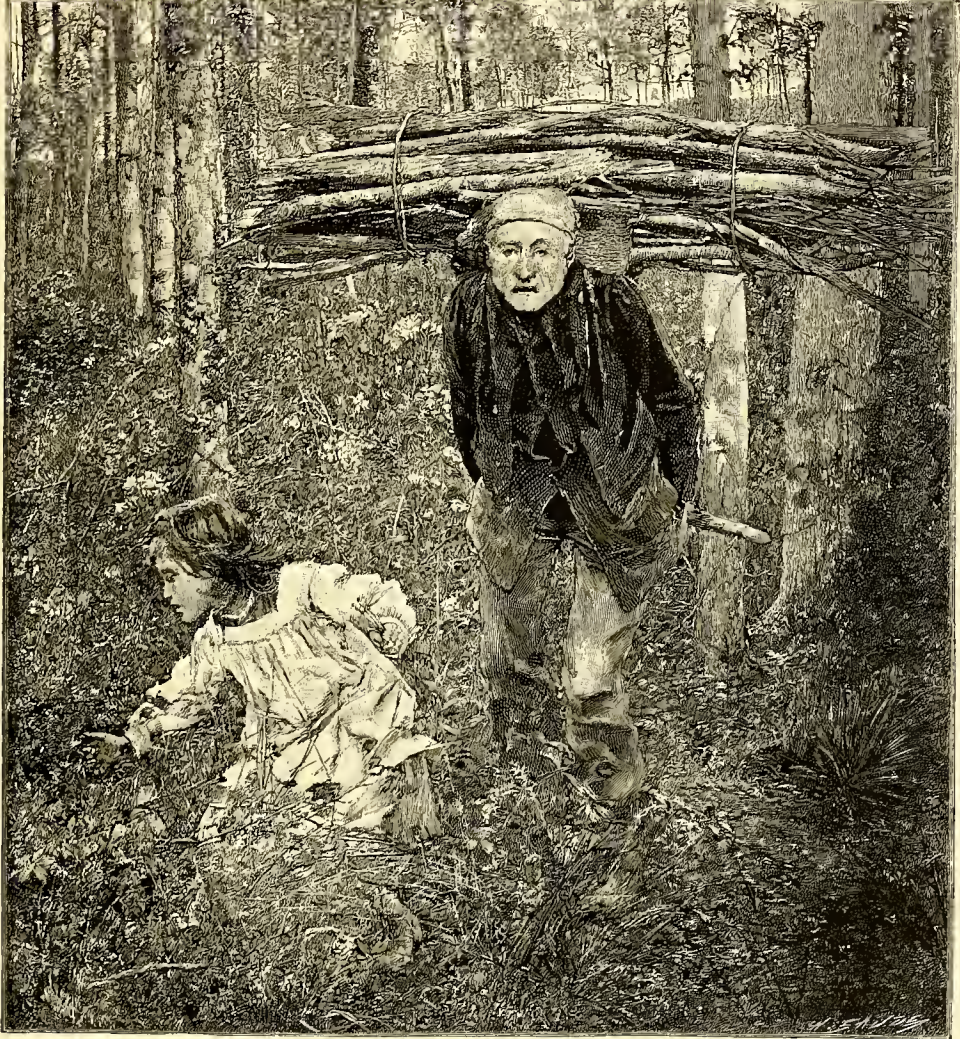


health was too poor to admit of his discharge, and he was kept at the hospital, an unconscious prisoner, until the war was at an end.

This was a time of struggle and poverty, these early days of Jules Bastien's career. He was glad to draw designs for a fashion journal, and once he went down to Damvillers and painted forty portraits of the villagers. The cost of living, small as

Saint-Benoît. In the evenings Jules, his brother Emile, who was a student of architecture, and other friends met at an odd little café behind the Odéon, and talked of art, among clouds of smoke.

In those early days he painted a picture of a peasant girl walking in a forest, in spring, entrapped by Loves who were casting their nets before her feet. This picture was accepted at the *Salon*



"FATHER JACQUES, THE WOODMAN," FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE. (SEE PAGE 10.)

his expenses were, was a serious matter. For the rent of his little attic studio he paid fifty dollars a year. He breakfasted upon three sous\* worth of bread and two of coffee, with milk. For dinner, at a franc and a half, about twenty-seven cents, he went to the restaurant of Mademoiselle Anna, Rue

in 1873, through the influence of Cabanel, but it was not sold. It was the first painting that Jules Bastien exhibited, and its fate was a curious one. Kind-hearted Mademoiselle Anna understood the needy state of the young artists who visited her restaurant, and Bastien was her favorite. When

\* About three cents.



he lacked the franc and a half for dinner, she cheerfully gave him credit, and finally she accepted this picture in payment for a year's dinners. Afterward, when the name of the artist became famous, she was offered four times the amount of her bill for the painting, but she refused to part with it, and kept the first work of her protégé until her death. So the young peasant painter made loyal friends in his days of adversity. And, however bitter his disappointments might be, he never failed to recog-

*Salon*, because nearly two hundred years ago a man named Mansard first instituted exhibitions of works by living artists in the *Grand Salon* of the Louvre, a government building devoted to art.

In 1874 Jules Bastien brought to Paris a picture which he had painted at Damvillers. He showed it in his studio to some friends and listened to their praise and suggestions. Then, doubtless with many fears, he sent it to the *Salon*. It was accepted by the jury who decide upon admissions. The



A PEASANT BOY AND HIS PETS. FROM A PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

nize the merits of work done by more successful brother artists. He was neither jealous nor envious. But for a time he was very poor and unhappy.

Then his simple earnestness began to gain its reward. Every year in June there is held in Paris, at the Palace of Industry, a great exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works of art, which offers young artists their chief opportunity to make themselves a name. This exhibition is called the

opening day came,—and suddenly the young peasant painter heard all Paris talking of his picture.

What was it?

He had simply painted the good Grandfather Lepage sitting under the apple-trees in the garden at Damvillers, with his handkerchief carelessly spread across his knees, just as Jules Bastien had seen him a thousand times. This was the truth of nature, and the people who crowded around the





"THE FIRST COMMUNION." FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE. (SEE PAGE 10.)

picture recognized it. The artist had signed it Jules Bastien-Lepage, that his grandfather's name might share the praise bestowed upon the painter. For the young peasant never forgot that his grandfather gave him the means of studying art. He divided his first laurel crown with his benefactor.

Hundreds of pens wrote eulogies upon Jules Bastien-Lepage. Here is what one French critic said :

"Diderot exclaimed to an artist, 'You have made for me my father as he is on Sundays, and I want my father as he is every day,' meaning that one ought to paint a man as he is, familiarly, in the habitual condition of his actions and life. But that which makes the merit of the portrait shown by Bastien-

Lepage is that it is a portrait of every day—that is to say, excellent and durable."

Every one saw that this artist was in earnest, that he was absolutely sincere, that he had gone out of doors to nature, and was honestly trying to represent what he found. His brother artists recognized his independence. The jurors voted him a medal.

His first triumph was shared by his friends, seven of whom went down to join him at Damvillers, where, as they drove into the village, they came upon Madame Bastien clattering across the square in her wooden *sabots* with a pail of water in each hand. The village *fête* was at hand, and the light-hearted artists danced and made merry with the young peasants. But Jules was not idle. Out

in the garden, his former playground, he painted the portrait of his parents,—a picture which has since become famous.

Then he returned to his Paris attic in a narrow street lighted at night by kerosene lamps swinging from chains stretched from house to house. He had gained recognition, but still no commissions for pictures came to him, and his purse grew leaner and leaner.

Now, the greatest prize of the many honors open to young French artists is the *Prix de Rome*. The winner is sent to Rome to study for four years in the French Academy, the president of which is an officer of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris. The government allows the young artist four thousand francs, or nearly eight hundred dollars yearly, and for four years after his return the allowance is continued from the fund of Madame Caen. So for eight years he can devote himself to art undisturbed by any thoughts of money. Moreover, the painting to which the prize is given is hung in the Academy of Fine Arts, with the pictures successful in the competitions of preceding years. No wonder that Jules Bastien-Lepage set his heart upon winning the *Prix de Rome*.

The competition is accompanied with curious formalities. Every design submitted is covered with tracing-paper, which is sealed down, and a tracing of it made. This is to prevent the artists from changing the designs after they are handed in. Only a few very slight alterations are permitted, and these in accordance with rigorous rules. The artists selected for the excellence of their designs to enter the competition are obliged to remain shut up in separate rooms and carefully watched for ninety days, so that each shall paint his picture without any outside assistance. Then a jury of distinguished artists examines the work, and awards the prize.

The subject given out in 1874 was the "Annunciation to the Shepherds" who watched their flocks in the fields by night, when the angel appeared to them and announced the birth of Christ.

Upon this picture Bastien-Lepage worked most earnestly. When it was finished, he felt confident of success; but when the day came for making known the award, and Bastien-Lepage, with his eager friends, gathered at the *Beaux Arts*, an ominous whisper was heard that the jury had given the prize to Comerre. The rumor was confirmed. Cabanel, Bastien-Lepage's master, had voted against his pupil, it was said; and the excited students fiercely hissed the old artist when he appeared from the jury-room. Bastien-Lepage, broken-hearted by the disappointment, exclaimed bitterly:

"It appears, then, that these juries don't know how to use their eyes."

Afterward it was said that the jury decided against him chiefly upon technical grounds; one reason being that the Annunciation occurred at night, while Bastien-Lepage painted it as if late in the afternoon.

That evening all the artists met at dinner in the restaurant of Mademoiselle Anna. On the smoky walls hung pictures by artists who had frequented the place, and all the pictures by men who had gained the *Prix de Rome* were decorated with wreaths of laurel. Comerre, the winner, and Bastien-Lepage, the loser, sat at adjoining tables, each surrounded by his friends. As the dinner drew to a close a young American painter rose beside Bastien-Lepage and said, "Let us crown the picture of the man to whom the *artists* have awarded the *Prix de Rome*."

He held up a laurel-wreath as he spoke. Instantly all the artists in the room were on their feet. The friends of Comerre angrily struggled to prevent what they counted an insult. But the others lifted the young American on their shoulders, bore him through the opposing crowd, and he hung the laurel-wreath upon Bastien-Lepage's picture, "Golden Youth." Amid uproar and conflict the artists testified their admiration for their peasant brother.

There was the same feeling at the *Beaux Arts*. Every day heaps of flowers and laurel-wreaths were laid before the "Annunciation to the Shepherds." They were removed by the guardians of the galleries, only to be renewed the next day. So, although Comerre was given the great prize, and Bastien-Lepage obtained only the second, his failure was really a success.

Now, we see him fairly launched on his career. A third medal had been awarded him for his picture of "Spring," exhibited at the same time with the portrait of his grandfather. The second *Prix de Rome* was given him, and at the *Salon* of 1875 he obtained a second-class medal. The artists and the critics recognized his individuality and strength.

Another picture exhibited this year was warmly praised; it was called "The First Communion." He was glad to sell this picture for fifteen hundred francs, less than three hundred dollars, for he needed money; but unhappily for him the purchaser, after keeping the painting for three weeks, returned it to him. I fancy that purchaser felt a deeper disappointment than the artist in after years, when princes and ministers sought the work of the peasant painter.

But this was nearly the last of the artist's troubles. Commissions began to come to him.



He painted portraits of M. Hayems, a wealthy banker, and of M. Wallon, the Minister of Fine Arts. These dignitaries brought others. Among his sitters were M. Theuriet, Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, and Albert Wolff, the well-known critic of the Parisian journal, *Figaro*, and finally he was commissioned to go to England and paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales.

I doubt if the English understood him. Once

reputation of "a comet in a fog." Well, you know that London fog has become a proverb.

This portrait-painting is not the really characteristic phase of Bastien-Lepage's art, although the French critic Albert Wolff thinks his best work was in portraiture. The peasant-life which appealed to him so strongly when he was a peasant boy was what he liked most to paint.

Once he said:



"THE BEGGAR." FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

on the opening day of a Royal Academy Exhibition, the peasant painter appeared in a tall hat, which was proper, and a short flannel coat, which was not, and the people who saw him suffered a dreadful shock, while the unconscious Bastien-Lepage thought of nothing but the pictures. Somebody said of him that he left in London the

"I wish to open and to shut the book of life in the fields, beginning with the birth of the baby and ending with the death of the grandfather. Within this extensive cycle I desire to delineate all those joys that are known as infancy, courtship, marriage, baptism, the sorrow that is called an eternal separation, and such varied subjects as the



school, the watching in the sick-room, the tavern, the forge, and the farm. The interests of rural life are beyond the limits traced by mere men of talent. It requires genius to depict them; and when they have been depicted, they should prove to be a surprise and a revelation."

His first large picture of this class was called *Les Foins*, "The Harvest,"—two hay-makers resting at noon, the man asleep, wearied with his work, the woman staring into vacancy with an expression of dull protest against her toilsome life.

"It is a perfect poem of the hard and hopeless lot of the poor," wrote a critic. You can see how the peasant painter entered into the dull life of the peasants among whom he had lived, for you share his sympathy while you admire his picture.

He painted Father Jacques, "The Woodman," bending under his load and gazing straight at you with wistful earnestness. In one picture, "Tired," a weary peasant-girl leans on her rake, and in another a tattered, forlorn beggar turns sadly away from a cottage-door. "The Potato Harvest" showed a scene in which the artist himself must often have taken part, and "The Forge" was perhaps a picture of the forge at Damvillers.

It was at Damvillers also that he found the subject of his "First Communion." This is a picture of his little cousin, truthfully painted, her face darkened by the sun, contrasting strongly with the clear white of her dress, veil, and garland; her hands, strangers to gloves, working with naïve awkwardness in a pair much too large, perhaps lent her by her mother or an older sister. The first communion is a serious and beautiful ceremony in rural France. Then the village girls who are prepared to take the sacrament for the first time are robed in spotless white by their mothers as if for a wedding, and walk to the church in a procession, bearing candles. Several artists have painted this subject, but none with such perfect simplicity as this peasant of Damvillers has shown in this picture of his cousin standing, as she might have stood before the gathered family, when ready to join the procession of communicants.

In 1881 Bastien-Lepage exhibited a painting called "Poor Fauvette." It showed a quaint little figure wrapped in a ragged shawl, shivering in the wintry landscape and looking out at you with big appealing eyes. Yes, Bastien-Lepage was true to the peasant-life which he had lived, and you can see that he sympathized with its toil and grinding poverty. The poor were his brethren; and, when he was in London, the little shoeblocks and flower-girls earning their scanty living in the streets so appealed to him that he put them just as they were upon his canvas.

It was a heroine of poor life that he painted in

his famous picture, "Joan of Arc," which is owned in this country, and has been exhibited in Boston and New York, as many of you know. Bastien-Lepage was brought up in the country of Joan of Arc, and in his youth he must have heard how the peasant-girl, born at Domremy in 1412, fancied she saw visions and heard voices calling her to fight for the Dauphin of France; how she put herself at the head of the French troops and drove the English from the city of Orléans; how she saw the Dauphin, Charles, crowned King of France at Rheims, and how at last she fell into the hands of the English, and when only nineteen years old was burned at the stake in Rouen as a sorceress, according to the barbarous belief of those times.

No wonder that the thrilling story of the peasant heroine sank deep into the heart of the peasant painter. And so, at last, he pictured her intent upon the voices of her imagined visions, her dilated eyes fixed and staring from her hectic, wasted face, like the eyes of one who walks in her sleep, her hand extended as if for guidance or for the sword which the apparition of St. Michael bears toward her from behind.

It was not in glittering armor, nor in ideal attire that he painted the "Maid of Orléans," but in coarse, ragged peasant's dress. It was the picture of a poor girl, her nerves strained in a trance of devout awe, receiving, as she thought, a divine commission.

Now, there are many faults in this picture, but I think we can afford to pass them by. For we can see that the artist was true to himself, and that he was in earnest; and real sincerity and earnestness are worth as much in art as in the practical affairs of every-day life.

In 1878 he received a third-class medal, and the next year he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He received the compliment of being imitated—indeed, he may be said to have founded a school; and some of his followers have already gained a reputation. It is pleasant to know that in his prosperity he preserved his tender regard for the good people at Damvillers. He brought the father and mother to Paris, and in their peasant's dress they went to the *Salon* and saw their own portraits. They were feasted and taken sight-seeing until they were very glad to go back to quiet Damvillers.

But Bastien-Lepage's brief time of happiness was nearly ended. He fell sick, and after a little it was clear that his work was done. Two years of suffering—and in the early winter, he died. His last wish was to live long enough to paint a peasant funeral procession in the spring-time.

His pictures were painted out-of-doors, and you can see that Bastien-Lepage was true to the out-

of-door peasant-life which he had lived. He sympathized with its toil and poverty, and he did not paint these peasants in his studio, as he would have done had he simply desired to make pretty pictures.

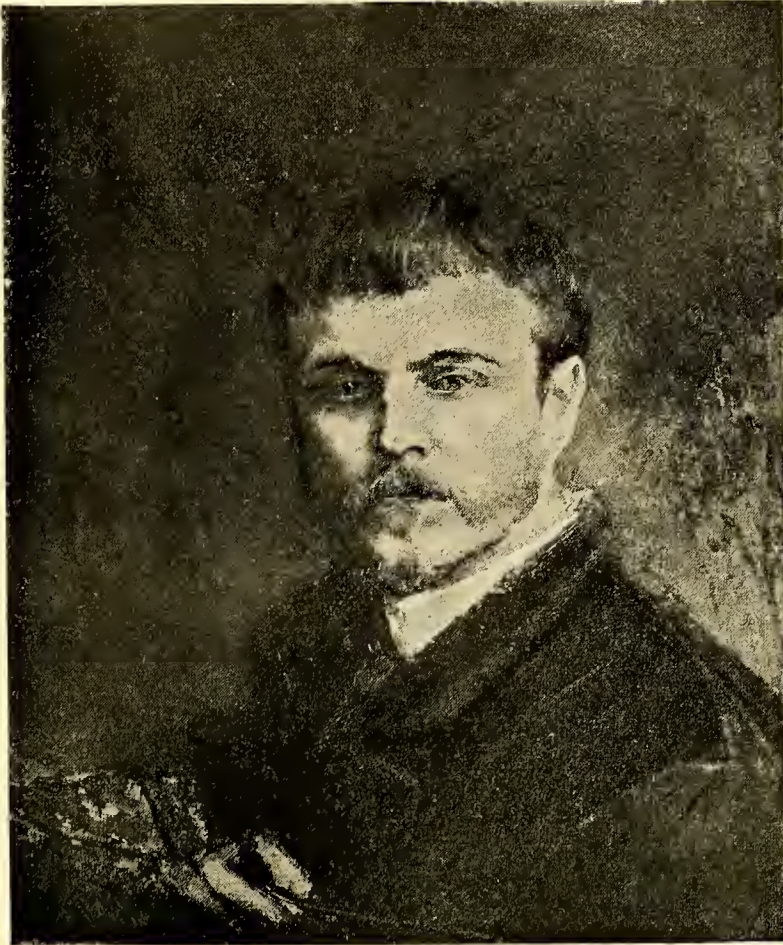
Painting in the carefully arranged light of his studio, he would have found it easier to make pictures which many people would prefer. In nature confusing lights come from all sides, the full sunlight is trying, the colors of grass and foliage are vivid and even harsh, and it is difficult to indicate exactly the relative distances of different objects and their values in the picture. Bastien-Lepage, after beginning a picture at a certain hour, would paint upon it only at that hour in order that the light and its effects upon the surroundings might be the same from day to day.

He was called a realist, one who painted things simply as they were; but the "Joan of Arc" and others of his works showed that he lacked neither

imagination nor sympathetic insight. Certainly he did more than the recording of facts.

Critics have disparaged his coloring, his use of "crude greens" and "dirty grays;" they have objected that his pictures convey no feeling of space, or distance, or proportion; that his ideas of composition, of designing his pictures, were faulty; that he painted portions of his pictures very well at the cost of more important parts, and that his work was coarse and brutal.

There is some ground for these objections, for Bastien-Lepage died before he had accomplished all that he wished. But he was a faithful lover of nature. He found poetry in the events of everyday life, and, as has been said, one of his peasants typified the peasantry of France. Dying when but a young man, he is not to be ranked with the greater masters of the century, but he left an influence and pictures which will preserve the memory of his earnestness and loyalty to his art.



BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.





BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

*"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."*—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"I 'VE finished my book, and now what *can* I do till this tiresome rain is over?" exclaimed Carrie, as she lay back on the couch with a yawn of weariness.

"Take another and a better book; the house is full of them, and this is a rare chance for a feast on the best," answered Alice, looking over the pile of volumes in her lap, as she sat on the floor before one of the tall book-cases that lined the room.

"Not being a book-worm like you, I can't read forever; and you need n't sniff at my book, for it's perfectly thrilling!" cried Carrie, regretfully turning the crumpled leaves of a cheap copy of a sentimental and impossible novel.

"We should read to improve our minds, and that rubbish is only a waste of time," began Alice, in a warning tone, as she looked up from "Romola," over which she had been poring with the delight one feels in meeting an old friend.

"I don't *wish* to improve my mind, thank you: I read for amusement in vacation time and don't want to see any moral works till next October. I get enough of them in school. This is n't 'rubbish'! It's full of fine descriptions of scenery—"

"Which you skip by the page; I've seen you do it," said Eva, the third young girl in the library, as she shut up the stout book on her knee and began to knit, as if this sudden outburst of chat disturbed her enjoyment of "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

"I do at first, being carried away by my interest in the people, but I almost always go back and read them afterward," protested Carrie. "You know *you* like to hear about nice clothes, and this heroine's were simply gorgeous; white velvet and a rope of pearls is one costume; gray velvet and a silver girdle another; and Idalia was all a 'shower

of perfumed laces,' and scarlet and gold satin mask dresses, or primrose silk with violets, so lovely! I do revel in 'em!"

Both girls laughed as Carrie reeled off this list of elegances with the relish of a French modiste.

"Well, I'm poor and can't have as many pretty things as I want, so it *is* delightful to read about women who wear white quilted satin dressing-gowns and olive velvet trains with Mechlin lace sweepers to them. Diamonds as large as nuts, and rivers of opals and sapphires and rubies and pearls, are great fun to read of, if you never even get a look at real ones. We never see such languid swells in America, nor such ladies, and the author scolds them all, and that's moral, I'm sure."

Carrie paused, out of breath; but Alice shook her head again, and said in her serious way:

"That's the harm of it all. False and foolish things are made interesting, and we read for that, not for any lesson there may be hidden under the velvet and jewels and fine words of your splendid men and women. Now *this* book is a wonderful picture of Florence in old times, and the famous people who really lived are painted in it, and it has a true and clean moral that we all can see, and one feels wiser and better for reading it. I do wish you'd leave those trashy things and try something really good."

"I hate George Eliot,—so awfully wise and preachy and dismal! I really could n't wade through 'Daniel Deronda,' though 'The Mill on the Floss' was n't bad," answered Carrie, with another yawn, as she recalled the Jew Mordecai's long speeches, and Daniel's meditations.

"I know you'd like this," said Eva, patting her book with an air of calm content; for she was a modest, common-sense little body, full of innocent

tancies and the mildest sort of romance. "I love dear Miss Yonge and her books, with their nice, large families, and their trials, and their pious ways, and pleasant homes full of brothers and sisters, and good fathers and mothers. I'm never tired of them, and have read 'Daisy Chain' nine times at least."

"I used to like them, and still think them good for young girls, with our own 'Queechy' and 'Wide, Wide World,' and books of that kind. Now I'm eighteen, I prefer stronger novels, and books by great men and women, because these are always talked about by cultivated people, and when I go into society next winter I wish to be able to listen intelligently, and to know what to admire."

"That's all very well for you, Alice; you were always poking over books, and I dare say you will write them some day, or be a blue-stocking. But I have another year to study and fuss over my education, and I'm going to enjoy myself all I can, and leave the wise books till I come out."\*

"But, Carrie, there won't be any time to read them; you'll be so busy with parties, and beaux, and traveling, and such things. I *would* take Alice's advice and read up a little now; it's so nice to know useful things, and be able to find help and comfort in good books when trouble comes, as Ellen Montgomery and Fleda did, and Ethel, and the other girls in Miss Yonge's stories," said Eva earnestly, remembering how much the efforts of those natural little heroines had helped her in her own struggles for self-control and the cheerful bearing of the burdens which come to all.

"I don't want to be a priggish Ellen, or a moral Fleda, and I do detest bothering about self-improvement all the time. I know I ought, but I'd rather wait another year or two, and enjoy my vanities in peace just a *little* longer." And Carrie tucked her novel under the sofa pillow, as if a trifle ashamed of its society, with Eva's innocent eyes upon her own, and Alice sadly regarding her over the rampart of wise books, which kept growing higher as the eager girl found more and more treasures in this richly stored library.

A little silence followed, broken only by the patter of the rain without, the crackle of the wood fire within, and the scratch of a busy pen from a curtained recess at the end of a long room. In the sudden hush the girls heard it and remembered that they were not alone.

"She must have heard every word we said!" and Carrie sat up with a dismayed face as she spoke in a whisper.

Eva laughed, but Alice shrugged her shoulders, and said tranquilly, "I don't mind. She would n't expect much wisdom from school-girls."

This was cold comfort to Carrie, who was pain-

fully conscious of having been a particularly silly school-girl just then. So she gave a groan and lay down again, wishing she had not expressed her views quite so freely.

The three girls were the guests of a delightful old lady who had known their mothers and was fond of renewing her acquaintance with them through their daughters. She loved young people, and every summer invited parties of them to enjoy the delights of her beautiful country-house, where she lived alone now, being the childless widow of a somewhat celebrated man. She made it very pleasant for her guests, leaving them free to employ a part of the day as they liked, providing the best of company at dinner, gay revels in the evening, and a large houseful of curious and interesting things to examine at their leisure.

The rain had spoiled a pleasant plan, and business letters had made it necessary for Mrs. Warburton to leave the three to their own devices after luncheon. They had read quietly for several hours, and their hostess was just finishing her last letter, when fragments of the conversation reached her ear. She listened with amusement, unconscious that they had forgotten her presence, finding the different views very characteristic, and easily explained by the difference of the homes out of which the three friends came.

Alice was the only daughter of a scholarly man and a brilliant woman; therefore her love of books and desire to cultivate her mind was very natural, but the danger in her case would be in the neglect of other things equally important, too varied reading, and a superficial knowledge of many authors rather than a true appreciation of a few of the best and greatest. Eva was one of many children in a happy home, with a busy father, a pious mother, and many domestic cares as well as joys already falling to the dutiful girl's lot. Her instincts were sweet and unspoiled, and she only needed to be shown where to find new and better helpers for the real trials of life, when the childish heroines she loved could no longer serve her in the years to come.

Carrie was one of the ambitious yet commonplace girls who wish to shine, without knowing the difference between the glitter of a candle which attracts moths, and the serene light of a star, or the cheery glow of a fire around which all love to gather. Her mother's aims were not high; and the two pretty daughters knew that she desired good matches for them, educated them for that end, and expected them to do their parts when the time came. The elder sister was now at a watering-place with her mother, and Carrie hoped that a letter would soon come telling her that Mary was settled. During her stay with Mrs. Warburton she had learned a great deal, and was uncon-



sciously contrasting the life there with the frivolous one at home, made up of public show and private sacrifice of comfort, dignity, and peace. Here were people who dressed simply, enjoyed conversation, kept up their accomplishments even when old, and were so busy, lovable, and charming, that poor Carrie often felt vulgar, ignorant, and mortified among them, in spite of their fine breeding and kindness. The society Mrs. Warburton drew about her was the best; and old and young, rich and poor, wise and simple, all seemed genuine, glad to give or receive, enjoy and rest, and then go out to their work refreshed by the influences of the place and the sweet old lady who made it what it was. The girls would soon begin life for themselves, and it was well that they had this little glimpse of really good society before they left the shelter of home to choose friends, pleasures, and pursuits for themselves, as all young women do when once launched.

The sudden silence and then the whispers suggested to the listener that she had perhaps heard something not meant for her ear, so she presently emerged with her letters, and said, as she came smiling toward the group about the fire:

"How are you getting through this long, dull afternoon, my dears? Quiet as mice till just now. What woke you up? A battle of the books? Alice looks as if she had laid in plenty of ammunition, and you were preparing to besiege her."

The girls laughed, and all rose, for Mrs. Warburton was a stately old lady, and people involuntarily treated her with great respect, even in this mannerless age.

"We were only talking about books," began Carrie, deeply grateful that her novel was safely out of sight.

"And we could n't agree," added Eva, running to ring the bell for the man to take the letters, for she was used to these little offices at home, and loved to wait on her hostess.

"Thanks, my love. Now let us talk a little, if you are tired of reading and if you like to let me share the discussion. Comparing tastes in literature is always a pleasure, and I used to enjoy talking over books with my girl friends more than anything else."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton sat down in the chair which Alice rolled up, drew Eva to the cushion at her feet, and nodded to the others as they settled again, with interested faces, one at the table where the pile of chosen volumes now lay, the other erect upon the couch where she had been practicing the poses "full of languid grace," so much affected by her favorite heroines.

"Carrie was laughing at me for liking wise books and wishing to improve my mind. Is it

foolish and a waste of time?" asked Alice, eager to convince her friend and secure so powerful an ally.

"No, my dear, it is a very sensible desire, and I wish more girls had it. Only don't be greedy, and read too much; cramming and smattering are as bad as promiscuous novel-reading, or no reading at all. Choose carefully, read intelligently, and digest thoroughly each book, and then you make it your own," answered Mrs. Warburton, quite in her element now, for she loved to advise, as all old people do.

"But how can we know *what* to read, if we may not follow our tastes?" said Carrie, trying to be interested and "intelligent" in spite of her fear that a "school-marmy" lecture was in store for her.

"Ask advice, and so cultivate a true and refined taste. I always judge people's characters a great deal by the books they like, as well as by the company they keep; so one should be careful, for this is a very good test. Another test is, be sure that whatever will not bear reading *aloud* is not fit to read to one's self. Many young girls ignorantly or curiously take up books quite worthless, and really harmful, because under the fine writing and brilliant color lurk immorality or the false sentiment which gives wrong ideas of life and things which should be sacred. They think, perhaps, that no one knows this taste of theirs, but they are mistaken, for it shows itself in many ways, and betrays them. Attitudes, looks, careless words, and a morbid or foolishly romantic view of certain things, show plainly that the maidenly instincts are blunted, and harm done that perhaps can never be repaired."

Mrs. Warburton kept her eyes fixed upon the tall andirons, as if gravely reproving them, which was a great relief to Carrie, whose cheeks glowed as she stirred uneasily, and took up a screen as if to guard them from the fire. But conscience pricked her sharply, and memory, like a traitor, recalled many a passage or scene in her favorite books which, though she enjoyed them in private, she could not have read aloud even to that old lady. Nothing very bad, but false and foolish, poor food for a lively fancy and young mind to feed on, as the weariness or excitement which always followed plainly proved; since one should feel refreshed, not cloyed, with an intellectual feast.

Alice, with both elbows on the table, listened with wide-awake eyes, and Eva watched the rain-drops trickle down the pane with an intent expression, as if asking herself if she had ever done this naughty thing.

"Then there is another fault," continued Mrs. Warburton, well knowing that her first shot had hit its mark, and anxious to be just. "Some book-loving lassies have a mania for trying to read

*everything*, and dip into works far beyond their powers, or try too many different kinds of self-improvement at once. So they get a muddle of useless things into their heads, instead of well-assorted ideas and real knowledge. They must learn to wait and select, for each age has its proper class of books, and what is Greek to us at eighteen may be just what we need at thirty. One can get mental dyspepsia on meat and wine, as well as on ice-cream and frosted cake, you know."

Alice smiled, and pushed away four of the eight books she had selected, as if afraid she *had* been greedy, and now felt that it was best to wait a little.

Eva looked up with some anxiety in her frank eyes, as she said, "Now it is my turn. Must I give up my dear homely books, and take to Ruskin, Kant, or Plato?"

Mrs. Warburton laughed, as she stroked the pretty brown head at her knee.

"Not yet, my love, perhaps never; for those are not the masters you need, I fancy. Since you like stories about every-day people, try some of the fine biographies of real men and women about whom you should know something. You will find their lives full of stirring, helpful, and lonely experiences, and in reading of these you will get courage and hope and faith to bear your own trials as they come. True stories suit you, and are the best, for there we get real tragedy and comedy, and the lessons all must learn."

"Thank you! I will begin at once, if you will kindly give me a list of such as would be good for me," cried Eva, with the sweet docility of one eager to be all that is lovable and wise in woman.

"Give us each a list, and we will try to improve in the best way. You know what we need, and love to help foolish girls, or you would n't be so kind and patient with us," said Alice, going to sit beside Carrie, hoping for much discussion of this, to her, very interesting subject.

"I will, with pleasure; but I read few modern novels, so I may not be a good judge there. Most of them seem very poor stuff, and I can not waste time even to skim them as some people do. I still like the old-fashioned ones I read as a girl, though you would laugh at them. Did any of you ever read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw?' I re-read it recently, and thought it very funny; so were 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia.'"

"I wanted to try Smollett and Fielding, after reading some fine essays about them, but Papa told me I must wait," said Alice.

"Ah, my dears, in my day, Thaddeus was our hero, and we thought the scene where he and Miss Beaufort are in the Park a most thrilling one. Two fops ask Thaddeus where he got his boots, and he replies, with withering dignity, 'Where I

got my sword, gentlemen.' I treasured the picture of that episode for a long time. Thaddeus wears a hat as full of black plumes as a hearse, Hessian boots with tassels, and leans over Mary, who languishes on the seat in a short-waisted gown, limp scarf, poke bonnet, and large bag — the height of elegance then, but very funny now. Then too, there is William Wallace in 'Scottish Chiefs.' Bless me! We cried over him as much as you do over your 'Heir of Clifton,' or whatever the boy's name is. You would n't get through it, I fancy; and as for poor, dear, prosy Richardson, his letter-writing heroines would bore you sadly. Just imagine a lover saying to a friend, 'I begged my angel to stay and sip one dish of tea. She sipped one dish and flew.'"

"Now, I'm sure that 's sillier than anything the Duchess ever wrote with her five o'clock teas and flirtations over plum-cake on lawns," cried Carrie, as they all laughed at the immortal Lovelace.

"I never read Richardson, but he could n't be duller than Henry James, with his everlasting stories, full of people who talk a great deal and amount to nothing. I like the older novels best, and enjoy some of Scott's and Miss Edgeworth's better than Howells's or any of the modern realistic writers, with their elevators, and paint-pots, and every-day people," said Alice.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, for I have an old-fashioned fancy that I'd rather read about people as they *were*, for that is history, or as they *might* and should be, for that helps us in our own efforts; not as they *are*, for that we know, and are all sufficiently commonplace ourselves to be the better for a nobler and wider view of life and men than any we are apt to get, so busy are we earning daily bread, or running after fortune, honor, or some other bubble. But I must n't lecture, or I shall bore you, and forget that I am your hostess, whose duty it is to amuse."

As Mrs. Warburton paused, Carrie, anxious to change the subject, said, with her eyes on a curious jewel which the old lady wore, "I also love true stories, and you promised to tell us about that lovely pin some day. This is just the time for it — please do."

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Warburton, "for the little romance is quite *apropos* of our present chat. It is a very simple tale, and rather sad, but it had a great influence on my life, and this brooch is very dear to me."

As Mrs. Warburton sat silent a moment, the girls all looked with interest at the quaint pin which clasped the soft folds of muslin over the gray silk dress which was as becoming to the still handsome woman as her crown of white hair and the winter roses in her cheeks. The ornament was in the shape of a pansy; its purple leaves

were of amethyst, the yellow of topaz, and in the middle lay a diamond drop of dew. Several letters were delicately cut on its golden stem, and a guard-pin showed how much its wearer valued it.

"My sister Lucretia was a great deal older than I, for the three boys came between," began Mrs. Warburton, still gazing at the fire, as if from its ashes the past rose up bright and warm again. "She was a very lovely and superior girl, and I looked up to her with wonder as well as admiration. Others did the same, and at eighteen she was engaged to a charming man, who would have made his mark had he lived. She was too young to marry then, and Frank Lyman had a fine opening to practise his profession at the South. So they parted for two years, and it was then that he gave her the brooch, saying to her, as she whispered how lonely she should be without him, 'This pansy is a happy, faithful thought of me. Wear it, dearest girl, and don't pine while we are separated. Read and study, write much to me, and remember, 'They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.'"

"Was n't that sweet?" cried Eva, pleased with the beginning of the tale.

"So romantic!" added Carrie, recalling the "amber amulet" one of her pet heroes wore for years and died kissing, after he had killed some fifty Arabs in the desert.

"*Did* she read and study?" asked Alice, with a soft color in her cheek, and eager eyes, for a budding romance was folded away in the depths of her maidenly heart, and she liked a love story.

"I will tell you what she did, for it was rather remarkable at that day, when girls had little schooling, and picked up accomplishments as they could. The first winter she read and studied at home, and wrote much to Mr. Lyman. I have their letters now, and very fine ones they are, though they would seem old-fashioned to you young things. Curious love-letters,—full of advice, the discussion of books, report of progress, glad praise, modest gratitude, happy plans, and a faithful affection that never wavered.

"The second spring, Lucretia, anxious to waste no time, and ambitious to surprise Mr. Lyman, decided to go and study with old Dr. Gardener at Portland. He fitted young men for college, was a friend of our father's, and had a daughter who was a very wise and accomplished woman. That was a very happy summer, and Lucretia got on so well that she begged to stay all winter. It was a rare chance, for there were no colleges for girls then, and very few advantages to be had, and the dear creature burned to improve every faculty, that she might be more worthy of her lover. She fitted herself for college with the youths there, and did wonders,

for love sharpened her wits, and the thought of that happy meeting spurred her on to untiring exertion. Mr. Lyman was expected in May, and the wedding was to be in June. But, alas for the poor girl! the yellow-fever came, and he was one of the first victims. They never met again, and nothing was left her of all that happy time but his letters, his library, and the pansy."

Mrs. Warburton paused to wipe a few quiet tears from her eyes, while the girls sat in sympathetic silence.

"We thought it would kill her, that sudden change from love, hope, and happiness to sorrow, death, and solitude. But hearts don't break, my dears, if they know where to go for strength. Lucretia did, and after the first shock was over, found comfort in her books, saying, with a brave, bright look, and the sweetest resignation, 'I must go on trying to be more worthy of him, for we shall meet again in God's good time, and he shall see that I do not forget.'

"That was better than tears and lamentation, and the long years that followed were beautiful and busy ones, full of dutiful care for us at home after our mother died, of interest in all the good works of her time, and of a steady, quiet effort to improve every faculty of her fine mind, till she was felt to be one of the noblest women in our city. Her influence was widespread; all the intelligent people sought her; and when she traveled, she was welcome everywhere; for cultivated persons have a free-masonry of their own, and are recognized at once."

"Did she ever marry?" asked Carrie, feeling that no life could be quite successful without that great event.

"Never. She felt herself a widow, and wore black to the day of her death. Many men asked her hand, but she refused them all, and was the sweetest 'old maid' ever seen,—cheerful and serene to the very last, for she was ill a long time, and found her solace and stay still in the beloved books. Even when she could no longer read them, her memory supplied her with the mental food that kept her soul strong while her body failed. It was wonderful to hear her repeating fine lines, heroic sayings, and comforting psalms through the weary nights when no sleep would come, making friends and helpers of the poets, philosophers, and saints whom she knew and loved so well. It made death beautiful, and taught me how victorious an immortal soul can be over the ills that vex our mortal flesh.

"She died at dawn on Easter Sunday, after a quiet night, when she had given me her little legacy of letters, books, and the one jewel she had always worn, repeating her lover's words to com-



fort me. I had read the Commendatory Prayer, and as I finished, she whispered, with a look of perfect peace:

“Shut the book, dear, I need study no more; I have hoped and believed, now I shall know’; and so she went happily away to meet her lover after patient waiting.”

The sigh of the wind was the only sound that broke the silence till the quiet voice went on again, as if it loved to tell the story; for the thought of soon seeing the beloved sister took the sadness from the memory of the past.

happiness of my life, and curiously enough I owed it to a book.”

Mrs. Warburton smiled as she took up a shabby little volume from the table where Alice had laid it, and, quick to divine another romance, Eva said, like a story-loving child:

“Do tell about it! The other was so sad.”

“This begins merrily, and has a wedding in it, as young girls think all stories should. Well, when I was about thirty-five, I was invited to join a party of friends on a trip to Canada, that being the favorite jaunt in my young days. I’d been study-



“NOW LET US TALK A LITTLE, IF YOU ’RE TIRED OF READING,” SAID MRS. WARBURTON.

“I also found my solace in books, for I was very lonely when she was gone, my father being dead, the brothers married, and home desolate. I took to study and reading as a congenial employment, feeling no inclination to marry, and for many years was quite contented among my books. But in trying to follow in dear Lucretia’s footsteps, I unconsciously fitted myself for the grand honor and

ing hard for some years, and needed rest, so I was glad to go. As a good book for an excursion, I took this ‘Wordsworth’ in my bag. It is full of fine passages, you know, and I loved it, for it was one of the books given to Lucretia by her lover. We had a charming time, and were on our way to Quebec when my little adventure happened. I was in raptures over the grand St. Lawrence as we



steamed slowly from Montreal that lovely summer day. I could not read, but sat on the upper deck, feasting my eyes and dreaming dreams as even staid maiden ladies will when out on a holiday. Suddenly I caught the sound of voices in earnest discussion on the lower deck, and, glancing down, saw several gentlemen leaning against the rail as they talked over certain events of great public interest at that moment. I knew that a party of distinguished persons were on board, as my friend's husband, Dr. Tracy, knew some of them, and had pointed out Mr. Warburton as one of the rising scientific men of the day. I remembered that my sister had met him years before, and much admired him both for his own gifts and because he had known Mr. Lyman. As other people were listening, I felt privileged to do the same, for the conversation was an eloquent one, and well worth hearing. So interested did I become that I forgot the great rafts floating by, the picturesque shores, the splendid river, and leaned nearer and nearer that no word might be lost, till my book slid out of my lap and fell straight down upon the head of one of the gentlemen, giving him a smart blow, and knocking his hat overboard."

"Oh, what *did* you do?" cried the girls, much amused at this unromantic catastrophe.

Mrs. Warburton clasped her hands dramatically, as her eyes twinkled and a pretty color came into her cheeks at the memory of that exciting moment.

"My dears, I could have dropped with mortification! What *could* I do but dodge and peep as I waited to see the end of this most untoward accident? Fortunately I was alone on that side of the deck, so none of the ladies saw my mishap, and, slipping along the seat to a distant corner, I hid my face behind a convenient newspaper as I watched the little flurry of fishing up the hat by a man in a boat near by, and the merriment of the gentlemen over this assault of William Wordsworth upon Samuel Warburton. The poor book passed from hand to hand, and many jokes were made upon the 'fair Helen' whose name was written on the paper cover which protected it.

"I knew a Miss Harper once — a lovely woman, but her name was not Helen, and she is dead, — God bless her!" I heard Mr. Warburton say, as he flapped his straw hat to dry it, and rubbed his head, which, fortunately was well covered with thick gray hair at that time.

"I longed to go down and tell him who I was, but I had not the courage to face all those men. It really was most embarrassing; so I waited for a more private moment to claim my book, as I knew we should not land till night, so there was no danger of losing it.

" 'This is a rather uncommon book for a woman to be reading. Some literary lady doubtless. Better look her up, Warburton, when she comes down to luncheon,' said a jovial old gentleman.

" 'I shall know her by her intelligent face and conversation, if this book belongs to a lady. It will be an honor and a pleasure to meet a woman who enjoys Wordsworth, for in my opinion he is one of our truest poets,' answered Mr. Warburton, putting the book in his pocket, with a look and a tone that were most respectful, and comforting to me just then.

"I hoped he would examine the volume, for Lucretia's and Mr. Lyman's names were on the fly-leaf, and that would be a delightful introduction for me. So I said nothing and bided my time, feeling rather foolish when we all filed in to luncheon, and I saw the other party glancing at the ladies at the table. Mr. Warburton's eye paused a moment as it passed from Mrs. Tracy to me, and I fear I blushed like a girl, my dears," said the narrator, as she went on with the most romantic episode of her quiet life.

"I retired to my state-room after lunch to compose myself, and when I emerged, in the cool of the afternoon, my first glance showed me that the hour had come, for there on deck was Mr. Warburton, talking to Mrs. Tracy, with my book in his hand. I hesitated a moment, for in spite of my age I was rather shy, and really it was not an easy thing to apologize to a strange gentleman for dropping books on his head and spoiling his hat. Men think so much of their hats, you know. I was spared embarrassment, however, for he saw me and came to me at once, saying, in the most cordial manner, as he showed the names on the fly-leaf of my 'Wordsworth,' 'I am sure we need no other introduction than the names of these two dear friends of ours. I am very glad to find that Miss Helen Harper is the little girl I saw once or twice at her father's house some years ago, and to meet her so pleasantly again.'

"That made everything easy and delightful, and when I had apologized and been laughingly assured that he considered it rather an honor than otherwise to be assaulted by so great a poet, we fell to talking of old times, and soon forgot that we were strangers. He was twenty years older than I, but a handsome man, and a most interesting and excellent one, as we all know. He had lost a young wife long before, and had lived for science ever since, but it had not made him dry, or cold, or selfish. He was very young at heart, for all his wisdom, and he enjoyed that holiday like a boy out of school. So did I, and never dreamed that anything would come of it, but a pleasant friendship founded on our love for those now dead and

gone. Dear me! how strangely things turn out in this world of ours, and how the dropping of that book changed my life! Well, that was our introduction, and that first long conversation was followed by many more, equally charming, during the three weeks in which our parties were often together, as both were taking the same trip, and Dr. Tracy was glad to meet his old friend.

"I need not tell you how delightful such society was to me, nor how surprised I was when, on the last day before we parted, Mr. Warburton, who had answered many questions of mine during those long chats of ours, asked me a very serious one, and I found that I could answer it as he wished. It was a great honor as well as happiness, and I fear I was not worthy of it, but I tried to be, and felt a tender satisfaction in thinking that I owed it to dear Lucretia, in part at least; for my effort to imitate her made me fitter to become a wise man's wife, and twenty years of very sweet companionship was my reward."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton bowed her head before the portrait of a courtly old man which hung above the mantelpiece.

It was a pretty, old-fashioned expression of wifely pride and womanly tenderness in the fine old lady, who forgot her own gifts, and felt only humility and gratitude to the man who had found in her a comrade in intellectual pursuits, as well as a helpmeet for his declining years.

The girls looked up with eyes full of something softer than mere curiosity, and felt in their young hearts how precious and honorable such a memory must be, how true and beautiful such a marriage was, and how sweet wisdom might become when it went hand in hand with love.

Alice spoke first, saying, as she touched the worn cover of the little book with a new sort of respect, "Thank you very much! Perhaps I ought not to have taken this from the corner shelves in your sanctum! I wanted to find the rest of the lines Mr. Thornton quoted last night, and did n't stop to ask leave."

"You are welcome, my love, for you know how

to treat books. Yes, those in that little case are my precious relics. I keep them all, from my childish hymn-book to my great-grandfather's brass-bound Bible, for by and by when I sit 'Looking toward Sunset,' as dear Lydia Maria Child calls our last days, I shall lose my interest in other books, and take comfort in these. At the end as at the beginning of life we are all children again, and love the songs our mothers sung us, and find the one true Book our best teacher as we draw near to God."

As the reverent voice paused, a ray of sunshine broke through the parting clouds, and shone full on the serene face turned to meet it, with a smile that welcomed the herald of a lovely sunset.

"The rain is over; there will be just time for a run in the garden before dinner, girls. I must go and put on my cap, for literary ladies should not neglect to look well after the ways of their household and keep themselves tidy, no matter how old they may be." And with a nod Mrs. Warburton left them, wondering what the effect of the conversation would be on the minds of her young guests.

Alice went away to the garden, thinking of Lucretia and her lover, as she gathered flowers in the sunshine. Conscientious Eva took the "Life of Mary Somerville" to her room, and read diligently for half an hour, that no time might be lost in her new course of reading. Carrie sent her paper novel up the chimney in a lively blaze, and, as she watched the book burn, decided to take her blue and gold volume of Tennyson with her on her next trip to Nahant, in case any eligible learned or literary man's head should offer itself as a shining mark.

When they all met at dinner-time the old lady was pleased to see a nosegay of fresh pansies in the bosoms of her three youngest guests, and to hear Alice whisper, with grateful eyes:

"We wear your flower to show you that we don't mean to forget the lesson you so kindly gave us, and to fortify ourselves with 'noble thoughts,' as you and she did."







## PRINCE TIPTOE.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

IN the soft snowy heart of a thistle,  
Prince Tiptoe one morning was born;  
When the sound of the partridge's whistle  
Arose from the ripening corn;  
When the sunlight was dreamily tender,  
And the hill-tops were smoky and blue,  
And a faint, indescribable splendor  
In many a cloud-rift came through.

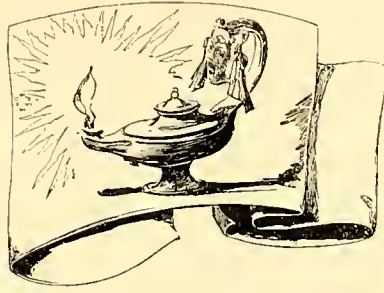
Then a breeze from the South Wind's dominions  
Flew by, and Prince Tiptoe was whirled  
Away, on invisible pinions,  
From his own little silk-curtained world;  
He was tossed in the air like a feather,  
And twirled till he almost forgot  
His name, and could scarcely tell whether  
He was really Prince Tiptoe or not.

But the gay little zephyr grew weary,  
And declared she should soon have to stop;  
And she said, "There's a cottage, my deary,  
On its porch you must quietly drop."  
It was sheltered and shady and airy,  
And an oak-tree high over it rose;  
And His Highness came down like a fairy  
On the tips of his downy white toes.

And softly he danced to the measure  
Of the thrush's song up in the tree,  
And forgot in his light-hearted pleasure  
That danger anear him might be,—  
An urchin was slowly advancing,  
Whose pansy-blue, wondering eyes  
Saw not in that small atom dancing  
A Fairy-land prince in disguise.

But he knew there was nothing to match it  
In the length and the breadth of the town;  
And he said with a shout, "I will catch it —  
That beautiful white thistle-down."  
Ha! the sly little breeze was but hiding,  
And watching her nursling at play;  
And forth she came noiselessly gliding,  
— And Prince Tiptoe was up and away!





## “WHAT ’S IN A NAME?”

BY KATHARINE SCOTT KELSO.

“ARE there any mistakes in it, Auntie?” asked Bess, a little anxiously. Her aunt laid down the envelope she had been examining, and said:

“No, my dear. What made you think so?”

“Why, you have been gazing at it for five whole minutes, and if you were n’t looking for mistakes, I’d like to know what you were thinking of.”

“Of Julius Cæsar,” replied Aunt Sarah thoughtfully.

“Julius Cæsar!” exclaimed Rob, who, up to this time had been absorbed in a book; “what has he to do with Bessie’s letter to Grandma?”

“Not very much, but the address certainly made me think of him. Suppose I tell you all that the address suggests to me,” continued their aunt, picking up the letter and reading again. “We’ll

plains the r. Can either of you tell me what the next word literally means?”

“I know,” said Bessie, eagerly. “I found it in ‘Meanings of proper names.’ It is the ‘Christ-bearer.’”

“Yes,” said her aunt. “The termination is from a Latin word meaning ‘to carry.’ Now, the word ‘Smith’ comes from the verb to smite. ‘No.’ is, of course, a contraction for ‘number’; but we have to go back to the Latin term, *numero*, to account for the o which is here used. ‘Twenty’ is compounded of two words, meaning twice and a decade, that is, twice-ten. Now, who can tell me about ‘Main?’”

“It means the principal street, does n’t it?” said Rob, with great confidence.

“It does here, but main used to mean something quite different. You find the original meaning in the expression: ‘With all his might and main.’ It denoted strength or power, and afterward came to mean the strongest part, and hence, principal. Rob can tell us something of the next word, which comes from the Latin verb *sterno*.”

“What?” cried Rob, eager to show his scholarship; “from *sternere*, *stravi*, *stratum*, to pave?”

“Exactly,” said his aunt; “and so a paved way was called a street, to distinguish it from a lane or alley.”

“Does ‘Trenton’ mean ‘on-the-Trent?’” was Bessie’s timid suggestion.

“Yes, and Trent means a winding river—from the same root as *trend*, to turn, I suppose.”

“I don’t see anything about Cæsar,” said Rob, impatient to hear something of his favorite hero.

“No? Well, we are just coming to him. New

Mrs Christopher Smith,  
No. 20 Main Street.  
Trenton  
New Jersey.

take the words in their order. ‘Mrs.’ stands for what?”

“Missis, I suppose,” replied Bess, “but I don’t see any r in missis.”

“If you look in the dictionary, you will find missis is a contraction for mistress, and that ex-

Jersey was named in honor of Sir George Carteret, an inhabitant of the isle of Jersey. New was added, of course, to distinguish it from the English Jersey. The name Jersey signifies 'Cæsar's isle.' The ending *ca* or *ey* denotes an island. Probably the name was first Cæsarea, and was corrupted into Jersey. Of course this suggests the conquest of England by the Romans, and many other things of historical interest."

"Where *do* you find all these things?" asked Bess.

"All that I have told you can easily be found in an Unabridged Dictionary."

"What! about 'Cæsar's isle,' and all that?" exclaimed Rob.

"Yes, indeed, if you look in the right places. A great many people use the dictionary merely to correct their spelling, or to learn the present meaning of unusual words; few realize the vast amount of information it contains. Let me read you a bit from Ruskin about word-hunting," said Aunt Sarah, taking a book from the shelf. "Here it is:

"'Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but re-

taining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. . . . When you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable. . . . You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person, but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are forever more in some measure an educated person."

"Read us some more," pleaded Rob.

"Tell us some more about words," asked Bessie, in the same breath.

"I have n't time now," said their aunt, as she replaced the volume; "but even Bessie's letter suggests many words that would be interesting if looked up by yourselves. Write them down as I name them,—'Paper, Pen, Ink, Stamp, Postage, Post, Mail, Seal, Envelope, Direct, Address, Signature, Superscribe, Write, Mucilage, Date, Month, Day, Year, City, County, State.'"

As their aunt left the room, Bessie, eyeing her letter thoughtfully, said:

"How astonished Grandma would be to know all that's on this envelope!"

## THE LAST CHANCE OF LIFE: AN EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE.

BY DAVID KER.

### I.

It was a bright, cloudless, burning day in Lower Egypt, in the year 1798. Beneath the blistering glare of the noonday sun, the white, flat-roofed houses and tall tapering minarets of Suez stood gauntly out against a dreary background of gray, sandy, lifeless desert. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the hot, close, heavy air, and the blue, shining waters of the Gulf of Suez lay outspread like a vast mirror at the foot of the rocky headland of Ras Attakah, on the summit of which sat erect

in their saddles a small group of horsemen in the rich uniform of French staff-officers.

The leader of the party seemed to be a small, thin, long-haired man, with a sallow, sickly face, who sat his horse awkwardly, as if he were anything but a practised rider. His slight figure appeared quite dwarfish among the sturdy frames and grim faces of the veteran warriors around him; but in his keen gray eyes, which seemed to pierce right through any one to whom he spoke, there was an expression so stern and commanding that few men could face it unmoved.

And well might it be so. Young though he was,—for he had only just passed his twenty-ninth birthday,—this man had already become famous as the greatest soldier of his time; and although he was as yet known only as General Bonaparte, the day was not far distant when he was to call himself the Emperor Napoleon.

On the brow of the cliff the General reined up his horse, and spoke a few words to his guide, who was quite as remarkable a figure as himself, though in a widely different way. Tall, strongly made, sinewy and active as a deerhound, with his black beard flowing down over his long white robe, his

prayed unto Allah (God) and Allah brought the sea upon the Sultan and his host, and destroyed them every one. The Sultan was a great conqueror," added the Sheikh with grim emphasis, as he shot a quick sidelong glance at Bonaparte, "but he could not conquer the sea."

"What should hinder us from crossing it ourselves?" said the General, too eager to notice this ominous allusion. "The water is shallow enough, and it is no great distance. Gentlemen, have you a mind to follow in the track of Moses? How is the tide, Rustum?"

"Full ebb," answered the guide, turning his



"A SHOUT WAS HEARD FROM THE YOUNG CAPTAIN." (SEE PAGE 25.)

snowy turban overarching his keen dark eyes, his short curving sword suspended in a sash of crimson silk, Sheikh Rustum looked the very picture of an Eastern warrior; and the scars that seamed his swarthy features showed that he had many a time looked in the face of death.

"You say, then," said Bonaparte, addressing the guide, "that yon sandy patch at the foot of these cliffs is supposed to be the very place where Moses led the Israelites through the sea?"

"So have our fathers told us, Sultan Kebir (King of Fire)," answered the Egyptian, calling the General by the name under which he was already famous throughout all Egypt and Syria. "Along these hills the Sultan of Egypt encamped with his army, and over those sands he went down into the sea to pursue after the *Beni Izrail* (children of Israel). But the Prophet Moussa (Moses)

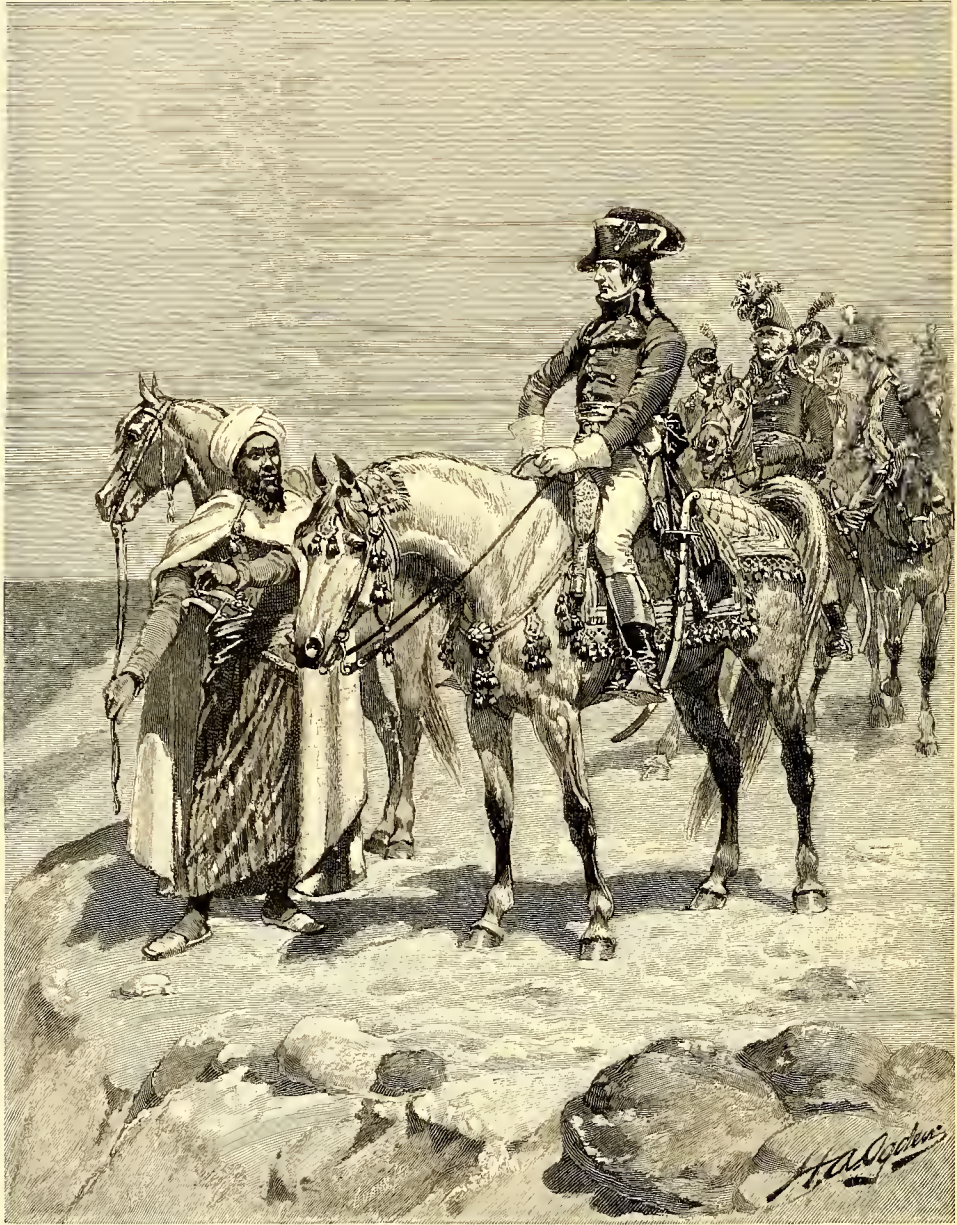
face quickly away to conceal the gleam of cruel joy that lighted up his great black eyes.

"We'll try it, then," said Napoleon, in his usual tone of decision. "We have plenty of time to cross, and if the tide comes up before we can get back, it is no long ride around by Suez. Rustum, you can go back to the town. Follow me, gentlemen."

And off rode the whole party in high spirits, while Rustum's keen eyes followed them with a glare of savage triumph which might have startled the boldest of them if they could have seen it.

"He goes down in his pride to destruction," muttered the Sheikh, "even as Sultan Pharaoh did in





“THE SULTAN WAS A GREAT CONQUEROR,” SAID THE SHEIKH, “BUT HE COULD NOT CONQUER THE SEA.”

the days of old. Water quenches fire, and the great King of Fire himself, who has slain my brothers the Mamelukes, shall be quenched by the waves of the sea."

## II.

MERRILY rode the French officers over the smooth, firm sand and through the shallow water beyond it, laughing and joking at the idea of going across the sea on horseback. This ride, too, was a much pleasanter one than the last, for the wind had begun to rise, and was blowing steadily from the south over the Gulf, bringing with it the freshness and coolness of the open sea. And so they rode onward, onward, onward still, until the bold rocky bluff of Ras Attakali and the tall figure of Rustum on its summit began to grow dim in the distance.

Suddenly a young captain who rode a little to the right of the party noticed that the water seemed to be deepening rapidly all around them. For a few moments no one thought anything of it; but ere long the General himself checked his horse, and looked keenly southward, every line of his dark, sallow face seeming to harden suddenly as he did so.

The tide was coming in fast, and they were not yet half-way across.

Their only chance was to turn back; but, the moment they did so, the full sweep of the tide, driven against them by the strong south wind, caught them with a force that almost whirled the horses off their feet.

Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. And all this while the sun shone joyously overhead, and the leaping waves danced and sparkled in the light, and the wind waved the feathery tops of the distant palm-trees, and all around was bright and beautiful.

"We have *one* chance yet," cried Bonaparte, rising in his stirrups, and lifting his voice as to be heard by the whole party. "There is a long sand-bar somewhere hereabout, upon which the water is only a few feet deep. If we can once find it, we are saved. Let us all ride in different direc-

tions, and he who strikes the bar must shout at once."

The commander's cool, clear tones steadied at once the shaken nerves of his followers, and he was instantly obeyed. Presently a shout was heard from the young captain, who appeared to have risen suddenly out of the water, in which his horse now stood barely knee-deep. The bar was found!

All the rest immediately headed toward him, and began to pick their way along the unseen sand-ridge toward the western shore. More than once the exhausted horses seemed about to fall, with safety actually in sight; but, after a long struggle, they all came safe to land.

When Rustum (who had watched the whole scene with breathless interest) saw them return unharmed, he ran to meet them, and, laying his turban on Bonaparte's knee in token of submission, said gloomily:

"King of Fire, thou art mightier than the waves of the sea. Take my life, for I will ask no mercy."

"What have you done, then, that I should take your life?" asked the young conqueror, on whose marble features even the peril which he had just escaped had left no trace whatever.

"I am a Mameluke," answered Rustum proudly, "and even as thy sword had devoured my brethren, I hoped that the waves would devour thee. When I told thee it was full ebb, I spoke falsely. The tide had already turned, and I sent thee, as I thought, to certain death."

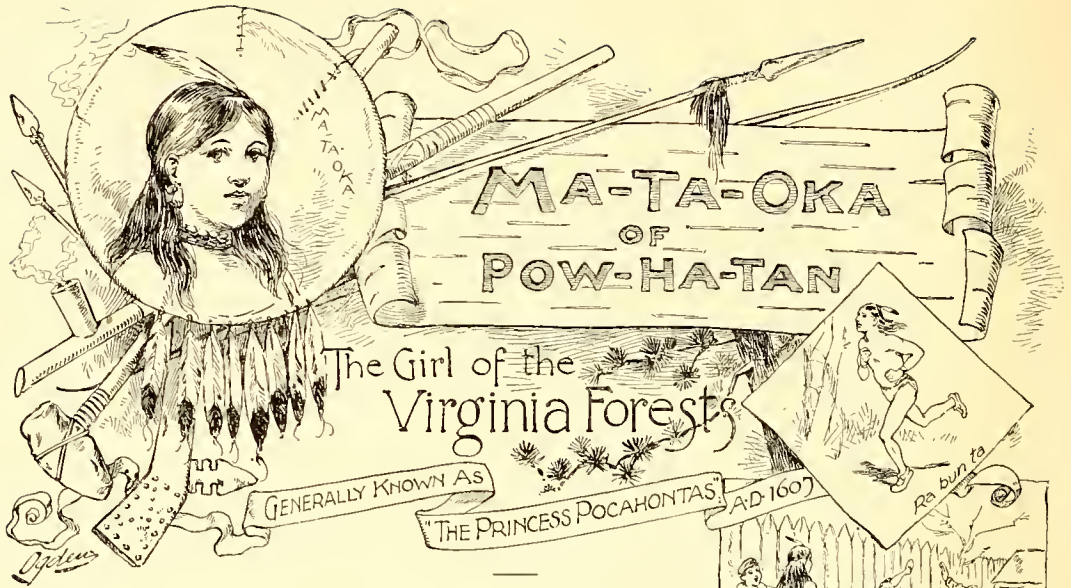
"It is wasting good material to kill a man while you can do anything else with him," said Napoleon, as coolly as ever. "If I spare your life, what will you do, then?"

"I will be thy servant," cried the Mameluke, eying him with a glance of savage admiration. "Rustum, the son of Selim, can serve none but the greatest chief on earth, and thou art he!"

"So be it," said Bonaparte. "Henceforth you are my servant, and I think I shall find you a good one."

And so he did; for in the day of his downfall, years later, one of the few who remained faithful to him was Rustum the Mameluke.





BY E. S. BROOKS.

THROUGHOUT that portion of the easterly United States where the noble bay called the Chesapeake cuts Virginia in two, and where the James, broadest of all the rivers of the "Old Dominion," rolls its glittering waters toward the sea, there lived, years ago, a notable race of men.

For generations they had held the land, and though their clothing was scanty and their customs odd, they possessed many of the elements of character that are esteemed noble and, had they been left to themselves, might have progressed — so people who have studied into their character now believe — into a fairly advanced stage of what is known as barbaric civilization.

They lived in long, low houses of bark and boughs, each house large enough to accommodate from eighty to a hundred persons — twenty families to a house. These "long houses" were, therefore, much the same in purpose as are the tenement houses of to-day, save that the tenements of that far-off time all were on the same floor and were open closets, or stalls, about eight feet wide, furnished with bunks built against the walls and spread with deer-skin robes for comfort and covering. These stalls were arranged on either side of a broad, central passage-way; and in this passage-way, at equal distances apart, fire-pits were constructed, the heat from which served to warm the bodies and cook the dinners of the occupants of the "long house," each fire being shared by four families.

In their mode of life these people — a tall, well-

made, attractive, and copper-colored folk — were what are now termed commun-

ists; that is, they lived from common stores and all had an equal share in the land and its yield; — the products of their vegetable gardens, their hunting and fishing expeditions, their home labors, and their household goods.

Their method of government was entirely democratic. No one, in any household, was better off or of higher rank than his brothers or sisters. Their chiefs were simply men — and sometimes women — who had been raised to leadership by the desire and vote of their associates; but they possessed no special authority or power, except such as was allowed them by the general consent of their comrades, in view of their wisdom, bravery, or ability. This people was, in fact, one great family bound in close association by their habits of life and their family relationships, and they knew no such unnatural distinctions as king or subject, lord or vassal.

Around their long bark tenements stretched carefully cultivated fields of corn and pumpkins, the trailing bean, the full-bunched grape-vine, the juicy melon, and the big-leaved *tabah*, or tobacco.

The field work was performed by the women — the natural result, where the conditions of life require all the men and boys to be hunters and warriors.





These sturdy forest-folk of old Virginia, who had reached that state of human advance, midway between savagery and civilization, which is known as barbarism, were but a small portion of that red-skinned, vigorous, and interesting race known to us by the general but wrongly-used name of "Indians." They belonged to one of the largest divisions of this barbaric race, known as the Algonquin family—a division created solely by a similarity of language and of blood-relationships—and were, therefore, of the kindred of the Indians of Canada, of New England, and of Pennsylvania, of the valley of the Ohio, the island of Manhattan, and of some of the far-away lands beyond the Mississippi.

So, for generations, they lived, with their simple home customs and their family affections, with their games and sports, their legends, and their songs, their dances, fast and feasts, their hunting and their fishing, their tribal feuds and wars.

At the time of our story, certain of these Algonquin tribes of Virginia were joined together in a sort of Indian republic, composed of thirty tribes scattered through Central and Eastern Virginia. It was known to its neighbors as the Confederacy of the Pow-ha-tans, taking its name from the tribe that was at once the strongest and the most energetic one in the confederation, having its fields and villages along the broad river known to the Indians as the Pow-ha-tan and to us as the James.

The principal chief of the Pow-ha-tans was Wa-bun-so-na-cook, called by the white men Pow-ha-tan. He was a strongly built but rather stern-faced old gentleman of about sixty, and possessed such an influence over his tribesmen that he was regarded as the head man (president, we might say), of this forest republic, which comprised the thirty confederated tribes of Pow-ha-tan. The confederacy in its strongest days never numbered more than eight or nine thousand people, and yet it was considered one of the largest Indian confederacies in America. This fact tends to prove that there was never a very extensive Indian population in America, even before the white man discovered it.

Into one of the Pow-ha-tan villages, that stood very near the shores of Chesapeake Bay and almost opposite the now historic site of Yorktown, came on a raw day, in the winter of 1607, an Indian runner whose name was Ra-bun-ta. He came as one who had important news to tell, but he paused not for shout or question from the inquisitive boys who were tumbling about in the light snow, at their favorite game of *ga-wá-sa*, or the "snow snake" game. One of the boys, a mischievous and sturdy young Indian of thirteen, whose name was Nan-

ta-qua-us, even tried to insert the slender knob-headed stick, which was the "snake" in the game, between the runner's legs, and trip him up. But Ra-bun-ta was too skillful a runner to be stopped by trifles; he simply kicked the "snake" out of his way, and hurried on to the long house of the chief.

Now this Indian settlement into which the runner had come was the Pow-ha-tan village of Wero-woco-moco, and was the one in which the old chief Wa-bun-so-na-cook usually resided. Here was the long council-house in which the chieftains of the various tribes in the confederacy met for council and for action, and here too was the "long tenement house" in which the old chief and his immediate family lived.

It was into this dwelling that the runner dashed. In a group about the central fire-pit he saw the chief. Even before he could himself stop his headlong speed, however, his race with news came to an unexpected end. The five fires all were surrounded by lolling Indians; for the weather in that winter of 1607 was terribly cold, and an Indian, when inside his house, always likes to get as close to the fire as possible. But down the long passage-way the children were noisily playing at their games—at *gus-kä-ch*, or "peach-pits," at *gus-ga-e-sä-tä*, or "deer-buttons," and some of the younger ones were turning wonderful somersaults up and down the open spaces between the fire-pits. Just as the runner, Ra-bun-ta, sped up the passage-way, one of these youthful gymnasts with a dizzy succession of handsprings came whizzing down the passage-way right in the path of Ra-bun-ta.

There was a sudden collision. The tumbler's stout little feet came plump against the breast of Ra-bun-ta, and so sudden and unexpected was the shock that both recoiled, and runner and gymnast alike tumbled over in a writhing heap almost in the center of one of the big bon-fires. Then there was a great shout of laughter, for the Indians dearly loved a joke, and such a rough piece of unintentional pleasantry was especially relished.

"*Wä, wä*, Ra-bun-ta," they shouted, pointing at the discomfited runner as he picked himself out of the fire, "knocked over by a girl!"

And the deep voice of the old chief said half sternly, half tenderly:

"My daughter, you have well-nigh killed our brother Ra-bun-ta with your foolery. That is scarce girls' play. Why will you be such a *po-ca-hun-tas*!"\*

The runner joined in the laugh against him quite as merrily as the rest, and made a dash at the little ten-year-old tumbler, which she as nimbly evaded.

\* *Po-ca-hun-tas*, Algonquin for a little "tomboy."

"*Ma-ma-no-to-wic*,"<sup>a</sup> he said, "the feet of Ma-ta-oka are even heavier than the snake of Nun-ta-qua-us, her brother. I have but escaped them both with my life. *Ma-ma-no-to-wic*, I have news for you. The braves with your brother O-pe-cha-n-ca-nough have taken the pale-face chief in the Chicka-hominy swamps and are bringing him to the council-house."

"*Wä*," said the old chief, "it is well, we will be ready for him."

At once Ra-bun-ta was surrounded and plied with questions. The earlier American Indians were always a very inquisitive folk, and were great gossips. Ra-bun-ta's news would furnish fire-pit talk for months, so they must know all the particulars. What was this white *cau-co-rouse* (captain or leader) like? What had he on? Did he use his magic against the braves? Were any of them killed?

For the fame of "the white *cau-co-rouse*," the "Great Captain," as the Indians called the courageous and intrepid little governor of the Virginia Colony, Captain John Smith, had already gone throughout the confederacy, and his capture was even better than a victory over their deadliest enemies, the Manna-ho-acks.

Ra-bun-ta was as good a gossip and story-teller as any of them, and as he squatted before the upper fire-pit, and ate a hearty meal of parched corn, which the little Ma-ta-oka brought him as a peace-offering, he gave the details of the celebrated capture. The "Great Captain," he said, and two of his men had been surprised in the Chicka-hominy swamps by the chief O-pe-cha-n-ca-nough and two hundred braves. The two men were killed by the chief, but the "Captain," seeing himself thus entrapped, seized his Indian guide and fastened him before as a shield, and then sent out so much of his magic thunder from his fire-tube that he killed or wounded many of the Indians, and yet kept himself from harm though his clothes were torn with arrow-shots. At last, however, said the runner, the "Captain" had slipped into a mud-hole in the swamps, and, being there surrounded, was dragged out and made captive, and he, Ra-bun-ta, had been sent on to tell the great news to the chief.

The Indians especially admired bravery and cunning. This device of the white chieftain and his valor when attacked appealed to their admiration, and there was great desire to see him when next day he was brought into the village by O-pe-cha-n-ca-nough, the chief of the Pa-mun-kee (or York River) Indians, and brother of the chief of the Pow-ha-tans.

The renowned prisoner was received with the customary chorus of Indian yells; and then, acting

upon the one leading Indian custom, the law of unbounded hospitality, a bountiful feast was set before him. The captive, like the valiant man he was, ate heartily, though ignorant what his fate might be.

The Indians seldom wantonly killed their captives. When a sufficient number had been sacrificed to avenge the memory of such braves as had fallen in fight, the remaining captives were either adopted as tribesmen or disposed of as slaves.

So valiant a warrior as this pale-faced *cau-co-rouse* was too important a personage to be used as a slave, and Wa-bun-so-na-cook, the chief, received him as an honored guest † rather than as a prisoner, kept him in his own house for two days, and adopting him as his own son, promised him a large gift of land. Then, with many expressions of friendship, he returned him, well escorted by Indian guides, to the trail that led back direct to the English colony at Jamestown.

This relation destroys the long-familiar romance of the doughty Captain's life being saved by "the King's" own daughter, but it seems to be the only true version of the story, based upon his own original report.

But though the oft-described "rescue" did not take place, the valiant Englishman's attention was speedily drawn to the agile little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka, whom her father called his "tomboy," or *po-ca-hun-tas*.

She was as inquisitive as any young girl, savage or civilized; and she was so full of kindly attentions to the Captain, and bestowed on him so many smiles and looks of wondering curiosity, that Smith made much of her in return, gave her some trifling presents, and asked her name.

Now it was one of the many singular customs of the American Indians never to tell their own names, nor even to allow them to be spoken to strangers by any of their own immediate kindred. The reason for this lay in their peculiar superstition, which held that the speaking of one's real name gave to the stranger to whom it was spoken a magical and harmful influence over such person.

For this very reason, Wa-bun-so-na-cook was known to the colonists by the name of his tribe, Pow-ha-tan, rather than by his own name. So, when he was asked his little daughter's name, he hesitated, and then gave in reply the nickname by which he often called her, Po-ca-hun-tas, the "little tomboy." This agile young maiden, by reason of her relationship to the head chief, was allowed much more freedom and fun than was usually the lot of Indian girls, who were, as a rule, the patient and uncomplaining little drudges of every Indian home and village.

<sup>a</sup> "Great man" or "strong one," a title by which Wa-bun-so-na-cook, or Powhatan, was frequently addressed.

† "Hee kindly welcomed me with good wordes," says Smith's own narrative, "assuring me his friendship and my libertie."



So, when Captain Smith left Wero-woco-moco, he left one firm friend behind him — the pretty little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka — who long remembered the white man and his presents, and determined, after her own willful fashion, to go into the white man's village and see all its wonders for herself.

In less than a year she saw the Captain again.

panions entertained the English captain with a gay Indian dance, full of noise and frolic.

Soon after this second interview, Ma-ta-oka's wish to see the white man's village was gratified. For in that same autumn of 1608 she came with Ra-bun-ta to Jamestown. She sought out the Captain, who was then "President" of the colony, and "entreated the libertie" of certain of

her tribesmen who had been "detained" — in other words, treacherously made prisoners by the settlers because of some fear of an Indian plot against them.

Smith was a shrewd enough man to know when to bluster and when to be friendly. He released the Indian captives at Ma-ta-oka's wish — well knowing that the little girl had been duly "coached" by her wily old father, but feeling that even the friendship of a child may often be of value to people in a strange land.

The result of this visit to Jamestown was the frequent presence in the town of the chieftain's daughter. She would come, sometimes, with her brother, Nun-to-quas, sometimes with the runner, Ra-bun-ta, and sometimes with certain of her girl followers. For even little Indian girls had their "dearest friends," quite as much as have our own clannish young schoolgirls of to-day.

I am afraid, however, that this twelve-year-old Ma-ta-oka fully deserved,

even when she should have been on her good behavior among the white people, the nickname of "little tomboy," Po-ca-hun-tas, that her father had given her; for we have the assurance of sedate Master William Strachey, Secretary of the colony, that "the before remembered Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, sometyes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, did get the boyes



"THERE CAME FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WOODS — NOT A TRAIN OF INDIANS, BUT ONE LITTLE GIRL, MA-TA-OKA, OR PO-CA-HUN-TAS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

For when, in the fall of 1608, he came to her father's village to invite the old chief to Jamestown to be crowned by the English as "King" of the Pow-ha-tans, this bright little girl of twelve gathered together the other little girls of the village, and, almost upon the very spot where Cornwallis in later years was to surrender the armies of England to the "rebel" republic, she with her com-



forth with her into the market place, and make them wheel, falling on their hands, turning their heels upward, whome she would followe and wheel so herself, all the fort over." From which it would appear that she could easily "stump" the English boys at "making cart-wheels."

But very soon there came a time when she went into Jamestown for other purpose than turning somersaults.

The Indians soon learned to distrust the white men, because of their unfriendly and selfish dealings, their tyranny, their haughty disregard of the Indians' wishes and desires, and their impudent meddling with their chieftains and their tribesmen. Discontent grew into hatred, and, led on by certain traitors in the colony, a plot was arranged for the murder of Captain Smith and the destruction of the colony.

Three times did they attempt to entrap and destroy the "Great Captain" and his people; but each time did the little Ma-ta-oka, full of friendship and pity for her new acquaintances, steal into the town, or find some means of misleading the conspirators, and thus warn her white friends of their danger.

One dark winter night in January, 1609, Captain Smith, who had come to Wero-woco-moco for conference and treaty with Wa-bun-so-na-cook (whom he always called Pow-ha-tan), sat in the York River woods awaiting some provisions that the chief had promised him,—for eatables were scarce that winter in the Virginia Colony.

There was a light step, beneath which the dry twigs on the ground crackled slightly, and the wary settler grasped his matchlock and bade his men be watchful. Again the twigs crackled, and now there came from the shadow of the woods—not a train of Indians, but one little girl, Ma-ta-oka, or Po-ca-hun-tas.

"Be guarded, my father," she said as Smith drew her to his side. "The corn and the good cheer will come as promised, but even now my father, the chief of the Pow-ha-tans, is gathering all his power to fall upon you and kill you. If you would live, get you away at once."

The captain prepared to act upon her advice without delay, but he felt so grateful at this latest and so hazardous a proof of the little Indian's regard that he desired to manifest his thankfulness by presents—the surest way to reach the Indians' heart.

"My daughter," he said kindly, "you have again saved my life, coming alone, and at risk of your own young life through the irksome woods and in this gloomy night to admonish me. Take this, I pray you, from me, and let it always tell you of the love of Captain Smith."

And the grateful pioneer handed her his much-prized pocket-compass—an instrument regarded with awe by the Indians, and esteemed as one of the instruments of the white man's magic.

But Pocahontas, although she longed to possess this wonderful "path-teller," shook her head.

"Not so, *Cau-co-rouse*," she said, "if it should be seen by my tribesmen, or even by my father, the chief, I should but be as dead to them; for they would know that I had warned you whom they have sworn to kill, and so would they kill me also. Stay not to parley, my father, but be gone at once."

And with that, says the record, "She ran away by herself as she came."

So the Captain hurried back to Jamestown, and Pocahontas returned to her people.

Soon after, Smith left the colony, sick and worn out by the continual worries and disputes with his fellow-colonists. And Pocahontas felt that, in the absence of her best friend and with the increasing troubles between her tribesmen and the pale-faces, it would be unwise for her to visit Jamestown.

Her fears seem to have been well grounded, for in the spring of 1613, Pocahontas, being then about sixteen, was treacherously and "by strata-gem" kidnapped by the bold, unscrupulous Captain Argall—half pirate, half trader—and held by the colonists as hostage for the "friendship" of Pow-ha-tan.

Within those three years she had been married to the chief of one of the tributary tribes, Ko-ko-um by name; but, as was the Indian marriage custom, Ko-ko-um had come to live among the kindred of his wife, and had doubtless been killed in one of the numerous Indian fights.

It was during the captivity of the young widow at Jamestown that she became acquainted with Master John Rolfe, an industrious young Englishman, and the man who first of all the American colonists attempted the cultivation of tobacco.

Master Rolfe was a widower and an ardent desirer of "the conversion of the pagan salvages." He became interested in the young Indian widow, though he protests that he married her for the purpose of converting her to Christianity, and rather ungallantly calls her an "unbelieving creature."

Well, the Englishman and the Indian girl, as we all know, were married, lived happily together, and finally departed for England. Here, all too soon, in 1617, when she was about twenty-one, died the daughter of the great chieftain of the Pow-ha-tans.

Her story is both a pleasant and a sad one. It needs none of the additional romance that has been thrown about it to make it more interesting.

An Indian girl, free as her native forests, made friends with the race that, all unnecessarily, became hostile to her own. Brighter, perhaps, than most of the girls of her tribe, she recognized and desired to avail herself of the refinements of civilization, and so gave up her barbaric surroundings, cast in her lot with the white race, and sought to make peace and friendship between neighbors take the place of quarrel and of war.

The white race has nothing to be proud of in its conquest of the people who once owned and oc-

cupied the vast area of the North American continent. The story is neither an agreeable nor a pleasant one. But out of the gloom which surrounds it there come some figures that relieve the darkness, the treachery, and the crime that make it so sad; and not the least impressive of these is this bright and gentle little daughter of Wa-bun-so-na-cook, chief of the Pow-ha-tans, Ma-ta-oka, friend of the white strangers, whom we of this later day know by the nickname her loving old father gave her—Po-ca-hun-tas, the Algonquin.



“FIRST CLASS IN BOTANY.—PLEASE RISE!”



## BUCK AND OLD BILLY.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

A BATTLE-SCENE witnessed by me some years ago on my plantation in Middle Georgia reminded me with some emphasis of the following verses from "Hudibras":

"The ancients make two several kinds  
Of prowess in heroic minds;  
The active and the passive valiant:  
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:  
For both to give blows and to carry  
In fights are equi-necessary."

It was in one of my fields near the horse-lot fence, a few rods above the place where the level ground joins the steep bank of the gorge made by the waters from the spring.

The difficulty, and to an outsider the fun, in this battle grew out of the fact that neither of the belligerents before, during, or after the engagement, understood the other's method of warfare; and this ignorance worked to the disadvantage of the more powerful and pugnacious.

When the goat fights, he rears himself upon his hind legs and makes descending blows with head and horns. The sheep, on the contrary, takes a

running start, and, rushing upon his adversary, gives him one butt; then, after retreating several rods, returns for another.

I was walking in meditative mood through the horse lot, when I heard the sound of a dull, heavy blow that was succeeded immediately by a loud, defiant cry. I can not say which began the fight; but I believe that it was Old Billy, the goat, and that he did it by trespassing too far upon Buck's territory in that strip near the fence whither, the pea-vines and crab-grass being specially fruit-laden, the sheep had repaired. Buck, the ram, was of a peaceable nature, though he would fight, and fight his very best, on occasion; whereas Old Billy had always been meddlesome and aggressive, even before he was the head of the goats.

Thus diverted from my meditation, I turned and walked to the fence. I noticed Old Billy shaking his big beard, and laughing scornfully — it sounded precisely like a man's laugh — at Buck, as the latter with rapid steps was running away from him.

"You found Old Billy too much for you, eh, Buck? I am not surprised."



I said these words to Buck; but Buck made no answer, nor did he, so far as I heard, open his mouth once during the whole engagement. Already the two flocks, which had been intermingled, seemed to think it prudent to separate,—the sheep moving towards the upper, and the goats the lower portion of the field. Old Billy, after his laugh, turned away in the manner of one in search of a foe worthy of his prowess.

But now, lo, and behold!

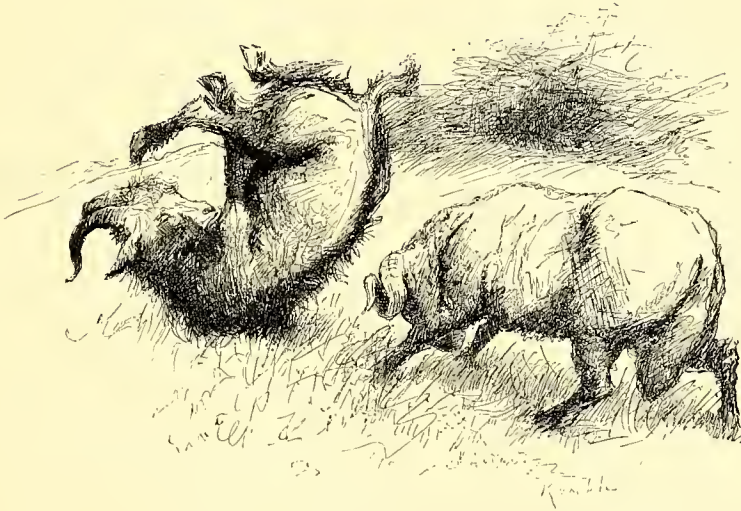
After retreating about thirty paces, Buck wheeled and came furiously back. Old Billy heard his galloping feet, but the onset was so swift that, before he could turn himself, Buck had given him a big bump upon his loin. Stumbling about for a second or so, then quickly recovering his poise, Billy reared aloft, twisted his neck and head in a most wrathful, threatening manner, and there was only one thing in the world to save Buck from a

from his fall! Again he made himself ready, this time for a very death-blow. But whoever supposes that Buck staid to receive it is widely mistaken. By that time Buck was galloping away as if his life depended upon getting far beyond the reach of that terrific head-and-horns.

The tumultuous volley that then poured from Old Billy's mouth I could not interpret with entire accuracy; but I felt confident that if put into somewhat modified English, it would have run about thus:

"You coward! You—you pusillanimous sheep! Hit a gentleman when his back's turned, and then run away—shame!" And again the indignant warrior turned.

By this time I had to lean against the fence, while nigh exhausted with laughter at Old Billy's utter inability to understand his doughty adversary's tactics.



"THE FIRST THING OLD BILLY KNEW—BIM!"

blow of mighty magnitude, and that was—he was not there. Having put in his stroke in the manner of his kind, Buck had again retreated, and by the time Old Billy was ready for him, was far beyond reach.

I do not understand goat-language, nor can Old Billy speak English; but if I should interpret his remarks as they sounded to me, they would be highly derogatory to Buck. He appeared as if saying:

"You mean, cowardly sheep!"

He turned again, and was moving away, majestic, slow, when the first thing he knew—*Bim!*

Oh, how wrathful he looked as he recovered

Brave as Julius Cæsar was Billy, as he had shown himself often, not only among his own kind, but against other assailants, quadruped and biped; and if he could have gotten in his blows on Buck, the latter might have been put where he would not have known what had hit him. As it was, however, Old Billy never knew, until too late, what had hit *him*.

The unequal combat continued. The oftener Old Billy was knocked over, and subsequently viewed Buck retreating, the hotter became his wrath, the profounder his disgust, and the more abusive his language. I would be ashamed to repeat all the names he seemed to be calling Buck,

as he champed his tongue, stamped upon the ground, and shook his head; but he was justly provoked, and evidently he was writhing with high passion. Besides, I was sure that he was ignorant of my being within hearing.

Now, what do you suppose did Buck? Silently, resolutely, as before, he measured off his ground, then wheeling, made ready and again took aim. Not seeing Old Billy, at first he looked rather surprised; but evidently concluding that the field had



“THEN HE TOWERED HIGH, INCLINED HIS MIGHTY FOREHEAD, AND THE AWFUL BLOW DESCENDED.”

How long the combat might have been protracted, if the field had been fairer, there is no telling. But after many rounds — perhaps I should rather say straights — Old Billy reached the edge of the gorge, and was working his way around it. Not less, not more surprised than before, but now evidently delighted, was he to see Buck rushing for another charge.

“A-ha! A-ha! I have you at last!” his cry seemed to be.

Then he towered high, inclined his mighty forehead, clothed his neck with thunder, and when the foe was within reach, the awful blow descended. But, alas! its force was expended in a harmless slant on the shoulder of Buck, whose head, like a catapult, struck full upon Billy’s breast, and tumbled him backward over the precipice — heels over head, head over heels! But for the briars and thorn-bushes that grew upon the side of the declivity, and the most vigorous employment of the claws on the bottom of his feet, the old goat must have been precipitated into the ravine below.

been cleared by the flight of his enemy, he turned and proceeded to rejoin his flock.

Meanwhile Old Billy had scrambled back to the level, his face sadly soiled, and his beard badly dragged. The combat had reached a crisis wherein it was evident that to save himself from signal defeat, his powers must be exerted to their uttermost. Embarrassed by the temporary obstruction to his vision, he shook his head with great violence, and wiped his face with his fore legs. These brief preliminaries concluded, his hind legs were drawn almost off the ground, as he reared himself for action.

“Why, where? — why, how? — why, what?”

These were the first words that he appeared to say when he found that Buck was — gone! Then he went on at so rapid, so passionate a rate, and I was so overcome as I leaned on the fence, that I could not follow his tirade intelligently.

Receiving no answer to his defiant calls, he looked all along the fence, up and down, across the field. Putting his head horizontal, he gazed

first with one eye, then with the other, up toward the heavens. He wheeled himself about and about, and even searched under himself, if perchance the coward were behind or beneath him. Then he went to the precipice and peered as far as he could into the briers and thorn-bushes.

Suddenly he turned, and — well, other people may have heard heartier laughing than his, but I never did.

Nothing could have been plainer to any one than that from the very bottom of his heart he was triumphing in the full assurance that he had cast Buck into the ravine, where in all probability his neck was broken.

Shouting ever, he capered off to the nannies and the little goats, among whom I could hear him boasting of the signal victory that he had won over his ancient enemy.




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## A VERY GOOD GIRL.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

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OUR merry little daughter  
 Was climbing out of bed—  
 “Don’t you think that I ’m a good girl?  
 Our little daughter said;  
 “For all day long this lovely day,  
 And all day long to-morrow,  
 I have n’t done a single thing,  
 To give my mother sorrow!”





## A SPANISH TALE—TOLD IN THE SPANISH WAY.

BY ALMONT BARNES.



YOUNG and unmarried man, who had few goods, yet who was ready with his hands and a wonderful worker, lived once upon a time in Spain. He spent much time during the day among the mountains, cutting the hazel-rods, with

which he made at home crates and wattles, to be sold at fairs and markets. He also tilled a little piece of hired land, and in partnership with another he had a small cow. So he went on slowly gaining, with patched breeches and not very full stomach, but with good health, and contented,—because, perhaps, he had known nothing better.

But being one day in the mountains, and in the most lonely part of them,—because in the least frequented parts they always find good hazel-rods,—he cut this rod and that, and lo, he heard the music of a sea-shell near him! and so sweetly made that it was glorious to hear. And hearing the sea-shell so near, he went toward the sound; and going toward the sound, he parted the brambles; and parting the brambles, he came to a very pretty little opening, where he saw the sea-shell alone, against a great mole-hill, sounding without ceasing. But, for all that, he came nearer the sea-shell and saw that at its very edge, and with his little feet in the hole, there was seated a dwarf smaller than a man's clinched hand, and that it was this dwarf who made the music upon the sea-shell. And the dwarf, seeing the young man, stopped playing, and said to him:

“What is it, good friend?”

“I came here,” responded the youth, “to know who makes such fine music; but if I disturb you, I will go back to the place from which I came.”

At this the dwarf said to the young man:

“Disturb whom, man? Know that it was for you to come that I was playing.”

And so the youth and the dwarf got into conversation, and the youth told the dwarf all the troubles of his life. And after telling him all the troubles of his life, the dwarf said to the young man:

“But, friend, I knew of all this before; and because I knew of it all, I called you with the music, to ask you what it is you desire in reward for your rectitude.”

To this the young man responded:

“Besides what I have from my rented ground and the partnership, if I had twice as much more with which to live without this labor upon the mountains, which is what troubles me, I should believe myself the richest man in the place, and would not envy the King of the Indies.”



“THE YOUNG MAN SAW A DWARF WHO MADE THE MUSIC UPON THE SEA-SHELL.”

“Well, take what you desire, if what you say is enough,” answered the dwarf; and the youth responded:

“It is enough, and sufficient for me, seeing what I have had until now, and the evil use I might make of more because of my ignorance.”

Then the dwarf said to him :

“Take up this dirt that you see near me, and put it into your handkerchief.”

But the young man was astonished at this command, and thought the dwarf was mocking at him. Then the dwarf said again :

“Take it up, man, without hesitation, for I have my palaces full of it; and to them this passage goes in which my feet are.”

Whether the youth thought this was true or not, he pulled his handkerchief out from his breast and threw into it a good heap of the dirt, and then tied the corners of the handkerchief together. And then the dwarf said to him :

“Now go home, and when you go to bed, put this dirt under your bed-blanket, as it is in your handkerchief. When you awake in the morning, you will see if I have deceived you.”

Well, the young man did as he was directed, and upon awaking in the morning with the sun, he opened the handkerchief; and behold, the dirt had changed into golden doubloons and half-doubloons—with one and another he had more than a thousand! The poor crate-maker was almost beside himself with joy. But as his senses came back to him little by little, he began to make his plans: so many measures of ground so, and so many in this way; so many cattle of this kind, and so many of another; a cart of this kind; a house like this. And you must know that in a little time, with great care, and with flocks and herds in sight, well-clothed and fed, and with money left in the top of his chest, there was such a flutter that the best girls of the place were kind to him, and sent him memorials with their eyes. And well did he merit it; because, besides being a good young man and rich, he continued to be an honored laborer, just the same as when he was poor.

But behold, one day it came to his mind to see a little of the world, something that he had never seen; so all at once he took up his quarters in the city. Ah, what did he not see there, of festivity, courtliness, and dominion? Those, yes, *those* were the young ladies, with their silken attire, and their laces, and their fans, and faces of May roses. Those, yes, *those* were the young gentlemen, with their coats of fine cloth, their golden tassels, and their shining boots! What a life was theirs! This one on horseback, that one in a coach, the other, with gay companions! Going here, going there; a good table, plenty of servants, and a big palace—what would you want but to live so, and live in glory?

So it came to pass that the young man went back to his village thinking himself the most unfortunate creature in the world. And going back so to his native village, he began to doubt about the

good of his humble possessions, and to dislike work; and he spent whole days thinking of what he had seen, and of being a gentleman with the best. And thinking in this way, he wanted the gay coach and horses, and the servants and



“ALL AT ONCE HE TOOK UP HIS QUARTERS IN THE CITY.”

the palace, and a grand lady for a wife; and one could not mention the girls of his neighborhood to him, because they all seemed unworthy such a person as himself. So when he had entirely stopped attending to his usual labors, and began to feed upon his vanity, there came into his mind a certain idea that he did not quite dare to put in execution. But, you see, as things were, he had no other way than to do it, because his vanity was like to make an end of him, and he would not return to the soil he had stopped tilling.

So one day he yoked his oxen to his cart, put into the cart half a dozen empty sacks, and went up into the mountains; and going up into the mountains, he came to the place for which he was looking; and coming to that place, he heard the sound of the dwarf's shell; and hearing the sound, he went near to the dwarf, and said to him :

“Hallo, my good friend! I came to thank you for the kindness you did to me some time ago, and to ask of you a new one, if it does not displease you.”

“What is there to displease me, man?” responded the dwarf. “If it is anything I can do, ask it freely.”

This answer gave joy to the heart of the young man, and he said to the dwarf:

“Well, I want to fill these sacks, that I have



“HALLO, MY GOOD FRIEND! I CAME TO THANK YOU FOR THE KINDNESS YOU DID TO ME SOME TIME AGO!”

brought here, with the same kind of dirt that you gave me before.”

“All this country is full of it,” answered the dwarf; “and that being so, dig where you like, and fill them to your liking. Don’t forget to put them to-night near the bed, to open them as soon as you awake in the morning.”

And saying this, the dwarf went away into the

passage toward his palaces, and left the young man alone; and the young man dug and dug, and in a little time he filled his sacks with dirt, and then went home with them as happy as the crickets. And when night came, he went to bed; but he slept little because of the disturbance which he carried in his mind, and at daylight he was livelier than a rabbit; and being livelier than a rabbit, he thought he would dig a deep well in which to guard so many doubloons as ought to come out of those sacks. And, thinking about this, he opened the sacks; and upon opening the sacks, he found nothing therein but the dirt he had shoveled into them in the mountains! The poor young man was in agony; and being in agony, he tried to console himself with the thought that, looking at things properly, there was enough for him with what remained from the first time; and, thinking so, he went to the chest where he kept the little money that he had left, and behold, that was dirt also, like the dirt in the sacks!—and even the papers about his purchases were dirt!

Then he went to the stable, and his oxen were mountains of dirt; and great heaps of dirt were the herds which he bought with the money of the dwarf. There was left then not one beast except the cow of the partnership.

Then he went back to the house, and he saw that it was the same in which he lived when he was a poor crate-maker; and at the gate there was a load of hazel-rods and some half-finished crates. He sobbed, and beat his breast, the idle fellow, and went up into the mountains to tell the dwarf about his misfortune; but the dwarf said to him:

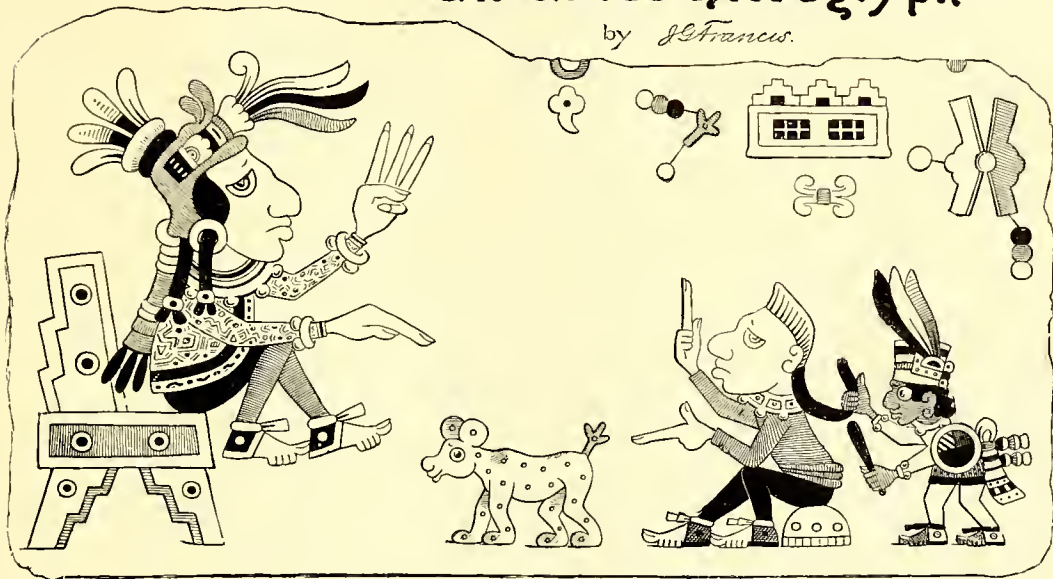
“This which has happened to you I can not help. I can only say to you that the misery which has come upon you is the punishment upon your covetousness; for you wished to pass at one bound, without meriting it, from the position of a thrifty crate-maker to that of a gentleman of importance. But the linnet keeps to its kind.”

And the dwarf disappeared in the passage leading to his palaces; but the youth heard no more the music of the shell, as if it were a sound from paradise.

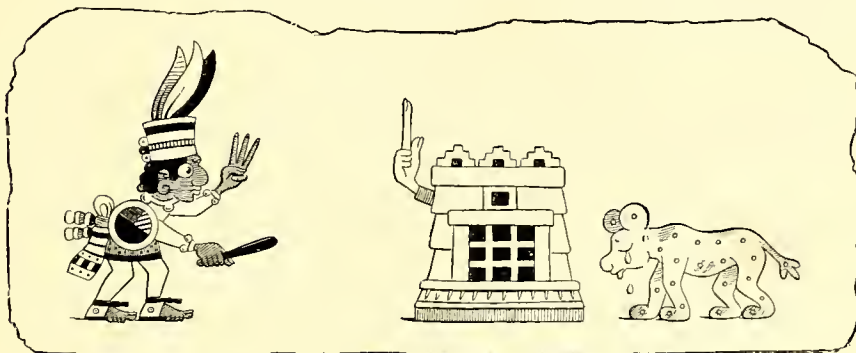


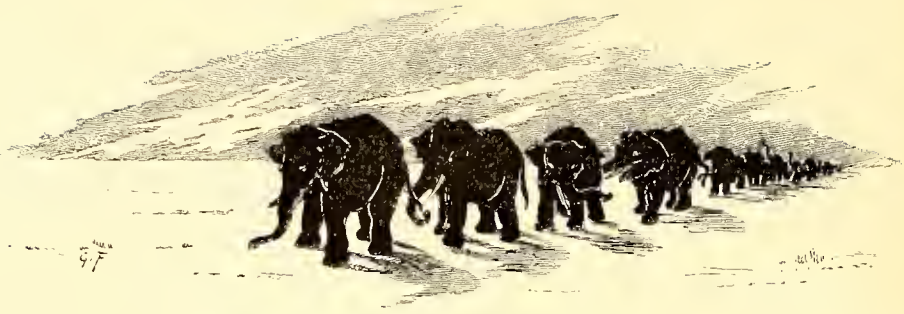
# A Matter of Opinion. an Aztec hieroglyph.

by J. Francis.



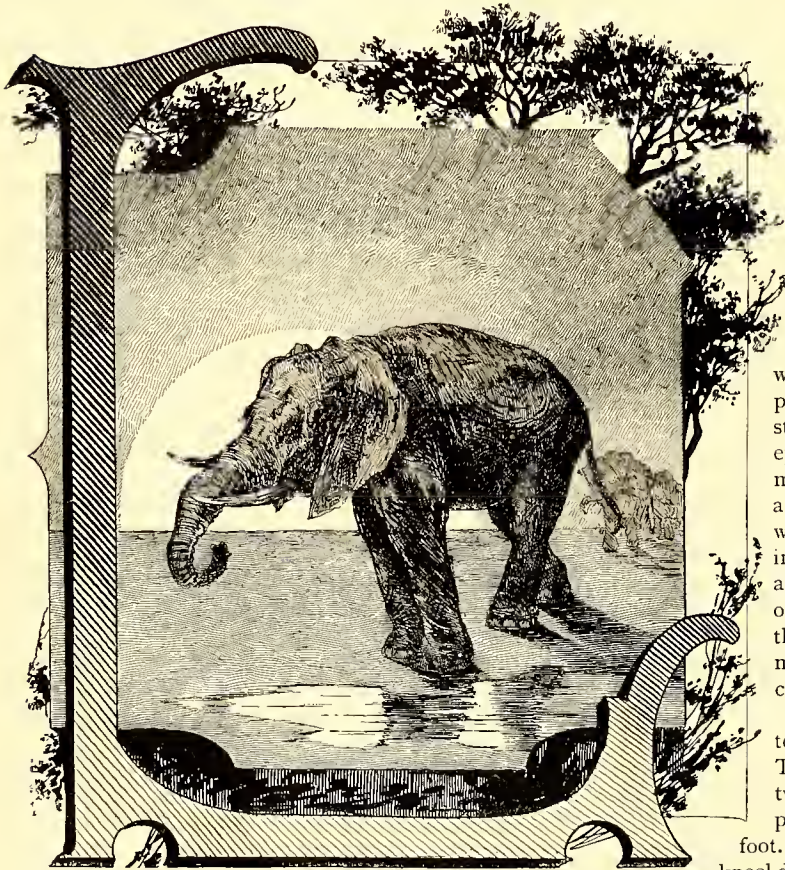
This calm, adhesive King  
Tells the Owner of that thing  
He must pay a triple license on it's  
tail, tail, tail.  
Says the Owner, "there 's but one  
And I'll pay for that or none".  
And so the Guard has put him in the  
jail, jail, jail.





## ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



AZY and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a greater variety of ways.

There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber-yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers.

The logs to be moved are teakwood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter, or perhaps a square, of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusks under the

middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile which is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or another. It will then make any necessary alteration of position. In this way, without a word of command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work.



To do any special task, it must, of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log and then with a sudden exertion of strength and weight throw his body forward and fairly push

strength and size unfit for such work, yet so docile and intelligent is it, that it performs the task as satisfactorily as the horse.

The fact is that the clumsiness of the elephant is far more seeming than real. No animal can move more softly and few more swiftly, as many an astonished hunter has discovered when his horse has been left far behind by a fleeing elephant. Its suppleness, too, is vastly greater than would be



THE VERY YOUNG ELEPHANTS ARE HELD OVER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. (SEE PAGE 44.)

the log along; or, to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain—using his trunk for that purpose—and drag his load behind him.

As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they can not carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain around a log, nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than do they with their trunks.

In some parts of India the elephant is used to drag the plow, and, though it seems from its great

supposed from a mere look at its bulky body. Any one who has seen its performances in the menagerie will, however, be able to comprehend that fact.

It is owing to its combined docility, intelligence, strength, and suppleness that it is enabled to perform the extraordinary tasks imposed upon it—tasks which range between two such extremes as child's nurse and public executioner. It is not often, perhaps, that the elephant acts in the latter capacity, but in the former it frequently does,—ably, too, for the monstrous beast seems to have a natural affection for babies, whether human or otherwise.





AN ELEPHANT BATTERY. (SEE PAGE 44.)

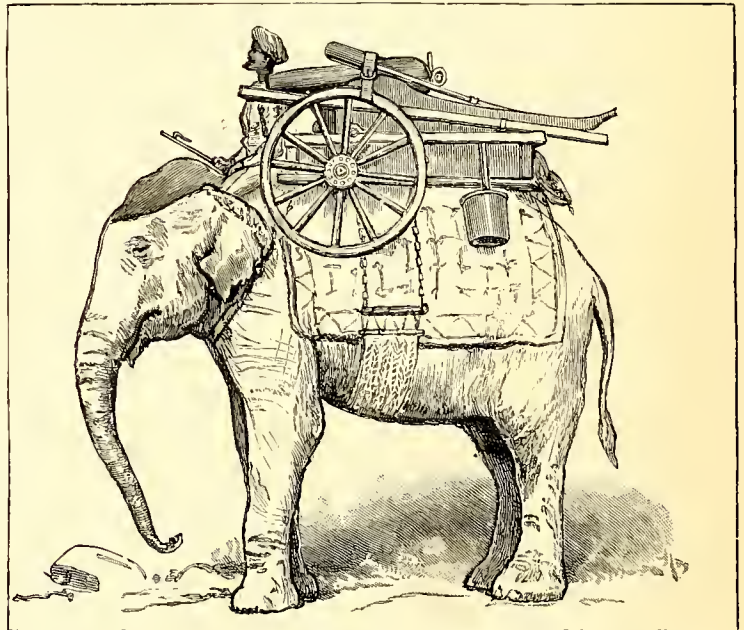
In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in it. If the flies came about the baby, it would drive them

away. If the baby cried, the giant nurse would rock the cradle until the little thing slept.

Nor are only the female elephants so affectionate with the helpless little ones; the male animals are equally kind. Perhaps this is because the fathers as well as the mothers among the wild elephants have the care of the elephant babies. Mr. C. F. Holder contributes several interesting incidents in this connection. In a paper on the subject he says:

"How the young elephants, in the large herds, escape from being crushed, is something of a mystery, as they are almost continually in motion; but when a herd is alarmed,

the young almost immediately disappear. A close observer would see that each baby was trotting



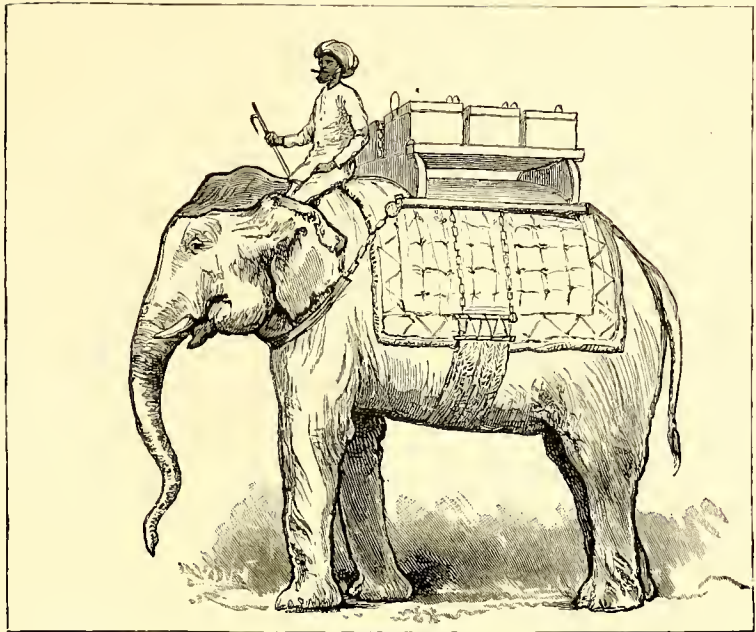
AN ELEPHANT CARRYING A CANNON.

along directly beneath its mother, sometimes between her fore legs, and in various positions; and so careful are the great mothers and fathers, that even while a herd is charging, the little ones are never crushed or stepped upon.

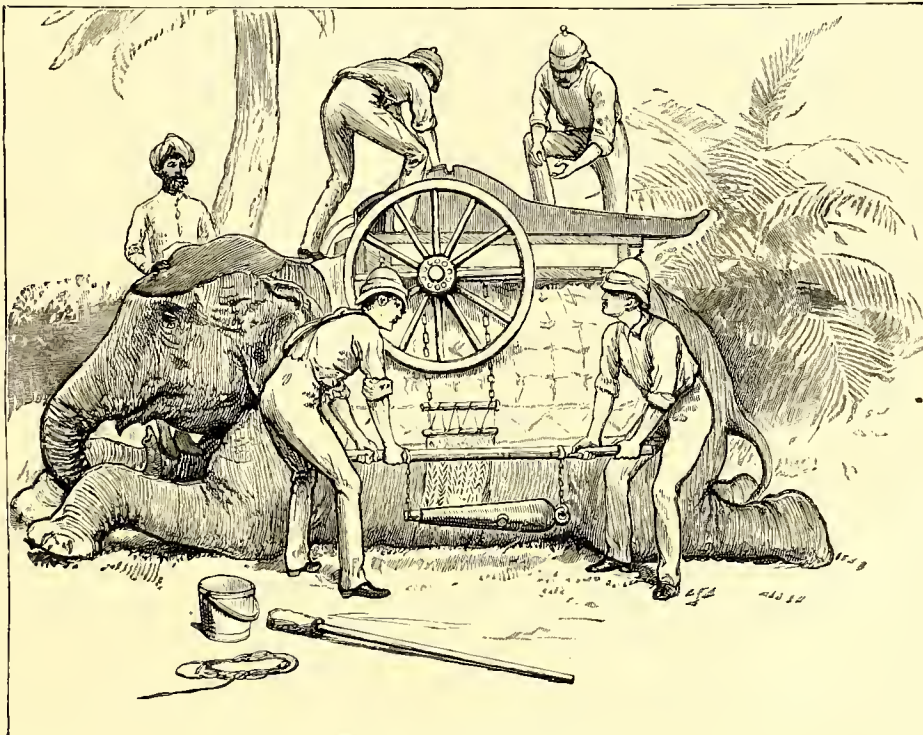
“On the march, when a little elephant is born in a herd, they stop a day or two to allow it time to exercise its little limbs and gain strength, and then they press on, the mothers and babies in front, the old tuskers following in the rear, but ready to rush forward at the first alarm. When rocky or hilly places are reached, the little ones are helped up by the mothers, who push them from behind and in various ways; but when a river

has to be forded or swum, a comical sight ensues. the Indian rivers often are after a rain, and at such a place the babies would hardly be able to keep

“The stream may be very rapid and rough, as



AN AMMUNITION CARRIER.



MOUNTING A CANNON UPON AN ELEPHANT.





THE SWIMMING DRILL OF THE ELEPHANT BATTERY IN BRITISH BURMAH.

up with the rest; so the mothers and fathers help them. At first all plunge boldly in — both young and old — and when the old elephants reach deep water, where they have to swim, the young scramble upon their backs and sit astride, sometimes two being seen in this position. But the very young elephants often require a little more care and attention, so they are held either upon the tusks of the father or grasped in the trunk of the mother, and held over or just at the surface of the water. Such a sight is a curious one, to say the least — the great elephants almost hidden beneath the water, here and there a young one seemingly walking on the water, resting upon a submerged back, or held aloft while the dark waters roar below."

For hundreds and hundreds of years — thousands even — the elephant has been trained for the use of man, though in those long ago times it was used chiefly for fighting purposes. Now, the strength

and sagacity of the huge animal are for the most part employed for peaceful ends. In British Burmah, however, the British army has an elephant battery of twenty-two elephants. On four of the elephants are carried cannon; twelve carry ammunition, four carry tools, and two are kept in reserve for emergencies. The elephants are as regularly drilled in their maneuvers as the human soldiers, and, it may be said, make as few mistakes. These elephants are also made to go through a weekly swimming drill; but for this part of their duties they seem, strangely enough, to have a dislike. The mahout in consequence has very often a hard time of it during swimming drill; for right in the midst of it an elephant may decide to consult his own pleasure, and will rush from the water, in spite of every effort of the mahout.

The wonder is that the elephant does not oftener take advantage of its prodigious strength to break loose from its bondage. Fear of the sharp-pointed



hook, which the mahout always carries, is probably one reason for its submission; but the habit of implicit obedience which it learns has a great deal to do with it. If the elephant were not so trustworthy, its usefulness would be greatly impaired for hundreds of tasks which it now performs. This would be the case particularly in carrying travelers on its back through the forests, where the desire for freedom would naturally be very strong.

Occasionally, however, an elephant will have a fit of bad temper, and will be as savage as if it had never been tamed. At such times it is securely chained and kept so until the fit is over.

Few accounts of the elephant show it to be otherwise than gentle and kindly in disposition; and most persons who have had experience with it are enthusiastic in its praise. Mr. Forbes, for

example, in his "Oriental Memoirs," says of his elephant:

"Nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection of this noble quadruped. If I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained perfectly immovable until my sketch was finished. If I wished for ripe mangoes growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, gave it to his driver to be handed to me; accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salaam, by raising his trunk three times above his head in the manner of the Oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. . .

"No spaniel could be more innocent or playful, or fonder of those who noticed him than this docile animal."

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## MY OTHER ME.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

CHILDREN, do you ever,  
In walks by land or sea,  
Meet a little maiden  
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,  
Has a laughing face,  
And a heart as sunny;  
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,  
Naught of doubt or blight;  
Heaven is just above her —  
All her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,  
That other Me of mine;  
She crossed into Time's shadow  
Out of Youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;  
And call her as I will,  
The years that lie between us  
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,  
And lonely as can be —  
Oh, children, if you meet her,  
Send back my other Me!

## LITTLE MATTI OF FINLAND.

BY SANNA STEEN.

YONDER, by the wooded hill, stands a cottage which has a window so small that when one sees therein the round, fair-curl'd head of a little boy, it fills the whole window.

In former days the cottage had a chimney-top of brick, the walls were painted red, and a nice fence encircled the house and the small potato-field. But now it all looks poor — very poor. The smoke rises through a hole in the turf roof, and the fence has fallen down. This is because its only grown-up inmates are an old blind soldier and a wife, as old as himself. As neither of them could work nor build, they would have died of hunger if the old man had not employed himself by binding nets, and his wife made brooms, and if the parish had not yearly given them three barrels of corn for bread.

Four or five years before, it had all been much better. At that time there lived in the cottage, besides the old soldier and his wife, a young, active couple,— the son and the son's wife. They were very industrious, and there was prosperity in the house, until the calamity came.

It happened one Sunday morning that the big church-boat, which carried the people of the hamlet to church, capsized in the middle of the lake during a squall, and the young man and his wife and many more people were buried in the waves. But the old couple had remained at home that day,— the old man, because of his blindness, and his wife to take care of a little child. While the bells ringing for the church service sounded across the lake, it was at the same time for the souls of those whom God had so suddenly called to an eternal service in heaven.

The two old people were then left alone in the cottage with their sorrow, their poverty, and their little grandchild. They had now only this little boy, who was called Matti (Matthew); and, as he was so small, he was generally called little Matti. He was as round and ruddy-cheeked as a ripened apple, with honest blue eyes, and hair as yellow as gold, which was the only gold little Matti possessed in this world. It was his ruddy face that used to fill the window when there was anything remarkable going on in the road.

If you have passed this place at any time you

have surely seen him. Perhaps you passed along the road in a dark and raw autumn evening. You have then seen the fire shine bright and clear upon the hearth in the poor room. The blind soldier is binding nets, and the old wife reads aloud from the Bible about the poor blind human beings who live in the dark land and who shall see the shining light. And Matti sits on the hearth-stone in the firelight, with the cat before him. He listens piously, as if he could understand very well what Grandmother reads,— but soon comes sweet slumber over his blue eyes, and his round red cheeks sink softly down against the old woman's knee. And even if you were sitting in the most splendid carriage out there on the road, you would still look with joy and envy into the poor room,— for there is devotion and innocence; there is the peace of simple faith which heals the heart's sorrows; there is confidence in God who brings solace for all the distress of life. This cot is rich; do you think it would change its treasure for the palace's gold?

If you pass the same way on a summer's day, you will see that near the cottage there is a gate. You have to stop there, if nobody comes to open it. But wait a moment, it will not be long before little Matti is there; he is already to be seen at the door of the cottage. He runs over stick and stone to reach it in good time, and his long yellow hair flows in the wind; he is now at the gate. Have you a penny? Do throw it to him, he expects it; but take a new penny, which glitters, if you have one, for that is his joy. He does not know what the coin will buy; a penny gives him quite the same delight that a dollar would. But take care that you do not throw the coin on the road before the horses and carriage have passed through the gate; for as soon as he sees the coin, he throws himself full length upon it, and lets the gate swing back against the noses of the horses. Don't scold him for it; when you were a little one, you were not a bit wiser!

Little Matti had hard bread and herring with small beer for his every-day fare; sometimes there was potatoes and sour milk for him, but they were for feast-meals; yet he grew and thrived on it, and was rounder each year. He could read nothing besides his prayers and the ten com-



mandments; but he could stand on his head where the grass was soft; he could fish by the shore of the lake, when his grandmother was there washing his shirts; he could drive on the level road, and ride his neighbors' horses to the watering-place, especially if some one walked by his side. On the snow he could distinguish grouse-tracks from magpie-tracks, and wolf-tracks he knew exceeding well. He could cut a sledge out of pieces of wood, and make horses and cows of pincones with small bits of wood for their feet. This

was no one but Matti who *neither* on Sunday *nor* Monday had what he ought to have had, and this caused him at last very much affliction.

It was long before little Matti perceived that he was in want of something. He walked around in his little shirt, as brave and glad as if superfluous clothes had never existed. But what happened? One Sunday morning, when all the people of the hamlet were gathering by the shore, going to church, little Matti declared that he, too, would go.

"It will not do, dear child," said his grandmother.

"Why not?" said little Matti.

"You have no clothes," said Grandmother.

Little Matti looked very serious at this.

"I dare say I could lend you one of my old petticoats," said



"AND MATTI SITS ON THE HEARTH-STONE IN THE FIRELIGHT."

was the list of little Matti's exploits and knowledge, and this was learning enough for a little one.

But this was not sufficient, Matti thought. He wanted in this world an indispensable thing. I don't know if I ought to talk about it—he had no breeches; and there were two reasons for this. In the first place, his grandfather and grandmother were very poor; and in the second place, it was most fashionable among all the small boys of the hamlet to go without that which little Matti was without. But this was mostly an every-day fashion,—it was fashionable on Sundays and feast-days for children to dress more like other people. There

Grandmother; "but then shall every one believe you to be a girl."

"I will be a man," said Matti.

"Of course," said Grandmother; "man is man, if he is not bigger than a halfpenny. Stay nicely at home, you, my little Matti."

And Matti staid at home this time. But it was not long after this that the assizes were to be held in the hamlet; and this brought many people there, and among others came Wipplusti with his juggling cupboard. Every one wished to peep into the cupboard, because one saw there so much that was interesting,—Napoleon Bonaparte with his

crown of gold and his long sword, Princess Sundeguld who led the tiger, Ahriman, by a necklace, the hobgoblin of Abor Castle, and many wonderful things. Some gave Mr. Wiplusti copper coin, others gave him loaves of bread, many gave him nothing at all: but all enjoyed themselves exultantly. Little Matti heard other boys tell about

but Matti did not answer, and when he came to the farm where the assizes were being held, he called out so loud that all could hear him: "I only *look* like a girl, I am really a man!"

Men and women set up a great laugh. Boys and girls gathered in a ring around poor Matti, clapping their hands and shouting:



"HE RUNS OVER STICK AND STONE, AND HIS LONG YELLOW HAIR FLOWS IN THE WIND."

this, and declared immediately that he, too, would go to see the juggling cupboard.

"It will not do, dear child," said Grandmother again.

"Why not?" asked Matti.

"The judge and several other distinguished men are going there; you can not possibly go without breeches."

Little Matti struggled by himself for a time, and Wiplusti's dolls played in his mind. At last he said:

"Will you, Grandmother, lend me a petticoat?"

"There it is," said Grandmother, and laughed aloud when the little one staggered across the floor in the big petticoat.

"Do I look like a girl?" he asked; "if so, I shall not go. I am not a girl, I am a man."

"You surely look rather like a girl," said Grandmother; "but you must tell every one you pass that you are a man."

"That is what I can do," thought little Matti, and so went off.

On the road he met a traveler, who stopped and said:

"Little girl, can you tell me where the assizes are to be held?"

"I am not girl, I am a man," said Matti.

"You don't look like one," said the gentleman,

"Nay, look at little Mary! Where did you get such pretty clothes?"

"It is Grandmother's petticoat, and not mine," said Matti. "I am not Mary! I am little Matti, and that you can well see."

The biggest and worst of the boys then took Matti upon his shoulder and carried him forth to the juggling cupboard, and shouted out over the whole place:

"Who would look at a halfpenny fellow? Who would look at a man in petticoats?"

Matti got angry and pulled the boy's hair with all his might.

"It is not my petticoat; it belongs to my grandmother!" he called, and soon he began to weep.

The bad comrade was going on, "Who will look at a man in petticoats?" and so went on all around the assize-place,—the boy shouting out and Matti pulling him by the hair and weeping. He had never had this kind of conveyance before.

He wept, he scratched, he struggled, and when at last he broke away, he ran as swiftly as he could, but stumbled in the petticoat, crawled up again, ready to weep, and again stumbled, and so, out of breath and weeping bitterly, he at last came home to his grandmother.

"Take the petticoat away," he said; "I will have no petticoat, I am a man."

"Don't weep, my Matti," said Grandmother, soothingly; "when you are big, you shall show that you are a man as good as any other."

"Yes," said Grandfather; "and next time I shall lend you my trousers."

The old grandparents were so devotedly attached to Matti,—he was their only comfort here on earth,—that they would have given him velvet breeches embroidered with gold, if it had been in their power.

Then Matti had a slice of bread and butter, and with that his sorrow passed. He sat down in a corner of the room and thought no more about his troubles.

Some time after this there was gayety in the hamlet. The road was in a cloud of dust with the driving and running, because a man of rank, who was traveling through the country, was expected; and he was, one said, of rank near the King. All the people of the hamlet wished to have a look at him, and strange things were related of him.

"He drives in a golden carriage with twelve horses," said one. "He is dressed from head to

which he was going to fling out on the road for the children. This rumor reached Matti's ears also, and he declared immediately that he, too, must go to see the great man. He had already a little will of his own,—and he was Grandfather's and Grandmother's darling.

"How can you go?" said Grandfather, laughingly. "Perhaps you will have Grandmother's petticoat oncé more!"

"I will have no petticoats!" cried Matti, turning as red as a lobster, when he remembered all the disgrace he had suffered for the sake of that woolen skirt. "I will never more in my life put on a petticoat. I am going to have Grandfather's trousers."

"Come along, follow me to the loft; then shall we see how the trousers suit you," said Grandfather.

Who was so glad as Matti then? He ran like a cat up the ladder to the loft, so that the poor blind Grandfather could hardly follow *him*. So he reached the big green-painted chest, which stood far back in the corner of the loft, and for



THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE MAKE FUN OF LITTLE MATTI.

foot in silver and sheet armor." They mentioned the finest things they knew or could imagine.

But the little children had their own thoughts,—they imagined that the gentleman would carry a knapsack filled with trinkets and liquorice-sticks

which Matti had always had great respect when he had been in the loft to set mouse-traps.

The first thing which struck the little boy's eyes was a big sword with a glittering sheath.

"That I will have!" he cried.



"Ah, pooh, pooh!" said Grandfather, "hold the sword while I get the uniform out of the chest."

Matti took the sword; and it was so heavy that he was hardly able to lift it.

Grandfather patted him on his cheek kindly.

"When you become a man," he said, "perhaps it may be that you will carry a sword and be allowed to fight for your native country. Will you do that, Matti?"

"Yes," said the little lad, and straightened himself bravely; "I shall cut the heads off of every one."

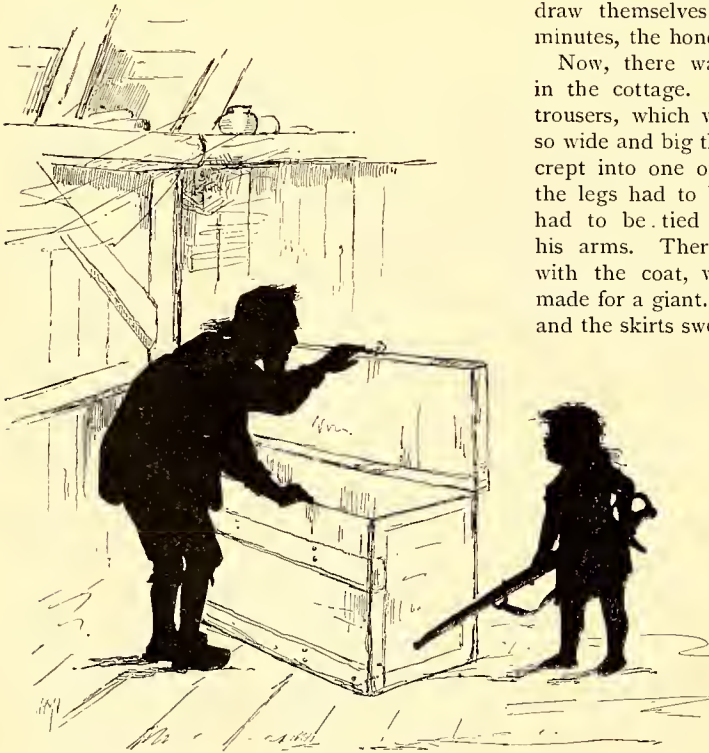
"Oh, that depends on whom you are fighting against."

"I shall cut off the heads of the wolves, and the hawks, and the nettles, and of every one who behaves badly to Grandfather and Grandmother. Yes, Grandfather, and I shall also cut off the heads of all those who call me a girl—"

"You must practice gentleness and not be cruel, my Matti,—but here, we have the trousers; I suppose you must have the coat, too."

"Yes, Grandfather, and the sword, too, and the hat, too."

"Sir, have you any more commands?" said



"SIR, HAVE YOU ANY MORE COMMANDS?" SAID GRANDFATHER."



"HE SAT DOWN IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, AND THOUGHT NO MORE ABOUT HIS TROUBLES."

Grandfather. "Well, you shall have all these things on the condition that you don't go farther away than the gate when the gentleman comes."

"Yes, Grandfather."

The two were scarcely down from the loft before the coroner came rushing like a tempest along the road and cried, "To the right!" and "To the left!" meaning that the people must draw themselves aside, because now, in a few minutes, the honorable gentleman was coming.

Now, there was hurry everywhere, and also in the cottage. Matti dressed in Grandfather's trousers, which were gray with blue stripes, and so wide and big that all of Matti could easily have crept into one of the legs. Below, the half of the legs had to be turned up; and above, they had to be tied up with a handkerchief under his arms. There was quite as much difficulty with the coat, which looked as if it had been made for a giant. When he put it on, the sleeves and the skirts swept the ground.

"That will never do," said Grandmother; and she pinned up the sleeves as well as the skirts.

Matti thought all these arrangements unnecessary.

Now, they put on him the big soldier hat, which would have fallen down over his little face to his shoulders, if it had not been half filled with hay. Last of all, he had the heavy sword; and so was the little knight ready.

Never had any hero returning as a victor from battle been as proud as was Matti

that first time he put on trousers. All his round little figure disappeared in those big wide clothes, like a fish in an ocean; and his grandparents saw nothing but the blue, honest eyes, the ruddy cheeks, and the small snub nose peeping out from the narrow space between the coat-collar and the hat. And then, when he marched out, stately and well equipped, they heard the sword drag against the small stones; the pins dropped out, so that the sleeves and skirts took care of themselves; the hat made a lurch, now to the right, now to the left; and the whole brave knight seemed at every step as if he was going to fall down under the burden of his heroic courage.

The old couple had not for a long time laughed so heartily as they laughed then. Grandfather, who could hear well enough, but could see nothing of Matti's equipment, wheeled the boy around three times at least, kissed the small nose and said, "God bless you, little Matti! May never a worse fellow than you wear a Bjorneborgerne's \* old uniform. Take care that you do honor to the governor when he arrives." And then he taught the little one to stand as stiff as a stick, and to look very austere, the left arm by his side, and to raise the right hand to the forehead in saluting.

Scarcely was Matti at his post by the gate, before the Governor approached, driving rapidly. He had heard the horses' speed slackened, and the driver call out, "Open the gate quickly!"

It so happened that the coroner, in his own high person, had placed himself by the gate, to take care that everything should go well, and that the gate should be opened at given signal. This would give the Governor a very good idea of the excellent order along the roads, he thought. But when the carriage approached with the rapidity of lightning, it happened that the coroner endeavored to bow most humbly; and unfortunately in doing so, he fell into the wet ditch by the roadside.

The under-coroner, who was waiting by the gate for the word of command, when he saw his master tumble, was so confused that he never thought of opening the gate without his superior's command; and so the gate remained shut.

The carriage was now compelled to stop; the gentleman looked out in surprise, and the driver kept calling out, "Open the gate!"

Then little Matti took courage and stepped forward—though with much trouble—opened the gate, and made the salute just as Grandfather had taught him, almost like a trained dog who has learned to sit erect. The driver cracked the whip, the horses started, but at the same moment, the gentleman called out:

"Stop!"

The carriage stopped for the second time.

"What little figure is this in a Bjorneborgerne's uniform?" the gentleman called out to Matti, and laughed so heartily that the carriage almost trembled.

Matti did not understand; he remembered only what Grandfather had told him, and he made once more a soldier-like salute, as stiff and as solemn as possible. The gentleman was still more amused by this, and asked the people standing by about the boy's parents.

The coroner, who had by this time crawled out of the ditch, hastened to relate that the boy was an orphan, who lived with his grandfather, a poor



"MATTI MADE ONCE MORE A SOLDIER-LIKE SALUTE."

blind soldier of the name of Hug. The coroner said this in that contemptuous way which sometimes is used when a dignified functionary speaks about paupers in the parish. But his surprise was great when he saw the gentleman immediately step out of the carriage, and go straight to the cottage.

Grandmother was so astonished that she nearly tumbled from her chair, when the gentleman stepped in; but Grandfather, who could see nothing, had more courage, and politely pointed to where he knew the bench was. "Peace be with you, my friends," said the gentleman, as he shook hands heartily with the old people. "It seems to me, I should know you, old fellow," he went on, while he looked hard at the Grandfather. "Is it not Hug, No. 39 of my old company?"

"My good captain!" answered Grandfather, in great surprise, for he knew the voice.

"Now, thank Heaven that I have found you at last!" said the gentleman. "Have you forgotten that it was you, who in the heat of a battle once carried me on your shoulders and forded the stream with me, when I was wounded and faint, and had nearly fallen into the hands of the enemy? And if you have forgotten it, do you think that I ever should be able to forget it? Since

\* Bjorneborg is a town in Finland.



“PEACE BE WITH YOU, MY FRIENDS,” SAID THE GENTLEMAN.”

the peace, I have heard nothing of you; I have vainly sought you for a long time, and at last I thought you must be dead. But now I have found you, and I must take good care of you, and your wife, and your little boy—and a fine boy he is.” With these words, he seized Matti under the arms, lifted him up and kissed him so energetically, that the lad dropped his hat, the sword clanked, and the rest of Grandmother’s pins fell from the coat as well as from the trousers.

“Now, don’t do that! let me alone!” said Matti; “you have made the hat fall on the floor now, and Grandfather is getting angry.”

“Dear, gracious sir,” said Grandmother, quite ashamed of Matti’s talking so; “be good enough not to mind the boy’s impatience—he is, alas, not at all accustomed to intercourse with people.”

“Grandfather shall have a better hat than this one,” said the gentleman to Matti; “and you, dear old woman, be easy on account of the boy’s wrath; it is rather good that he is a spirited little fellow. Listen, Matti. It seems to me that you are going to be a clever man. Have you a mind to be a brave soldier like Grandfather?”

“Grandfather says that it depends on whom I fight against,” said Matti.

“You are a smart boy,” said the gentleman, “and you are not at all lacking in courage.”

“Ay, sir; that is because to-day is the first time little Matti has worn trousers, and the courage is with the trousers,” said Grandfather.

“Say, rather, it is the Bjerneborgerne’s uniform,” said the gentleman. “There is the smell of gunpowder, and much honor left in this worn uniform, and such memories pass from one generation to another. But now we have a new time coming, and the boy shall learn to be a defender of the Fatherland. Are you strong, little man?”

Matti did not answer, he only held out his right third finger to try its strength with the noble gentleman.

“I can see that you are,” said the gentleman; “and when your arm has grown, you will be as strong as a bear. Will you come home and stay with me, and eat white bread, and drink milk every day? And may be, there will be, besides, some cakes and liquorice to be had now and then, if you are a good boy.”

“Am I to have a horse to ride on?” asked Matti.

“Of course,” said the gentleman.

Matti was very thoughtful for a time, his blue eyes wandered from the stranger to Grandfather, from Grandfather to Grandmother, and from Grandmother back again to the gentleman. At last he crept behind his grandparents, and said:



"I will stay with Grandfather and Grandmother."

"But, dear Matti," said the blind soldier, in heartfelt emotion, "here, by your grandfather, you only get hard bread, and salt herrings, and water. Don't you hear that the kind sir offers you fresh bread and milk, and other good things, and do you hear that you are going to have a horse to ride?"

"I will stay with Grandfather; I will not go," Matti called out, while the tears almost rushed to his eyes.

"You are a good boy," said the gentleman, with tears in *his* eyes, and he patted the little one on his round cheek. "Do stay with your Grandfather, and I shall take care that neither Grandfather, Grandmother, nor you, shall ever suffer want; and when you are grown up, and a bold fellow, you must come to me, if I am alive, and I will give you land to plow, and forest to hew;

and whether you are farmer, or soldier, that is all the same, if you are an honest and faithful son of your Fatherland. Will you be that, Matti?"

"Yes," said the boy, stiff and erect.

"God bless you, child!" said the grandparents with prayerful hearts.

"And God bless our dear Fatherland and give it many faithful sons like you, dear little Matti," added the gentleman. "There are many children who run away from the hard bread, and grasp after the fresh buns; and what do they gain by it? Their Fatherland does not gain by it. 'Honor thy father and thy mother in their poverty, that it may be well with thee, and thou may'st live long in the land.'"

"That is printed in my good book," said little Matti.

"Yes; but it is not written in every one's heart," said the gentleman.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS.—No. 1.



## JUNO.

BY ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE.

It was quite in keeping with the rest of her misfortunes that she had been named Juno; it was one of the many indignities that had been heaped upon her. And the name was always repeated with a laugh or a jeer whenever any one made poor Juno's acquaintance,—there was so little that was goddess-like about her. She had nothing under the sun in common with the Queen of Olympus, save that at her birth she seemed to have been intrusted to the Seasons as her sole attendants, for no mortal ever felt called upon to bestow any attention upon her.

When I first saw her, she looked around the corner of the barn at me with a pair of soft, big, good-natured eyes, which shone under a bulging, bull-like forehead.—Have I said that Juno was a calf? And a more neglected, unkempt, and generally disheveled calf never scampered over a Virginia farm—and that is saying a great deal.

We had gone to the pasture to look at the pretty Jersey calves, which crowded about us and allowed their glossy sides to be stroked.

"But that is not a Jersey?" I said, pointing to the shaggy, half-grown black heifer which came cautiously up to us, prepared either to be petted or chased away.

"Oh, no; that is only Juno," was the answer, quickly followed by a wail of indignation from my hostess as she caught sight of a rose-branch dangling from the calf's tail. "Juno, you wretched beast, you have been in the garden again!"

Juno could not deny it, and only gave a gruff, though not an impertinent, "b-a-a-h!" and scampered away to the farther end of the pasture, whence she regarded us inquisitively.

"Is she, like the Juno of old, fond of 'dittany, poppies, and lilies?'" I asked.

"She is fond of everything that can be eaten, from warm mush-and-milk down to arctic over-shoes," was the despairing reply. "To be sure, her appetite has its reason for being, for I don't think that poor Juno has ever seen the time when her stomach was really full. When she was a little calf, the black woman we had to look after the cows said that calves needed very little attention, consequently she was brought up on darkey

principles. Then when these little aristocrats,"—caressing the Jerseys,—“came along, we had a well-trained Scotch lassie who would have gone without her own supper rather than have let them go without theirs. But it was too late for Juno to profit by the new regime, for with Scotch thrift she said Juno was too old to be treated like ‘the wee bit calves,’ and she chased the poor animal out of the calf-pen.

"Then poor Juno tried to pretend she was a cow, and slipped into the cowyard when the bran-mash was passed around. But this was looked upon as little less than highway robbery by the immigrant from the ‘Banks o’ Dee,’ and the pretender was belabored out for a ‘thieving beastie, trying to tak’ fro’ the poor coos what they needed to keep up their milk wi.’ So, you see, Juno has not always had a bed of roses to rest on, though she has just come off one."

As we turned to go back to the house, two bright-haired little people who had stood beside us, drinking in the story of Juno, clamored to be allowed to stay and have a romp with the pretty, fawn-like creatures about them. They were popped through the bars by an indulgent aunt, and allowed to peel off shoes and stockings by an almost equally indulgent mamma, and left to lilt and caper the shining spring morning away on the tender green grass.

When they came in at noon, warm and tired, they were followed at a respectful distance by Juno. We were rather touched by her devotion, and put it down to an affectionate nature. Its real cause came out, that night, when the small people were being put to bed. Then "Sister," a young woman of seven, and "Brother," a man of six, seemed loath to enter the mysterious land of dreams until they had unburdened their souls by a confession. It began with:

"Good-night, Mamma!"

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"Are you going downstairs at once, Mamma?"

"Yes; good-night again."

"Just wait a minute, please," and a hurried consultation was held in a whisper, of which I caught "No, *you* tell, Sister; you're the oldest."—"No, *you* tell, Brother, you make things sound so

well, you know."—"Ah, no, Sister, *you*." Whereupon I brought things to a crisis by asking what they wished to tell.

"We wanted to know what stealing is."

"Why, it 's taking what does not belong to you."

"Well, is *all* stealing very bad?" asked Sister, sitting up in bed.

"Yes, is it all *very* bad?" echoed Brother, who, being merely a substantial shadow to Sister, also sat up. "Would you call taking Grandpapa's things stealing?"

"Of course."

"Oh-h!" looking uneasily at each other.

"Why do you ask?"

"We didn't know—we thought—we—Brother, *you* explain," and Sister lay back on her pillow in desperation. He came boldly up to the mark. "You see, Mamma, we felt sorry for poor Juno, and Sister said to me, 'Let 's make a party for Juno'; and I said, 'Say we do'; and Sister and I went to the barn, and Juno, she walked after us, so nice and polite, Mamma, and we put her into Jim's stall, and gave her some oats and corn with some salt sprinkled on it, and we found some meal, and made her some porridge in a bucket, and we set it outside, 'cause Sister said it would cook in the sun, but Juno did n't wait for it to cook. She just *gobbled it up*, and she was *so glad!*" and his eyes sparkled at the remembrance of the satisfaction. "If she had n't been quite so greedy, though, she 'd have had it better, for we were going to trim the bucket with sweet-potato vines."

"To make it look like salad," explained Sister.

"Surely, surely, you would not have taken vines from Grandpapa's hot-bed! If you had, he 'd have been sorry that I brought you to visit him. About Juno's party—you 'll have to tell him in the morning, and ask him to excuse you."

"D'you think he 'll be very mad?" they asked, solemnly. "Won't you just mention it to him when you go downstairs, now? You know him so well."

The next morning there was a session in the library, with closed doors. But I fancy there was not a terrible scene, for when I "mentioned it" to Grandpapa the night before, he shut one eye and shook with silent laughter. When the door opened, and the three emerged, there was still a judicial air hanging about Grandpapa, while the babies looked as if their little souls had been swept and garnished for the day. As they parted, Grandpapa said, "But, remember, as a punishment, you are to take care of Juno and keep her out of mischief while you are here; and," tapping his left palm with his right forefinger, "she is not to have a taste of sweet-potato vines."

"No, in-*deed*, dear Grandpapa."

Nothing could be easier than to promise to keep Juno out of mischief, but they soon found it a very difficult promise to fulfill. She was large enough to jump out of the calf-pen, and small enough to squirm through the pasture fence. She got into the chicken-yard, and galloped around, scaring the hens off their nests, and almost throwing the old turkey gobbler into a fit of apoplexy by bellowing whenever he gave vent to his natural wrath by gobbling. She enticed the Jersey calves into the wheat-fields of an adjoining farm (and made no end of trouble for her owner), took them for a stroll along the railroad track, and only brought them back when night and hunger overtook them, and when all the tired men and boys on the farm had gone to look for them. Her air, as she appeared over the brow of some old earthworks, with the calves at her heels, was that of innocence and uprightness, and seemed to say, "But for me these inexperienced young creatures might never have found their way home."

After this last escapade, Juno was given up to final disgrace by all but her two little friends. She was made to wear a poke, and her usual calfish joy was so overcast by gloom that she only had spirit enough left to gnaw the bark off the young trees in her prison. Evidently her friends hated the poke as cordially as she did. And if we all had not been absorbed in our own unimportant affairs, we might have seen that a revolution was brewing.

Juno looked forlornly out from her prison pen, and Sister and Brother scampered in wild freedom over the farm, for they were at liberty to take their luncheon and be gone all day,—only they were enjoined to begin their homeward march when the whistle from the five o'clock express shrieked through the valley.

One morning, as we afterward remembered, an unusually large luncheon was asked for, and there was a great deal of flitting in and out of the barn before they, with their little express wagon, disappeared through the vineyard in the direction of the woods.

The sweet spring day wore away, and we were sitting under the china-tree, enjoying the delicious change from afternoon warmth to the coolness of evening, when Grandpapa suddenly rose, looked about him, and asked, "Where are the children? It is time they were at home."

The golden glow of coming sunset, which had seemed so beautiful but that moment to their Mamma, turned to a cold gray mist, as she rose quickly and looked in the direction where the two loved little forms and the squeaking express wagon had disappeared so many hours before.



"They ought to be here," said she. "It's after six o'clock. They never failed to obey the whistle before."

"Oh, well," Grandpapa answered re-assuringly, "they've not heard it to-day. They're probably hunting arrow-heads, or have made some wonderful discovery, or are down on the low grounds gathering cresses, and think it's only noon. However, as it is getting late enough for them to be at home, I'll walk down that way and get them."

"And I'll go to the pasture; they may be playing with Juno," said Aunt Sie.

"And I'll run across to Mrs. Brown's; perhaps Sol Brown has coaxed them over there," said Aunt Lishie.

"Well, I'll go on the upper porch and have a look over the farm, and if I don't see them, I'll take a run through the vineyard; they often hunt for arrow-heads there," and, as she spoke, the mother tried to believe she did n't feel cold around the heart.

Each started off with alacrity, for there are times when it is a greater relief to frightened people to part company than to stay together.

When she reached the porch, which commanded a view of the lovely landscape for miles around, she saw nothing but Grandpapa entering the woods in the hollow, Aunt Sie hastening to the pasture, and Aunt Lishie taking the shortest possible cut to Mrs. Brown's. The clear air seemed to ring, and yet to be horribly silent. There came the boys up from the cornfield, each riding a mule. Perhaps in another moment she would see a yellow head bobbing up and down behind. But no, the children were not enjoying the pleasure of a mule ride—they were nowhere to be seen. She hurried downstairs to question the boys as they passed, who, in reply, assured her that they had not seen the children that day. She made a quick search of the chicken-coop and hayloft before running hither and thither in the vineyard on the hillside. Once or twice she was sure she heard them, but, when she stopped to listen, she found that it was only the boys talking at the well as they watered their mules. At last she went back to the house and waited.

One after another the scouts came in; when the last arrived alone, at seven o'clock, she broke down entirely and cried in earnest.

"There, there, don't be frightened," said her father; "nothing can have happened; there is n't a dangerous place on the farm. But I'll start the boys out, for I feel anxious to get the little ones in before it grows damp. And it just occurs to me that they may be at the blacksmith's; I'll step across and see," and he stepped off with a briskness that would have done credit to a man twenty-five years younger.

The aunties and mother by this time felt the need of companionship, and went in a group to the darkening woods, where they shouted as loudly as their broken voices would allow. At one place the pasture touched the woods, and here they made a discovery. The bars were down; and when they looked at the cows waiting at the milking-shed, Juno, who of late had affected their society, was not with them.

"Juno is out, and they are probably trying to drive her home," cried Aunt Sie. "The dear little souls!"

"The little angels!" sobbed Aunt Lishie.

"The dear, care-worn little creatures! Oh, that miserable beast, I never want to see her again," wailed their mamma, who little knew how glad the sight of Juno would make her.

A little further on they found the prints of small bare feet, half-obliterated by hoof-marks.

"They have been here, but where are they now?"

Ah, yes, where?

It was undeniably dark in the woods. Outside, the full moon looked down on the lonesome, empty fields. They could not bear to look at it, for was n't there "the man in the moon" with whom those blessed lost babies believed themselves on such friendly terms? Oh, if he loved them as well as they believed he did, would he, ah, would he, please keep an eye on them, and guide them safely back!

The horror of the dark woods was too much for the three wretched women, and they kept on its outskirts, like the whip-poor-wills which now and then broke the awesome silence.

Presently they came in sight of a dilapidated old cabin which had formed part of the "quarters" in slavery times.

"Do you suppose they could be there?"

"No, I'm afraid not; they believe the three bears live in it, so I don't think they would venture in," answered Mamma.

The memory of the dear imaginative little ones, whom she now thought she would never again see, crushed her. She sank down, and her face was bowed.

"Oh, my darlings, my darlings!"

"B-a-a-h!"

Her sisters clutched her, and dragged her to her feet.

"It is, *it is* Juno!"

Once more the silence was broken by that voice—sweeter now to them than any trill of mocking-bird or prima donna. This time it took on an inquiring tone.

"B-a-a-h?"

"She's in the cabin!" they all exclaimed.

The moon was shining brightly upon the square

opening which had served as a window; and framed in it upon a background of inner darkness they beheld the classic head of Juno.

"Don't let us hope too much, they may not be with her. It would kill me not to find them now," quavered Mamma, as they hurried forward.

In a moment they were at the door, and a glad shout pierced the still evening, and reached poor Grandpapa, as he stood "completely whipped out," as he afterward confessed, not knowing which way to turn next.

The cabin was divided into two rooms, and in

kindly permitted the aunts to carry their precious ones, while she led Juno by the poke), that feeling that Juno was not happy with her poke, and not well treated, they had decided to take her and live in the cabin, which, after many cautious surveys from safe distances, they had concluded was not the home of the bears. They had provided a load of meal for her, and a good luncheon for themselves; and they had intended to live on strawberries and water. They were "terribly tired." They had worked hard all day gathering moss to make themselves a bed. After putting Juno into



"FEELING THAT JUNO WAS NOT HAPPY WITH HER POKE, THEY HAD DECIDED TO TAKE HER AND LIVE IN THE CABIN."

the outer one gleamed the light clothing of two little sleepers. The suddenness with which they were snatched from slumber caused a wail from Brother, "It's the bears, Sister, it's the three bears come home." And in truth the hugs to which they were treated quite carried out the bear idea.

It seemed as if the supply of tears ought to have been exhausted, but it was not, only now they were what the children called "fun tears," because they came from laughing.

Questions were asked and the answers were not even waited for. The sleepy little ones were rather vague, but it was gathered during the triumphal homeward march (upon which Mamma

her room, they had lain down to try theirs, and had gone to sleep before dark. They were perfectly willing to go home, especially Brother, who had his own opinion about whip-poor-wills.

Grandpapa met them when half-way to the house, and as he gathered them both into loving arms, he was greeted with, "You *will* take off poor Juno's poke, won't you dear Grandpapa?"

Juno was urged to eat when she got home, and although she had fared sumptuously all day, she consented to worry down a little warm bran mash.

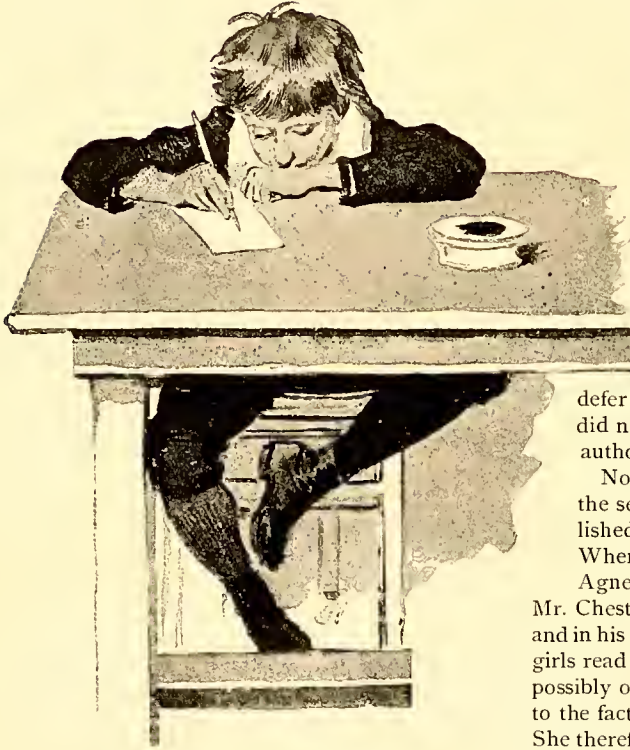
Juno has ceased to be a calf, and we now tenderly allude to her as the Sacred Cow.



# HOW MARIE OBTAINED MISS ALCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH.

(A True Story.)

BY DIOGENES TUBB.



MISS ALCOTT, in "Jo's Boys," has devoted a chapter to the trials and tribulations of an authoress persecuted by a legion of curiosity-seekers and autograph-hunters. She has told of the many and ingenious means resorted to by this class of people to obtain a memento or a signature from a popular writer; but until this story was written she never knew how her own autograph was obtained on one occasion by two of her little admirers.

Agnes and Marie Chester, like most American girls, were assiduous readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It was in its pages they had read several of Miss Alcott's works, and to them the boys and girls created by the pen of this gifted writer were no fictitious characters. They were creatures of flesh and blood, whose individual characteristics were as firmly impressed upon the minds of our little heroines as were those of any of their most intimate playmates. To them Miss Alcott was a species of divinity who held the power to make or mar the lives of the

young creatures whose histories she recorded. With one fell swoop of her pen she could, if she felt so disposed, take the life of a favorite heroine, or "make a story end wrong." What wonder, then, that their affection for their divinity should be tempered with a certain awe.

Agnes and Marie were the youngest of a family of seven children, and, their mother having died when they were still quite young, they had been accustomed to look upon their sister Dora, who was several years their senior, as a second mother, and to defer to her judgment in those matters which did not call for the intervention of the father's authority.

Now, it so happened that "Rose in Bloom," the sequel to "Eight Cousins," was not published in serial form, like its predecessor. When the book appeared, Dora read it, and Agnes and Marie were anxious to do the same. Mr. Chester was temporarily out of town, however; and in his absence Dora hesitated to let the younger girls read the book, fearing that her father might possibly object to placing it in their hands, owing to the fact that it contained several love episodes. She therefore refused her permission, much to the discomfiture of our little heroines, who rose in open revolt against their sister's decision. They entreated, argued, wheedled, and threatened, by turns, but all in vain. Dora remained firm in her decision, and the book was securely locked up in her bureau drawer.

The young rebels threatened to capture that book, by hook or by crook, if they had to pick the lock, or even to blow up the bureau with dynamite; and they racked their brains to discover some means of executing their mutinous purpose.

They had a firm ally in their brother Will, who had not the boyish contempt for girls which some brothers of his age affect.

Master Will was no less a personage than the editor-in-chief of a weekly publication entitled *Scraps*, of which Agnes and Marie composed the rest of the editorial staff. *Scraps* was an influential organ among its readers, who, by the way, were just three in number, including the staff. It did not appear in printed form, but was issued in



manuscript, and its columns abounded with notes and comments on all the important events which occurred throughout that portion of the universe comprised in the Chester household.

You should have seen the issue which appeared after Dora's decision had been made known!

The "leader" on the editorial page was devoted to a learned argument, bristling with precedents and authorities, to prove that the decision was "barbarous, unreasonable, cruel, and unjust." Then came paragraphs at intervals, with startling head-lines, and teeming with bitter irony and caustic sarcasm. There were even pathetic verses like the following:

'I think it's mean that 'Rose in Bloom'  
Is locked up in my sister's room.'

and this:

TO DORA.  
"When I am dead,  
And in my tomb,  
You'll wish I'd read  
'The Rose in Bloom!'

And then the cartoon,—well, here is the cartoon just as it appeared in *Scraps*:

An Old Proverb Revised.



*What is sauce for the Goose is sauce for the --- goslings*

This issue of *Scraps* was sent to Dora, as you may believe, but even this formidable array of logic, pathos, ridicule, and abuse left the young lady unmoved; and still the book remained safely locked up in the bureau drawer.

So much for the vaunted power of the press!

"Well, I don't care!" exclaimed Marie, one

morning, "I am just going to write to Miss Alcott and ask her if she did n't intend 'Rose in Bloom' for girls of our age as much as for *young ladies* of Dora's."

This was said with a contemptuous emphasis on the words "*young ladies*," which expressed volumes of unspoken scorn.

Will shook his head.

"No, that won't do," said he, doubtfully; "Miss Alcott would n't answer your letter. Do you suppose she has nothing else to do but to answer little girls' letters? Why, if she were to answer all the letters she receives, she would n't have any time left in which to write her books. We must think of some other plan, for that won't do, I tell you."

And the editor-in-chief again shook his head in disapproval of the proposal of the junior member of his staff.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth, when he surprised his reporters by executing a series of fantastic steps over the chairs and furniture, giving vent the while to unearthly chuckles and triumphant yells which fairly shook the house.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Agnes, "what on earth is the matter with you now, Will?"

"Oh! I'm all right!" rejoined Will. "I was just thinking that Marie's idea is a first-rate one, after all. Write to Miss Alcott, by all means."

"But I thought you said we would n't receive any answer," objected Agnes.

"Well, I've changed my mind. Now, I *know* your letter will be answered. I am just as sure of it as that your name is Agnes Chester."

"But how do you know?" inquired Marie.

"Never mind, now," retorted Will. "Just go and write your letter, and you will find out in good time."

Whereupon Agnes and Marie sat down, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, they managed to produce a letter which they passed to Will for his approval.

Will read it critically.

"Well," said he, "it is rather long; however, I suppose it will do, as Miss Alcott will never see it."

"Never see it?" exclaimed the two girls together.

"Don't ask questions," Will remarked, sententiously, "but you, Agnes, bring me the 'Eight Cousins' from the library table, while Marie gets me a sheet of tracing paper which she will find in my desk."

When the desired articles were brought, Will opened the volume of the "Eight Cousins" at the page which is inserted between the title-page and the preface, containing the fac-simile of Miss Alcott's writing shown above.

"Now," said he, "Miss Alcott will reply to your letter."

Then, after carefully studying the fac-simile, Will laboriously composed the following note:

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND  
The book was written for all my boy and girl friends; it is best, however, to be guided by your sister's judgment, truly your friend,  
L. M. ALCOTT."

This done, he placed his tracing paper over the fac-simile of Miss Alcott's writing, and traced letter after letter until he had produced the result here shown.

"There," he exclaimed; "of course, an expert could tell that is n't genuine, but it is near enough, I think, to deceive Dora. I have n't been able to say just what I wanted, because this fac-simile is so short that it does not contain all the letters of the alphabet. It has only four kinds of

capital letters, and no figures whatever, so that I am unable to date my letter; and I have been obliged to guess at the *v*, *u*, and *j*. However, either I am much mistaken, or this letter will produce the desired effect. Now, then, to transfer this to a

To

The many boys & girls  
whose letters it has been  
impossible to answer,  
this book is dedicated  
as a peace offering  
by their friend  
L. M. Alcott

sheet of note-paper. I have an odd sheet in my writing-desk, which is unlike any that we have in the house. Of course, it would not do for Dora to recognize the note-paper."

So saying, Will procured the sheet in question, and placing a sheet of carbon paper upon it, he proceeded to transfer his note. He then went

My dear little friend  
The book was  
written for all my boy &  
girl friends; it is best however  
to be guided by your sister's  
judgment,  
truly your friend  
L. M. Alcott.

over his work with pen and ink, and at last contemplated the finished letter.

Agnes and Marie had followed his every operation with intense interest, and expressed their satisfaction at the result.

"But," objected Agnes, "is not this a forgery?"

"Well," said Will, "I suppose it is; but it is only to be used as a joke, you know, for of course we will tell Dora what it is, just as soon as you receive the book."

"But," said Marie, "I don't believe Dora will let us read the book even now; for the note advises us to be guided by her judgment, and she will hold this up to us."

"Oh, you goosey!" exclaimed Will; "that is just the very reason Dora will let you read the book. Don't you see the note says plainly enough that the story was written for girls of your age, just as well as for older girls. You don't suppose Miss Alcott would write you not to mind what your sister said, but to do just as you pleased, do you? If I had written that, Dora would have seen at once that the note was n't genuine. You just wait."

The next day, after Agnes and Marie had left for school, Dora found an envelope on her dressing-table, bearing her name. It inclosed two letters. One was the draft of the note composed by Marie and Agnes, and addressed to Miss Alcott. The other was Will's elaborate manufactured reply.

Dora was astounded! "The little imps," she exclaimed to herself, "I never supposed they would carry out their threat!"

Miss Alcott, to whom the foregoing story was submitted before its acceptance by St. NICHOLAS, sent us this good-natured comment concerning it:

"The account of the boy's hoax is very funny, and I have no objection to its publication. I enjoyed the joke, was taken in by the forgery, and admired the cleverness of 'Brother Will.' But I hope he will 'never do so any more,' or he may come to a bad end. The illustration is delightful, and I trust the persistent 'goslings' were not disappointed in the book when *they read it*.—L. M. A."

She hardly knew whether to be more pleased or vexed. She was glad to have the opinion of Miss Alcott herself as to the advisability of letting her sisters read the longed-for book; but she was displeased at the spirit of insubordination displayed by the young rebels. She never for an instant suspected the genuineness of the note.

When Agnes and Marie returned from school, Dora quietly went to her room, and came back a few minutes later with "Rose in Bloom," which she handed without a word to Agnes.

Agnes and Marie exchanged swift glances with Will. They felt they could not take advantage of Dora's unsuspecting confidence. Agnes, therefore, returned the book, and the three conspirators related the story of the forged note.

Dora laughed heartily and good-naturedly.

"But, you young wretches!" she exclaimed, "here have I proudly displayed that autograph to a dozen people, and now I shall be obliged to confess how I have been duped. Several of them went so far as to ask me for it! Well, well, I suppose you might just as well read the book now, or there is no knowing what will occur to you to do next."

And Agnes and Marie read "Rose in Bloom."

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## NOVEMBER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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WHO shall sing to bleak November,  
Month of frost and glowing ember?  
Is there nothing, then, to praise  
In these chilly thirty days?  
Ah, and who shall lack for song  
When the nights are still and long  
When beside the log-wood fire  
We may hear the wood-elves' choir  
Making dainty music float  
Up the big, brick chimney's throat;

When within the flames and smoke  
We may see a fairy folk  
Coming hither, going thither,  
Vanishing we know not whither?  
Unless perhaps they all depart  
For the frozen forest's heart,  
To tell the stark, forsaken trees  
Of the fireside's mysteries,—  
How they saw some other elves  
Just as funny as themselves!





## SETTLING THE QUESTION.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

*Pug.*

“ I 'm the brightest pug on the face of the earth,  
So says my handsome master ;  
I am just brimful of frolic and mirth,  
And nobody can run faster.”

*Skye.*

“ I 'm a Skye of one of the loveliest blues,  
My mistress says so daily ;  
I can wear eyeglasses and read the news,  
And entertain callers gayly ”

*Pug.*

“ I can do all tricks, I 'm a cunning elf,  
And I cost an even eighty.”

*Skye.*

“ That amount was paid for my very self,  
For my pedigree 's long and weighty.”

*Pug.*

“ What a price for a Skye ! But if I were you,  
I 'd pay that sum for a shearing.”

*Skye.*

“ And if I were so sleek that my sides shone through,  
I 'd feel like disappearing.”

*Pug.*

“ Well, if I could n't tell my tail from my head,  
'T would deprive me of locomotion ! ”

*Skye.*

“ If my nose were smutty, 't would kill me dead ;  
I would drown myself in the ocean. ”

*Pug.*

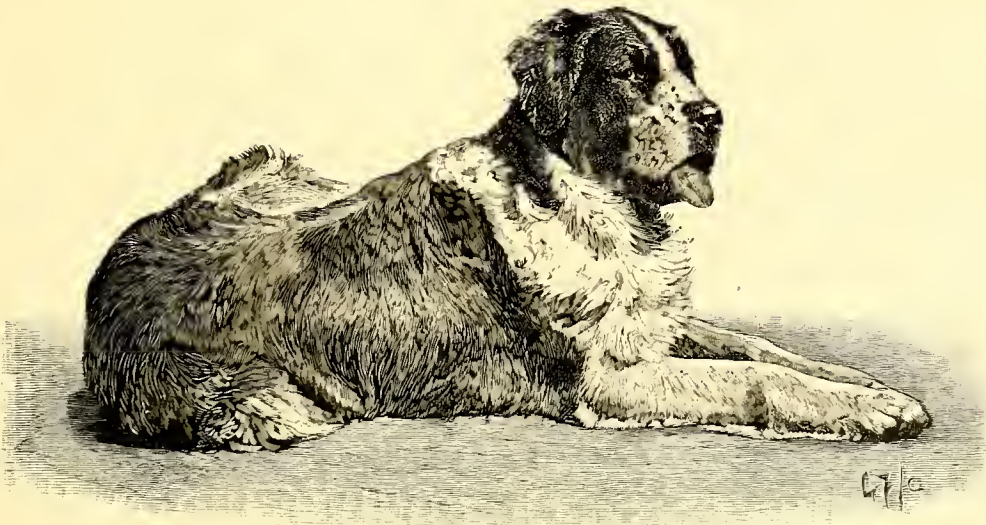
“ I assure you that pugs bring the highest price  
In the market, sir,—that 's decided ! ”

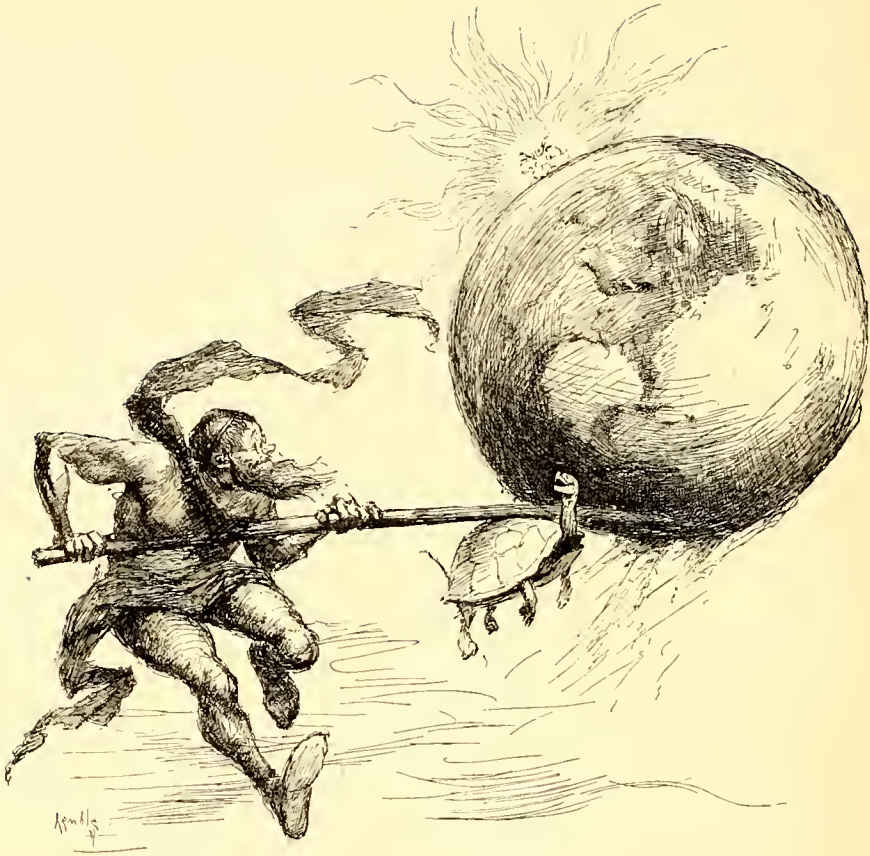
*Skye.*

“ Well, I tell you, no dog, by any device,  
Ever brought so much money as I did ! ”

*St. Bernard.*

“ Come, stop your quarreling, foolish curs !  
You 're the silliest pair in collars ;  
I can settle your question at once, good sirs,—  
For *I* cost a thousand dollars. ”





## TIME AND TOMMY.

BY DELIA W. LYMAN.

“OH!” yawned Tommy Tedman as he shut his astronomy with a slam and curled himself up among the cushions of the big lounge near the fire.

“I wish Archimedes *could* have got a fulcrum and a long enough lever, and that he had given the earth a big shove back and set her going the wrong way around the sun! I do wonder what would have happened!” he soliloquized.

Now this seems a queer idea to come from the brain of a merry, red-cheeked boy of fourteen; but it would not have caused Mrs. Tedman the least surprise; for he was always propounding the oddest, most unheard-of questions, which nobody on earth could answer. But as neither she nor any one

else was at hand to comment on Tommy's original query, he pondered over it by himself for awhile, and then, feeling uncommonly comfortable, fell asleep.

He had not slept long, when he was suddenly aroused by a great shout in the street. Without waiting to find his cap, he rushed out to see what was the matter. A great crowd was hurrying past toward the City Hall Square, but they all were on such a run that nobody looked at Tommy, and finally the distracted boy had to seize a man by the coat-tail to make him wait while he asked:

“What's the matter?”

The man looked around scornfully at him and replied:



"Why! don't you know? *The earth's going the wrong way!*"

"Why, how odd!" thought Tommy; "that's the very thing I was wondering about this afternoon!"

"How did it happen?" he called after the man, who was now running on again.

"The National Academy of Sciences did it"; came the reply.

"How?" shouted Tommy; but the man was out of hearing, so Tommy joined the crowd and rushed along with it to the City Hall Square. In front of the great clock-tower a man, who wore big spectacles and looked like a professor, was making a speech.

"Yes, fellow citizens!" he was saying, "the great experiment has been successfully performed. *The earth is now moving backward* in its orbit and revolves from east to west instead of from west to east, as you will see by watching the clock."

Tommy looked, and though he remembered hearing the clock strike four when he was studying his astronomy, the hands now pointed to two, and as he stood watching, the minute hand slowly moved back to four minutes of two.

"Yes! fellow citizens!" the professor continued, "the earth is going back! Time is going back! We all will now *grow young instead of old!*"

"Three cheers for the National Academy!" shouted a man near Tommy, and all the grown-up people gave three rousing cheers,—but the boys and girls kept still, for they wished to grow old, not young.

After the professor had explained more in detail how the earth was turned back, and also how it was made to revolve from east to west instead of the old way, the crowd dispersed; but while Tommy stood staring at the clock to see its hands going the wrong way, he saw Todd Boggins coming toward him.

"Hallo, Todd!" said he, "queer idea, is n't it,—the earth going around the wrong way?"

"I don't know that it's any queerer than its going the other way!" replied Todd carelessly. "I'm in a hurry to get home to dinner."

"Dinner?" cried Tommy; "you mean supper!"

"Dinner!" repeated Todd loftily; "it's quarter of two now, and it will be half-past one by the time I get home, and that's dinner time."

"Jiminy Hoe-cakes! so it is!" said Tommy gleefully at the thought of another dinner so soon. "Will you come over and play ball after dinner?" he continued.

"Not much!" said Todd emphatically; "we'll have to go to morning school again after or, perhaps I ought to say, before, dinner."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" ejaculated Tommy all the way home.

He found the family just sitting down to dinner, and it certainly was the oddest meal Tommy ever ate. The dessert was served first, then the meat and vegetables, and finally the soup. When his father then asked the blessing, Tommy almost burst out laughing; but as every one else took things as a matter of course, he restrained himself as well as he could.

It was half-past twelve when dinner was through, and he started off with his books to school. As soon as he had taken his seat in the school room, he found that the closing exercises were going on.

"How is this?" whispered he to Todd, who was his seatmate, "am I so very late?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Todd seriously, "we're just beginning."

Soon after that, Miss Goggles called up the geography class.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy out loud, "I have n't studied my lesson!"

"No matter," said Miss Goggles. "Recite it first, and study it afterward."

Tommy thought that was queer; but when, after the recitation, he began to study his lesson, he found it queerer still; for he was obliged to begin at the end of the book and go back, and the longer he studied, the less he knew and the more he forgot, and so it was with all his lessons. They were recited first and studied afterward, and all the books were learned backward.

At last, when the clock-hand had moved back nearly to nine, Miss Goggles called the roll, and school was over.

"Well! this beats the Dutch!" exclaimed Tommy improperly but expressively to Todd on their way home. As Todd made no reply, Tommy said presently, "will you come over and play tennis after dinner?"

"Dinner!" exclaimed Todd, "I'm going to breakfast and then to bed!"

"Bed!" cried Tommy; "well, I never!"

But as, after breakfast, at about seven o'clock, all the rest of the Tedman family bade one another good-morning and went off to bed (except the cook, who said of course she'd wait till six), Tommy trundled himself off too. He was so excited over the strange events of the day that he did not get to sleep for a long while, but lay still, listening to the clucking of the hens and the chirping of the birds outside. Soon the milkman came, and not long after he heard the cook creaking upstairs to bed. It seemed odd to be going to bed by daylight, but by the time the cook went up, he heard the cocks crowing and it was quite dark; for it was late in November. Presently Tommy fell asleep and did

not wake until he heard his mother telling him it was time to get up. Though it was pitch dark and the stars were shining brightly, he arose, lit the gas and dressed.

When he went downstairs, he found the family playing games in the parlor.

"Good evening, Tommy!" said his mother.

"Why, how long have you been up?" asked Tommy.

"Your father and I nearly two hours," replied she, "and the others not much longer than you."

Tommy remembered that he, being the youngest, always used to be sent to bed first, so he was quite pleased at the idea of lying abed so much longer. It crossed his mind that after all there were some advantages in the earth's going backward.

It was half-past eight when he came down, and by the time it was seven the games were discontinued and they all sat down to supper, and no one but Tommy seemed to think it at all unusual to eat cake and jam first and oatmeal and bread and butter afterward. As Tommy feasted upon the cake and jam before the edge of his appetite was taken off by his usual portion of bread and butter, again he thought what a delightful thing it was for the earth to have been turned back. After supper he went out to play tennis, though it was still rather dark.

At first he was quite nonplussed by the new way of counting,—“Game, forty, thirty, fifteen, love!” and especially when a set was concluded, to see them toss up for first serve. Soon, however, Todd Boggins appeared, greeting him with, “Good-bye, Tommy!” and Tommy threw off his overcoat, began to play, and soon became used to the new style.

Although the weather was quite bleak and cold when Tommy first went out, by four o'clock it was very comfortable. About three, Todd left him with a “How do you do, Tommy?” and Tommy went home to study the lessons he had recited the day before. Then came dinner and school again.

That day had been Monday, so when Tommy awoke the next evening, he found his clean Sunday clothes all laid out for him on a chair. After a quiet evening and afternoon, Tommy went with the family to church. After the closing prayer came a hymn beginning with the last verse, and then the contribution box was passed. Instead of beginning with empty boxes, the deacons started out with them all quite full and proceeded to distribute the money among the congregation. Almost every one took out a piece of money large or small. Next came the sermon beginning with the general conclusion and practical suggestions and gradually working down to the text.

After the minister had read the notices of the meetings of the past week, the service was concluded by the opening hymn and prayer, and they all went home, Tommy noticing that the church bells were just beginning to ring as they reached the house.

The next afternoon Tommy was hunting for a book in the library, when he heard his father, who had a newspaper in his hand, say to his uncle:

“Yes, this is a very convenient thing to be able to read in a newspaper each evening just what is going to happen during the day. Now I know to a certainty what stocks will be this morning!”

“Yes,” replied his uncle, “newspaper reports are much more satisfactory than they used to be; though after all, the old method of preparing them was not so very different. Many reports were written up before the events took place, and often widely missed the mark.”

Tommy did not understand his uncle's last observation, so having found his book, he began to read. Soon, however, the conversation turned on going to college; and as Tommy was always interested in that, he listened again.

“I suppose I shall enter college before long,” his uncle was saying.

“Yes,” rejoined Mr. Tedman, “You 'll take your diploma first, and then go back through senior year and on till you are a freshman.”

“And that,” said his uncle, who was fond of moralizing, “is n't so very different from the old way, either. I remember I entered college thinking I knew everything worth knowing, and the longer I staid, the greater I discovered my ignorance to be. It will be something like that, now.”

Just then Tommy heard Todd Boggins whistling for him outside the house.

“Dear me!” said Tommy to Todd as they walked along, “I don't quite like this idea of growing young all the time; I'm young enough already. At the rate we're going on in school, we'll be learning our A B C's again pretty soon!”

“Of course we shall!” said Todd, “and then we'll begin to play with blocks, and then we'll creep instead of walk, and then we'll get to playing with rattles, and all that sort of business.”

“It's awful!” exclaimed Tommy, in great consternation.

“I should say so!” assented Todd. “You ought to hear my grandfather talk about it. He's only three weeks young! and he says——”

“Three weeks!” shouted Tommy. “You're fooling!”

“Come and see him!” said Todd. So the two boys went on to Todd's house.

There they found an old gentleman with white

hair and wrinkled face in a large arm-chair, and sitting surrounded by the whole Boggins family.

"Bless you, dears!" the old gentleman was saying; "this is a pleasant world, and I've come to stay. We shall have a good time together; for I'm sure of a good long life before my baby limbs are laid away. I want you all to promise, my dears, that none of you will bring my childish curls (which I shall then have) in sorrow to the grave!"

"Oh, no! I'm sure we won't," replied Mrs. Boggins with tears of joy on her face. "And I'm so glad you won't die till you're a little baby, for then you'll know nothing about it, and it won't be sad at all."

But though it appeared to be very nice for old Grandfather Boggins, the more Tommy thought about it on his way home, the more dreadful it seemed to him that he himself must grow younger and younger, without a chance to become a man and make the great name for himself which had been his great ambition ever since he put on his first trousers.

"I don't want to be a baby!" he said to him-

self; "I don't want to be put to bed and have to drink milk, which I hate, and play with a rattle! bah!"

He became so wrought up over the idea, that he felt if only he had Archimedes's lever, he could pound the heads of all the National Academy.

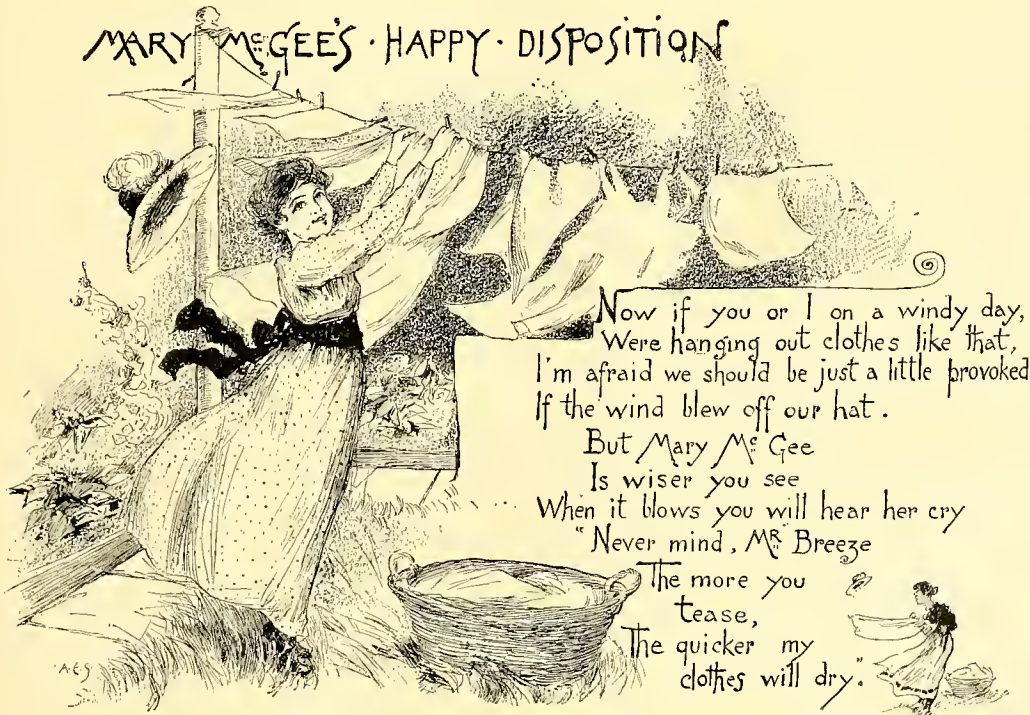
Just then the City Hall bell rang and Tommy saw the Professor with big spectacles hurrying on to address another meeting of citizens in the square.

"There!" exclaimed Tommy, "I'll begin by pounding *his* head."

But as he was hurrying on with this charitable intention, a voice like a cannon shouted in his ears:

"Waffles and maple syrup for supper! The bell has rung! Hurry up, Tommy, or I'll eat them all up!"

Tommy rubbed his eyes, looked hastily toward the clock, where to his immense relief he beheld the second hand going around the right way, and then rushed to supper to lose the memory of his strange dream in that dish so dear to a school-boy's heart,—hot waffles and maple syrup.



## MARY MEGEE'S HAPPY DISPOSITION

Now if you or I on a windy day,  
Were hanging out clothes like that,  
I'm afraid we should be just a little provoked  
If the wind blew off our hat.

But Mary Mc Gee  
Is wiser you see  
When it blows you will hear her cry  
"Never mind, MR Breeze

The more you  
tease,  
The quicker my  
clothes will dry."





# What The Happened Bride- To Groom.



By *William Theodore Peters*

It was really a magnificent display in the pastry-cook's window.

Under the dome of the pastry temple, on a very rich fruit cake, heavily frosted, stood the little bride and bridegroom.

The bride's dress was white, to be sure, and as it says in *Annie Laurie*, "her brow was like the snow-drift, her neck was like the swan's"—a candy swan's.

The bride wore a wreath of fine, large lily bells, and an illusion veil which was so coarse that the meshes of it resembled tiny windows.

She held one of her hands extended before her, and in the other she modestly carried a book of devotion, made out of the same material as the temple. And she smiled very sweetly.

The bridegroom was attired in evening dress, but his shoes were white to match the bride. His eyes were blue and his hair brown and wavy.

There was a bright little patch of color in each cheek, and he wore a ruffle on his shirt-bosom.

He was standing in the attitude of Daniel Webster, making a gesture with his right hand, and with his left trifling with a handsome watch-guard, which evidently came with the suit.

Two generous fountains,—you might mistake them for horse-hair, but the cunning confectioner had manufactured them from the finest sugar,—gushed from the sides of the cake into rustic, snowy tubs.

The whole affair was ornamented with silver leaves and finished with a wooden platter and costly paper lace.

The bride and bridegroom could not get married until somebody bought them and gave them a wedding.

This made them watch eagerly every person who passed the pastry-cook's window.

The lady who kept the millinery store a few doors below remarked to the pastry-cook's fat wife that the groom was "sweet."

The pastry-cook's fat wife laughed and shook her brass ear-rings, and replied that such was the fact. But, for all that, the milliner did not purchase the cake.

The boy who was going on seven, with the full-rigged ships on his calico jacket, who used to bring the small girl, quite smart in the infant's scalloped flannel shawl, pinned with a hat-pin around her shoulders, would have liked to buy it; but crullers were more in vogue then, and it could not be bought for a penny.

One day a pretty young lady, who blushed considerably, entered the pastry-cook's shop accompanied by her mother.

The cake, the temple, and the bride and bridegroom were ordered to be sent home. They were packed carefully in shavings, the lids of the paste-board boxes were tied down over them firmly, and darkness descended.

When they were uncovered and stood up again, they found themselves in a scene of glory.

There they were in the middle of a splendid supper-table. A lofty tower of macaroons and nougat rose on either side of them. Ripe fruits peeped at them from low *épergnes*. Can-

dies and frosted cake sparkled from crystal dishes.

Even the napkins were folded into the most curious shapes. Ices and creams and flowers glistened everywhere about. The table was lighted by wax candles, shaded with rose-colored silk shades, and placed in silver sticks.

"Now," thought the bride and bridegroom, "it is going to happen."

They were to be married at last. They trembled with happiness.

The colored waiters had left the supper-room for an instant.

At that moment the bridegroom discovered a

Presently the bridegroom beheld a little bridesmaid enter the supper-room and glance about cautiously.

She had on white silk stockings and a tulle dress spangled so gayly that it made her look lovely. Her hair was frizzed.

The bridesmaid, with that greedy look still in her eyes, marched over to the table, clutched the table-cloth, climbed upon a chair, and grabbed the bridegroom off the cake.

The bridesmaid deliberately bit off the bridegroom's head.

In the confusion, an orange and several walnuts bumped down on the table and rolled off over the rug.



pair of greedy eyes staring hungrily at him from between the embroidered portières. The portières began to move wider and wider apart.

The bridegroom gradually distinguished first a pair of bright eyes, then a pair of ripe little lips, then a small nose and an absurd, dimpled little chin.

But the bridegroom was not candy as the bridesmaid had expected he would be, he was "only horrid sweet stuff," she said.

Nevertheless, that was the end of the bridegroom. But the bride kept on smiling although the bridegroom was beheaded.







Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, "Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!"

"Did it hurt?" asked Field Mouse.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, "It did."

"I will call my five little mice," said Field Mouse, "and we all will go and see Wise Frog. He will, no doubt, be able to tell us how to find out what it was."

So Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all went with Blue Bird to call on Wise Frog. Wise Frog lives in a brook that runs through the woods.

"Good-day, Blue Bird," said he. But Blue Bird did not say "Good-day." She said, "Something fell from the big oak-tree when I was under it, and hit me on the head!"

Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!"

"Did it hurt?" asked Wise Frog.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three

brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "It did."

Then Wise Frog said, "Let me think." And they let him think.

Then he said, "We must go to the foot of the big oak-tree and find out what it was that came down and hit Blue Bird on the head. I will call my friend Speckled Toad, and he can go too."

So Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three



brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, all went with Blue Bird to the foot of the big oak-tree.

And what do you think they found there?

Nothing but an acorn, and a very small one at that!

"Dear me," said Blue Bird, "how silly I was to be so frightened!"

"Very silly," said Wise Frog. And "Very silly!" said Speckled Toad, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once.

Then Blue Bird said, "But now that we are *here*, all together, let's stay the rest of the day and have a good time."

"We will," said Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, and Gray





Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once. And they did.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW month! Well, well, it seems hardly a week since we all were here together; but ST. NICHOLAS says it's a full month, and he knows.

How fare you, my friends? I hope you are having a happy autumn, and that many of you have enjoyed bright foliage overhead and found tempting nuts underfoot. And I trust you've kept your eyes and ears open for other things too. For instance, there is

## THE HARVEST SPIDER.

How many of you have seen a harvest spider this autumn, I wonder! There were a few here in my meadow, and it was comical to see their peculiar way of frightening off any invader who came to molest them. Or was it an ingenious way of catching insects who were too wary to enter the web at a dash? I saw a dainty little girl one day stand silently admiring the beautiful web of one of these spiders. It was very large, and it stretched from a post-and-rail fence to a bush near by, the weaver keeping guard at its center,—grim but superb in his coat of yellow and black. Finally the girl touched one delicate filament very lightly with a twig. Instantly the entire web began to swing backward and forward, backward and forward, as though some invisible fairy were pushing it. The spider did not move; but the little girl did, for she scampered off like a second Miss Muffet.—Talking of spiders, here is a letter that may interest you.

## WEBS AS BAROMETERS.

DEAR JACK: Have any of you boys and girls looked out on the fields of a summer morning and noticed the grass covered with little cobwebs? Well, under each web there is a spider that comes out of a hole in the ground, and all the spiders are alike. When these webs are on the grass, it is quite sure not to rain. So you see some spiders are weather prophets, like a great many other things. To be sure, it is pleasant on very many days when there are no webs to be seen. Perhaps some of you can tell why they appear some days and not others.

Yours,

ORA.

## THE KING-BIRD.

My birds have twittered with pleasure at this idea suggested in a pretty verse by our friend Richard E. Burton. How does it strike you?

The King-bird's tail is tipped with white:  
For once upon a winter's day,  
The swift snow caught him, fast aflight,—  
And though he strove to get away,  
Just touched his tail a tiny mite.  
And ever since, the King-bird wise  
Goes south, to shun the winter skies.

## A FAIRY OAK-TREE.

DEAR JACK: I have copied for you something which I read in *The Observer* yesterday. Do please show it to other girls, so that each may find an acorn this autumn, and start a little tree.

I am your attentive reader, JENNY C.

"TO PRODUCE one of these dainty little plants, take an acorn and tie a string around it, so that the blunt end, where the cup was, is upward. Suspend it in a bottle or hyacinth glass containing a small quantity of water, but be careful that the acorn does not reach within an inch of the water. Wrap the bottle in flannel, and leave it, undisturbed, in a warm, dark place. In a month or less, the acorn will swell, burst its coat, and throw out a tiny white point. This is the root, and when half an inch long the water may be allowed to rise higher, but must not touch it until the neck of the root begins to turn upward. As soon as this stem commences to shoot, the baby oak will require small doses of light every day, and the root can now extend into the water. In a week or so it will be ready to be removed to a window, where you can watch the development. At first the tiny trunk that is to be will resemble a whitish thread, covered with small scales. Then the scales will expand and the end become green. Little leaves will appear, veins will branch, and old leaves fall off, until you have a perfect miniature of the great kings of the forest."

## STRAWS WHICH SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

DEAR JACK: Our papa read to us the other day something that is most curious, and I will copy it for you from the paper, *Science*. If I try to tell it in my own words, I get mixed. Papa says velocity means speed, and that Professor Mees is a learned man who was addressing a meeting in New York, for the advancement of science; so now I will give it to you.

"It is striking evidence of the great velocity attained in tornadoes that straws and bits of hay are often driven like darts into pine boards, and even into the dense bark of hickory-trees. Professor Mees found that, to obtain similar results by shooting straws from an air-gun, velocities of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles per hour were necessary."

If any of us ST. NICHOLAS boys, after a tornado, ever find any bits of hay or straw driven into pine boards or hickory-trees, we must remember to send you word.

Your faithful little friend, JOHN T. C.

## A MYSTERIOUS ERRAND.

LINCOLN, N. C.

\* DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Allow me to write you asking some information relative to a worm whose feat I witnessed one day last week.

In front of my papa's store door there is a large sycamore-tree.

I chanced to observe, suspended from a limb of the tree, say forty-five feet high, by a single thread, or web, a worm or other insect. On noticing it for some time, I found it to be slowly descending to the ground. There was formed over the entire body a covering, made principally, as it seemed, of the bark of the sycamore—brown and light colored. The lower extremity had coiled around it a small piece of dead leaf. This covering concealed it from view, except its head, which it continually moved about. Finally it reached the ground, allowing only its lower extremity to touch. Remaining on the ground about two minutes, it raised itself up about six inches, kept itself suspended two minutes, and again lowered itself till its lower extremity touched the ground. This alternate self-suspension and lowering was repeated three times, remaining in each position, each time, two minutes. The fourth time it raised itself, it did not return, but continued its slow ascent to the limb from which it was suspended. The entire length of its web, about forty-five feet long, could be seen at times when the sun would shine on it. Its return to the limb from which it suspended itself required four hours. From what I could observe, it was enabled to return by means of taking up its web in its mouth and depositing it on one side, and on a level with its head, which it continually moved from side to side. I came to this conclusion because, soon after it began its ascent, I discovered a very small tuft of white to one side of its head, on its incasement or covering; and as it ascended the tuft of white increased in size. This tuft of white was its web being collected together.

Now, what is the name of this worm? and for what purpose did it

make a visit to earth, remain a few minutes, and then return to its leafy home?

I have never written to you before.

ALICE.

Who can answer? Alice is a careful observer, and I shall be much pleased if any of my hearers, whether belonging to the Agassiz Association or not, can reply correctly to her queries.

#### A GREAT ELECTRIC LIGHT.

HERE is sad news for my poor distant owls, but you young folk will not object to it. There is now in Australia an electric light, said to be the largest in the world, which the dear Little School-ma'am tells me sheds as much light as could be thrown by *one hundred and eighty thousand candles!* Think of that! This light is very properly set in the Sydney light-house, whence it can throw out its guiding beams far over the sea. Sailors many miles away can see it and steer for home accordingly.



PREPARATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.



## A REPORT CONCERNING THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

LAST January, when the Agassiz Association left the protecting wing of ST. NICHOLAS, we promised to keep our friends informed of its progress and condition. I hope that you all are kindly interested in the fulfillment of that promise. In most of the forebodings which came to us with the beginning of our more independent life we have been happily disappointed.

At first, it is true, many of the weaker Chapters fell away, but not so many as we had anticipated; and after a short time new recruits began to enlist in large numbers, so that now, in August, we find by careful census that we have more really active Chapters and a larger present membership than at any former period since we began, in 1880. Since our invitation was first carried by the ST. NICHOLAS to the young men and women of America to unite in forming an association for the study of natural science by means of personal observation, we have enrolled eleven hundred branch societies, with a total membership of twelve thousand one hundred. Besides these, there have been perhaps four or five hundred persons who have joined as individual students.

Many of these local societies, or Chapters, were organized merely as temporary classes, for the purpose of pursuing some one or more of the courses of practical work with minerals, plants, or insects, which we have been able to present. These have naturally disbanded on the completion of the courses in which they were engaged. Other Chapters have been organized with a view to permanence. These have in many cases rented rooms, or erected buildings, in which to hold meetings, establish libraries, and build up local museums. All these still remain with us, and are steadily growing in power and usefulness.

Many Chapters have been established in connection with schools. When these have been aided and superintended by the principal teachers, they are usually long-lived or permanent. When they have been organized and controlled by classes of students, independent of local residence or established teachers, they have usually disbanded at the graduation of the classes. A large number of little societies have been formed by the parents and children of single families. These have been broken up rarely, except by the sad intrusion of sickness and death. After deducting withdrawals from all these and other causes, we find by an examination of our books to-day that we have a total of six hundred and sixty-seven active, working Chapters, representing a total membership of seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three. In other words, out of all who have in any way connected themselves with us, either as temporary classes or established branches, during the past seven years, we retain as active members more than sixty per cent. This membership is distributed as follows:

	<i>Chap.</i>	<i>Mem.</i>		<i>Chap.</i>	<i>Mem.</i>
Alabama . . . . .	3	39	Montana . . . . .	3	22
Arkansas . . . . .	1	4	Nebraska . . . . .	3	29
California . . . . .	15	226	N. Hampshire . . . . .	8	108
Colorado . . . . .	4	27	New Jersey . . . . .	38	512
Connecticut . . . . .	26	325	New York . . . . .	116	1276
Dakota . . . . .	5	40	North Carolina . . . . .	1	5
Delaware . . . . .	5	24	Ohio . . . . .	34	357
Dist. Columbia . . . . .	8	71	Oregon . . . . .	2	36
Florida . . . . .	4	18	Pennsylvania . . . . .	70	721
Georgia . . . . .	2	28	Rhode Island . . . . .	11	74
Illinois . . . . .	48	461	Tennessee . . . . .	3	24
Indiana . . . . .	12	126	Utah . . . . .	1	8
Iowa . . . . .	20	316	Texas . . . . .	10	139
Kansas . . . . .	5	57	South Carolina . . . . .	4	44
Kentucky . . . . .	7	95	Vermont . . . . .	5	52
Louisiana . . . . .	1	6	Wash. Ter. . . . .	3	70
Maine . . . . .	12	167	Virginia . . . . .	9	83
Maryland . . . . .	11	84	W. Virginia . . . . .	1	13
Massachusetts . . . . .	69	736	Wisconsin . . . . .	16	136
Michigan . . . . .	26	300	Canada . . . . .	9	161
Minnesota . . . . .	6	84	England . . . . .	8	82
Mississippi . . . . .	3	17	Japan . . . . .	1	27
Missouri . . . . .	9	77	Scotland . . . . .	2	15

During the year, we have offered a course in mineralogy, which has been conducted by Professor W. O. Crosby, of the Boston Society of Natural History, and which has been largely patronized by conscientious and enthusiastic workers. We have emphasized the feature of special assistance to our members, by enlarging the corps of scientists who voluntarily hold themselves in readiness to answer questions and determine specimens for any members who may apply to them. There are now forty-five of these gentlemen, who together form what we call the Council of the Agassiz Association.

Being interested to know what sort of question our young friends have been in the habit of launching at these kind specialists, a little

circular was sent to them quite recently, making a few inquiries, which will be inferred plainly enough from the answers which follow. Of course, I give only a few, but they are interesting as showing in the first place the noble spirit of unselfishness which animates a true scientist; and, in the second place, the spirit of courteous deference which inspires the earnest searcher for knowledge. I take selections nearly at random:

"Perhaps fifty or more have applied to me for help. The questions appear to come from beginners, and have been generally regarding the names of insects sent."—C. H. Fernald, Amherst College.—"The letters have indicated intelligent interest."—William Trelease, Shaw School of Botany.—"The letters have invariably been courteously worded, accompanied by return postage, sensible, intelligent, and indicative of a real desire to learn."—Leland O. Howard, U. S. Dept. Agr.—"I have had a goodly number apply for help in conchology, but not one-quarter as many as I should like. I should like to hear from every Chapter."—Thomas Morgan.—"It gives me great pleasure to say that I shall be most happy to continue. Without exception, all queries have been characterized by an earnest spirit, and by intelligence, and have been courteous in every instance and invariably accompanied by postage."—W. R. Lighton.—"About forty have applied for help in ornithology. I have been quite surprised at the character of some of the questions which were so indicative of an earnest desire to learn on the part of the quizzers."—J. de Benneville Abbott, M. D.—"Large numbers have corresponded with me, and it is noteworthy to remark the great good sense and discretion observed by the majority. With a most earnest desire to use my best ability to further the cause of the A. A."—O. Bruce Richards.—"I am willing to render all the assistance I can to members of the A. A. who are interested in birds and reptiles. I always esteem it a privilege to help those who are trying to help themselves in original investigation."—Amos Butler.—"It affords me pleasure at all times to assist in smoothing the way and solving the doubts, so far as I am able, of all who apply to me. These applications have been numerous. The correspondence has uniformly been kind, and to me useful."—A. W. Chapman.—"A great many specimens have been sent, always accompanied by intelligent questions, showing fair discrimination. I shall be very happy to continue to be of what service I can, as I consider the effort that you are making an extremely valuable educational one, because it teaches young persons to discriminate between differences that are slight, and to cultivate habits of observation and judgment. There are very few enterprises with which I have become familiar in recent years that have a greater interest to me than this one that you are engaged in."—Thomas Eggleston, Columbia College.—"Regarding the A. A., for which I have the greatest interest, I will gladly continue to answer questions in general biology. I regret that I have not kept a list of the questions received. All were to the point."—C. F. Holder.—"I have now labored with the Association for three years past as an assistant in my specialty, and since that time have received and answered many inquiries upon ethnology and archaeology, which come from all parts of America, and occasionally from Europe. These communications come from both young and old people, and are steadily increasing in volume. I speak of the young people first, from the fact that they seem much interested in collecting archaeological specimens, and in asking for information concerning the best methods of study, the geographical distribution, habits, songs, arts, folk-lore, etc., of our wild tribes."—Hilborne T. Cresson.

A prominent feature of the year's work is the increased number of older persons who have united with the A. A. While the large majority of our members are still children, and while the youngest are eagerly welcomed, yet we have been greatly strengthened by the accession of very many young men and women of from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, and also by the enrollment of large numbers of parents, teachers, and adult pupils. It is charming to find that the fascination of out-door study does not wear away. Those who have once fairly tasted the pleasure of carefully examining the structure and growth of flowers and insects, usually continue, throughout their whole lives, to draw increasing delight from renewed observations. Those who have once known the pleasure of unearthing a vein of crystals, or of making a complex mineral yield its secrets to the flame of the magic blow-pipe, never find cause for *ennui*, so long as they can get hold of a hammer and a stone. Those who have once raised a moth or butterfly from the egg to the perfect *imago* have secured a source of enjoyment as lasting as life and as unlimited as the insect world. All members of the Agassiz Association have the kindest feelings for ST. NICHOLAS, and rejoice to see that this magazine retains all its love for the strange and beautiful objects of nature. It makes little difference to what special society one belongs, or whether he belong to any. The important thing for each one of us is to come to the early use of the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart.

HARLAN H. BALLARD.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

YOUNG students of American history who may read Mr. E. S. Brooks's account of "Pocahontas," in this number, will note with interest that her real name was not "Pocahontas," nor that of her father "Powhatan;" also that she did not save the life of Captain Smith in the manner so often described, and that she was really a young widow when she married the rather sanctimonious Master Rolfe.

Those who wish to read the history of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, in full, should obtain a copy of Charles Dudley Warner's very entertaining biography of Captain John Smith,

in the series called "Lives of American Worthies," published by Henry Holt & Co.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to see the amusing illustrated verse by Mr. J. G. Francis on page 39, and to know that Mr. Francis has prepared a series of these comic pictures which will appear during the coming year. And those young folk who have seen in books copies of the Aztec hieroglyphics, will appreciate the cleverness with which Mr. Francis has caricatured those old rude but expressive drawings without losing their special characteristics.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

### HOTEL WINDSOR, VICTORIA STREET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though Mr. Stockton has visited England, he has made some slight mistakes in the description he gives of Buckinghamshire, my mother's native county.

The greater part of my mother's childhood, at least every summer, was spent by her father and mother in a large farm-house on the top of the hill on which lies the White Cross, of which he speaks as being made by an antiquarian society to commemorate the battle fought by the Saxons and Danes, in which the former were victorious.

The fact is that the cross was cut by the Saxons themselves, to commemorate the victory, in about the year 600. It is kept in order by funds from St. John's College, Oxford.

The name of the village, Whiteleaf, is a corruption of Whitgelt, who was son of either Hengist or Horsa, and commanded the Saxons in this battle. The other village he mentions, which we also know well, is spelt Kimble, not Kimball, and was named after the British hero Cymbeline, about whom Shakspeare wrote the play.

I hope, dear ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Stockton will not mind my writing this letter, but I thought it would interest your readers.

Now I must close. I am your constant and admiring reader,  
DOROTHEA MARY G.—  
(AGED 11 years.)

### ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma subscribed for you when I was eleven years old, as a birthday present. I have taken you ever since (I am nearly thirteen now).

Perhaps, like very modest people, you don't like to be praised, but you most certainly deserve a great deal of it.

Laura Scott (a friend of mine) and myself were very much interested in the paper foldings which have appeared in the September and August numbers.

We tried the "Nantucket Sinks," and did n't succeed, but we astonished ourselves with the "First Paper Canoe." We made some on the scale of four and three-quarter inches, and we intend to try one on the scale of twelve inches.

We bored holes in the center of each side of our canoes, through which we passed tooth-picks for oars. Laura made a paper man who sat in a very dignified manner with the oars (or rather tooth-picks) in his hands.

We had "grand times" with our boats in the bath-tub. We also had a fleet of several smaller boats.

My favorites are: "ST. NICHOLAS Dog Stories," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Jenny's Boarding-house," and all of Miss Alcott's stories; I am also very much interested in the "Brownies" and "Letter-box."

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-bye.  
Ever your constant reader,  
ETHEL R.—

### SELINS GROVE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since January. I like "Jenny's Boarding-house," and it is too bad it was burned. I think the Brownies are funny little creatures. I must tell you about my little sister Mary, two years old. She gets her prayers and Old Mother Hubbard mixed. The other night she said, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord to give the poor dog a bone." She makes lots of fun for us, and often talks about Brownies. I wish you would make my mistakes right. I must stop now and give the others a chance.

Your little reader,  
W. M. S.—

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only two months, and I think you are the most interesting magazine I have ever read.

We used to live in Illinois, but have lived in Washington nearly two years.

I went down to Alexandria not long ago, and went into the Braddock House, where General Braddock held a council of war one night, and saw the church where General Washington went to church.

I will be thirteen years old the 4th of September, and we are going to have a play called "Ten Dollars," which we saw in the ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1879.

We have a friend who has the ST. NICHOLAS in bound volumes from the first number issued.

I am your constant reader,  
PORTIA O.—

### MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading some of the letters in the "Letter-box," I have seen some strange things told, and I want to add to them.

I was sitting in the sewing-room half an hour or so ago, when my married sister came, holding what looked like a baked pear. "Fritz," she said, "don't you want a baked pear?" I said, as I had never tasted one, I would like to have it, and I took the hot pear she offered me, and bit into it. I looked up and remarked that it was very good, when she broke into a peal of laughter. I asked what the matter was, and she said, "Harry [her husband] and I put these pears out in the sun to ripen, and when I took them in to-day, that is what I found." All of the six pears were baked soft and juicy by the sun. The pear was hot, as if it had just come out of the oven. I took them to my mother, and she also thought they were very nice. How she laughed when I told her that they had been baked by the sun! From one who loves dear old ST. NICHOLAS dearly,  
FREDERICK P.—

### TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and I live in Nova Scotia. Once we had a little kitten; she was my pet, and she got into the oven one day, and we could not find her for a long time.

I have two brothers and two sisters. A gentleman in Boston has sent you to us for two years.

Douglas can not read you yet, but I can. I think "Jenny's Boarding-house" is a delicious story.

Your affectionate friend,  
GRACE H. P.—  
P. S.—My kitty was dreadfully frightened. She trembled for a long time, but she was n't hurt.—G. H. P.

### BOULDER, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandmother gives you to me every year for a Christmas present; I have always enjoyed your stories. I am thirteen years old. My sister tried the "Human Melodeon" once, and it worked splendidly. I have a dog named Uno; he is very intelligent,—he will play hide-and-seek with us; one of us holds him while the others hide. I am very much interested in "Juan and Juanita," and I hope they will get to their mother in the end.

I remain your constant reader,  
ARTHUR C. J.—

UNION CITY, EUREKA CO., NEV.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Buckeye girl, but I am spending the summer in a mining camp in Nevada. The ST. NICHOLAS is sent me every month. I am seven years old, but I can't read yet, and my mamma reads the stories to me. I enjoy them very much.

I have not been down in the mines yet, but when I go it will be in a bucket. The sage-brush is all around us. The other evening I saw two coyotes, a large one and a small one. My auntie said they looked like greyhounds, only they were shaggy. There are mountains all around us, and it seems as though I am inside of a round ball.

I have another book, but it is not half as nice as the one you send me.

Every night I see the stars that form a dipper, and the moon, and the evening star go down behind the mountain.

My mamma is writing this letter for me, but I tell her what to say.  
Your true little friend, MARY P.—

HOLMWOD, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl. I am ten years old, and I am writing to tell you that I was born on your day, 1876. We all like your magazine very much, and I especially like Miss Alcott's Spinning-wheel stories. We have taken you for nearly seven years, and I hope we shall take you for a great many more years.

I am ever your constant reader, HILDA G.—

PAOLI, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have only had the pleasure of reading your pages for two years I don't suppose any of your readers enjoy them more than I do. "The First Paper Canoe" in the last number interested me very much, so much that I worked one whole day over it before succeeding. Please let the author know that at least one American girl can carry the series through. I am eleven years old. I, like several of your readers, am very much interested in the fate of "Juan and Juanita." I remain,

Your constant reader, KATE C. GREEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since I have read of the curious utilizations of a square of paper, all our lesser ornaments have given place to Nantucket sinks and sail-boats, and I want to tell you how much we

appreciated your piece about paper boats, and how much amusement we derived from it.

The other day my sister and I collected our fleet from the numerous dry-docks, launched it in the bath-tub, and witnessed one of the most exciting races of the season. My sister, with a huge palm-leaf fan, impersonated Boreas, while I assumed the offices of judges, crews, reporters, and spectators.

The Volunteer, being favored by Boreas, won the race, and with it the Nantucket sink, although, in her speedy run over the course, she damaged her keel, and had to be laid up for repairs.

The Mayflower sprung a leak in rounding a light-house strangely resembling a tooth-powder bottle, but with the united efforts of the captain, who, being a bean, swelled to such an extent that the safety of the crew of collar-buttons was imperiled, and the sailors, who were kept busy pumping, she came in second.

The Thistle in dry-dock was a handsome craft, but upon being launched she showed her inferior make by collapsing.

The Puritan lost one man overboard, but he was a light weight and floated until rescued.

The Sachem was stranded on a sponge half-way across the sound.

I am a very big little girl, fifteen years old, but have been very much interested in the transformations of a square piece of paper, and hope you will send other designs for the benefit of your devoted peruser,  
EDITH L. H.—

WE present our thanks to the young friends whose names here follow, for the receipt of pleasant letters which they have sent: J. M. Brown, Jr., Sherman W. Bowen, Evelyn P. Willing, Jennie Hawkins, Sarah Chambers, Alice H. M. and Rachael A. S., Emma and Agnes, May G. B., Agnes J. Arrott, Julia Robinson, Joe G., Nellie B. Bridgman, Joe C., Lucy Lee Brooks, Alice Hirsh, Bertha Crane, Kittie and Louie, Lily A. H., Cherry, Rosa P. L., Nina D., Jessie C. Drew, Grace W. Stoughton, Louise Hall, A. G. Robinson, Bessie D. P., A. N., Charlie C. S., Kitty, Gertrude A., Marie C. Chase, Florence M. Keith, Annie W. Mays, Jessie A. Wardrope, Carrie C. A., M. E. B., Mary K. Hadley, Edward A. Selkirk, Henry Kramer and May Southgate, Rowena M. B., Maysie L. E., Nellie R. Mason, Gertrude W. Hepworth, Carrie M., Emma E. S., Agnes, Arthur D., Kate B. Conrad, Anna P. Hannum, Lottie G., Madge H. Lyons, Mary S. G., Elise Ernest W., Kathleen Pictor, Helen Howe, Edward E. J., Gertrude B., Clara B., Bertha Danforth, Jessie Doak, and Edna Shepp.



GOING HOME WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

**HOLLOW SQUARE.** Spade, easel, level, spool.  
**RHOMBOID.** Across: 1. Thames. 2. Agents. 3. Estate. 4. Seraph. 5. Region. 6. Sector.  
**EASY GREEK CROSS.** I. 1. Host. 2. Onto. 3. Stay. 4. Toys. II. 1. Last. 2. Alto. 3. Stay. 4. Toys. III. 1. Toys. 2. Oval. 3. Yale. 4. Sled. IV. 1. Sled. 2. Lame. 3. Emma. 4. Dear. V. 1. Sled. 2. Lone. 3. Ends. 4. Desk.  
**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,  
 Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding corn.  
*"Brigs of Ayr,"* Line 217.

**DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** "All Hallow's Eve," and "Nutcrack Night."  
**DOUBLE SQUARE REMAINDERS.** From 4 to 7, grape; 5 to 8, later; 6 to 9, steal; 1 to 10, crate; 2 to 11 mates; 3 to 12, spear.  
**NOVEL ARITHMETIC.** 1. 1-one. 2. L-one. 3. F-I-our. 4. T-h-ree. 5. T-w-o. 6. F-i-v-e. 7. F-o-ur.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Francis W. Islip — J. Russell Davis — Maud E. Palmer — A. Fiske and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from "Ouidi and Wyandotte," 6 — Helen S. H., 2 — Marion S. Dumont, 1 — "Violet and Pansy," 1 — Paul Reese, 9 — Willie Kitchell, 1 — Charlotte, Ethel, and Dorothy H., 1 — "Cherokee Sam," 2 — "St. Olaf's Kirk," 3 — E. G. S., and E. K. S., 1 — Effic K. Talboys, 7 — No name, Menai-Bridge, 8 — K. G. S., 10 — M. L. G., 8 — "Fanatic," 7 — "Fanned," 8 — Gertrude Harrison, 1 — M. A. R. and H. A. R., 8 — Jo and I, 8 — "Sculptor," 8 — Jamie and Mamma, 8 — Alpha Alpha B. C., 5 — L. E. Nor, 4 — "Scotchie and 777," 1 — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 3 — "Grey Parrot," 1 — Helen, 1 — N. L. Howes, 7 — W. R. M., 10 — D. H. Dodge, 1 — Amelia Donnally, 2 — Nellie and Reggie, 7 — "May and 79," 5 — "Fox and Geese," 9 — Towner children, 8 — "Hikeydum," 8 — Ethel, Dorothy and Eva Ruth, and Uncle Andrew, 3 — "Chanito," 8.

### OCTAGONS.

I. 1. SERIOUS. 2. To bereave. 3. Strokes. 4. A little air. 5. An order of insects having only two wings. 6. Nitrate of potassa. 7. A very large body of water.

II. 1. A verb. 2. The great poet of Greece. 3. Shaped like a dome. 4. To counterfeit. 5. Groups consisting of ten individuals. 6. Regular charges. 7. One-half of a word meaning to diminish. "EUREKA."

### CUBE.

I . . . . .	2
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
5 . . . . .	6
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	3 . . . . .
. . . . .	4
. . . . .	.
. . . . .	.
7 . . . . .	8

FROM 1 to 2, a composition for five voices; 2 to 4, an inhabitant of the earth; 3 to 4, an object often seen about Easter; 1 to 3, fourfold; 5 to 6, the body of an army that marches in the rear of the main body to protect it; 6 to 8, the act of dictating; 7 to 8, manner of speaking in public; 5 to 7, to revive; 1 to 5, to vibrate; 2 to 6, effaced; 4 to 8, smoked ham; 3 to 7, to empower.

DAVID H. D.

### PI.

NEOG thha eth grinsp, hwit lal sit slowref,  
 Dan geon het smursem mopp dan hows,  
 Nad nutamu, ni hsi slafese browes,  
 Si gainwit roh eth trinsew wons.

### NOVEL ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the third row (reading downward) will spell what we all should give at the time named in the sixth row of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Vigorous. 2. Entwined. 3. An ensign of war. 4. Filtered. 5. Assaulted. 6. Disperses. 7. Forebodes. 8.

**HOURLY-GLASS.** Cross-words: 1. Wringing-wet. 2. Incondite. 3. Nocturn. 4. Treed. 5. Ere. 6. R. 7. Lag. 8. Order. 9. Ice-isle. 10. Narrative. 11. Sarculation.

**LETTER-PUZZLE.**  
 A E A E A  
 E E E E E  
 A E A E A  
 E E E E E  
 A E A E A

**DOUBLE DIAMONDS.** I. Across: 1. S. 2. Sap. 3. Eagle. 4. Dey. 5. S. II. Across: 1. S. 2. Spa. 3. Heath. 4. Ace. 5. E. III. Across: 1. A. 2. Ada. 3. Shock. 4. Art. 5. E.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER.** SOUPS. 1. Mock-turtle. 2. Tomato. FISH. 1. Sole. 2. Flounder. ENTRÉE. Quail with Bacon, on Toast. ROASTS. 1. Turkey. 2. Lamb. 3. Goose. VEGETABLES. 1. Potato. 2. Peas. 3. Beets. 4. Cabbage. DESSERT. 1. Rhubarb pie. 2. Floating Island. NUTS. 1. Chestnut. 2. Ground-nut. 3. Butternut. FRUITS. 1. Orange. 2. Peaches. 3. Pears. 4. Bananas.

Any system of faith and worship. 9. Survives. 10. Providing food. 11. A two-masted vessel. 12. A word corresponding with another. 13. To reflect. 14. A vessel for holding ink. 15. Not retarded.

F. S. F.

### A LETTER PUZZLE.



By starting at the right letter in one of the above words, and then taking every third letter, a quotation from Shakespeare's plays may be formed.

LU. C. LEE.











DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

ARLA AND THE SACRISTAN.

(SEE PAGE 87.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

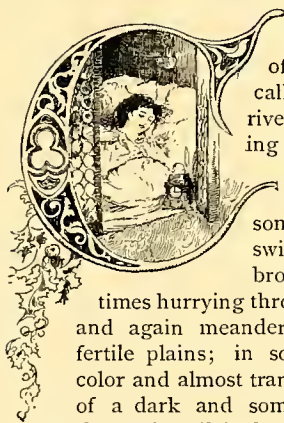
VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 2.

## THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



CENTURIES ago, there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries, and was sometimes narrow and swift, and sometimes broad and placid; some-

times hurrying through mountain-passes, and again meandering quietly through fertile plains; in some places of a blue color and almost transparent, and in others of a dark and somber hue; and so it changed until it threw itself into a warm, far-spreading sea.

But it was quite otherwise with the little town. As far back as anybody could remember, it had always been the same that it was at the time of our story; and the people who lived there could see no reason to suppose that it would ever be different from what it was then. It was a pleasant little town, its citizens were very happy; and why there should be any change in it, the most astute old man in all Rondaine could not have told you.

If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, it would have been for the number of its clocks. It had many churches, some little ones in dark side streets, and some larger ones in wider thoroughfares, besides here and there a very good-sized church fronting on a park or open square; and in

the steeple of each of these churches there was a clock. There were town buildings, very old ones, which stood upon the great central square. Each of these had a tower, and in each tower was a clock. Then there were clocks at street corners, and two clocks in the market-place, and clocks over shop doors, a clock at each end of the bridge, and several large clocks a little way out of town. Many of these clocks were fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one of the largest a stone man came out and struck the hours with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck the half-hours with a stone broom; and in another an iron donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him. It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways in which the clocks of Rondaine struck; but in one respect they were alike; they all did strike. The good people of the town would not have tolerated a clock which did not strike.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the night and hear the clocks of Rondaine strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound, as if the clock was not sure whether it was too early or not; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly. When they were quite ready, but not a moment before, the seven bells of the large church on the square would chime the hour; after which, at a respectful interval of time, the other church clocks of the town would strike. After the lapse of three or four minutes, the sound of all these bells seemed to wake up the stone man

in the tower of the town-building, and he struck the hour with his hammer. When this had been done, the other municipal clocks felt at liberty to strike, and they did so. And when every sound had died away, so that he would be certain to be heard if there was any one awake to hear, it would be very likely that the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell. But there were times when he kicked before any of the clocks began to strike. One by one the clocks on the street corners struck, the uptown ones first, and afterward those near the river. These were followed by the two clocks on the bridge, the one at the country end waiting until it was quite sure that the one at the town end had finished. Somewhat later would be heard the clock of Vougereau, an old country house in the suburbs. This clock, a very large one, was on the top of a great square stone tower, and from its age it had acquired a habit of deliberation; and when it began to strike, people were very apt to think that it was one o'clock, until after a considerable interval another stroke would assure them that it was later or earlier than that, and if they really wanted to know what hour the old clock was striking, they must give themselves time enough to listen until they were entirely certain that it had finished.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a little white tower at the corner of her house, and was the only strictly private clock which was in the habit of making itself publicly heard. Long after every other clock had struck, and when there was every reason to believe that for a considerable time nothing but half-hours would be heard in Rondaine, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and decisively, and with a confident tone, as if it knew it was right, and wished everybody to know that it knew.

In an unpretentious house which stood on a corner of two of the smaller streets in the town lived a young girl named Arla. For a year or more, Arla had been in the habit of waking up very early in the morning, sometimes long before daylight, and it had become a habit with her to lie and listen to the clocks. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south, so that sounds entered from different quarters. Arla liked to leave these windows open so that the sounds of the clocks might come in.

Arla knew every clock by its tone, and she always made it a point to lie awake until she was positively sure that the last stroke of the clock at Vougereau had sounded; but it often happened

that sleep overcame her before she heard the clock of the little old lady with white hair. It was so very long to wait for that!

It was not because she wanted to know the hour that Arla used to lie and listen to the clocks. She had a little clock of her own, which stood in her room and on which she depended for correct information regarding the time of day or night. This little clock, which had been given to her when she was a small girl, not only struck the hours and half-hours and quarter-hours, but there was attached to it a very pretty piece of mechanism which also indicated the time. On the front of the clock, just below the dial, was a sprig of a rosebush beautifully made of metal, and on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud; at a quarter past the hour, this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later, it was a half-blown rose; and at a quarter of an hour more, it was nearly full blown; just before the hour, the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a great green bud. This clock was a great delight to Arla; for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a continual satisfaction to her to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people, who were very fond of their daughter. They not only taught her how usefully to employ herself, but insisted that she should take the recreation and exercise that a young girl ought to have. All day she was so occupied with work or play that she had little opportunity of thinking for herself; but even if they had considered the matter, this fact would not have troubled her parents, as they looked upon Arla as entirely too young for that sort of thing. In the very early morning, however, listening to the clocks of Rondaine or waiting for them, Arla did a great deal of thinking; and it so happened, on the morning of the day before Christmas, when the stars were bright and the air frosty, and every outside sound very clear and distinct, that Arla began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins as soon as it is twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend for the time upon one clock and some upon others, a great many of them can not truly know when Christmas Day has really begun. Even some of the church clocks make people think that Christmas has come, when in reality it is yet the



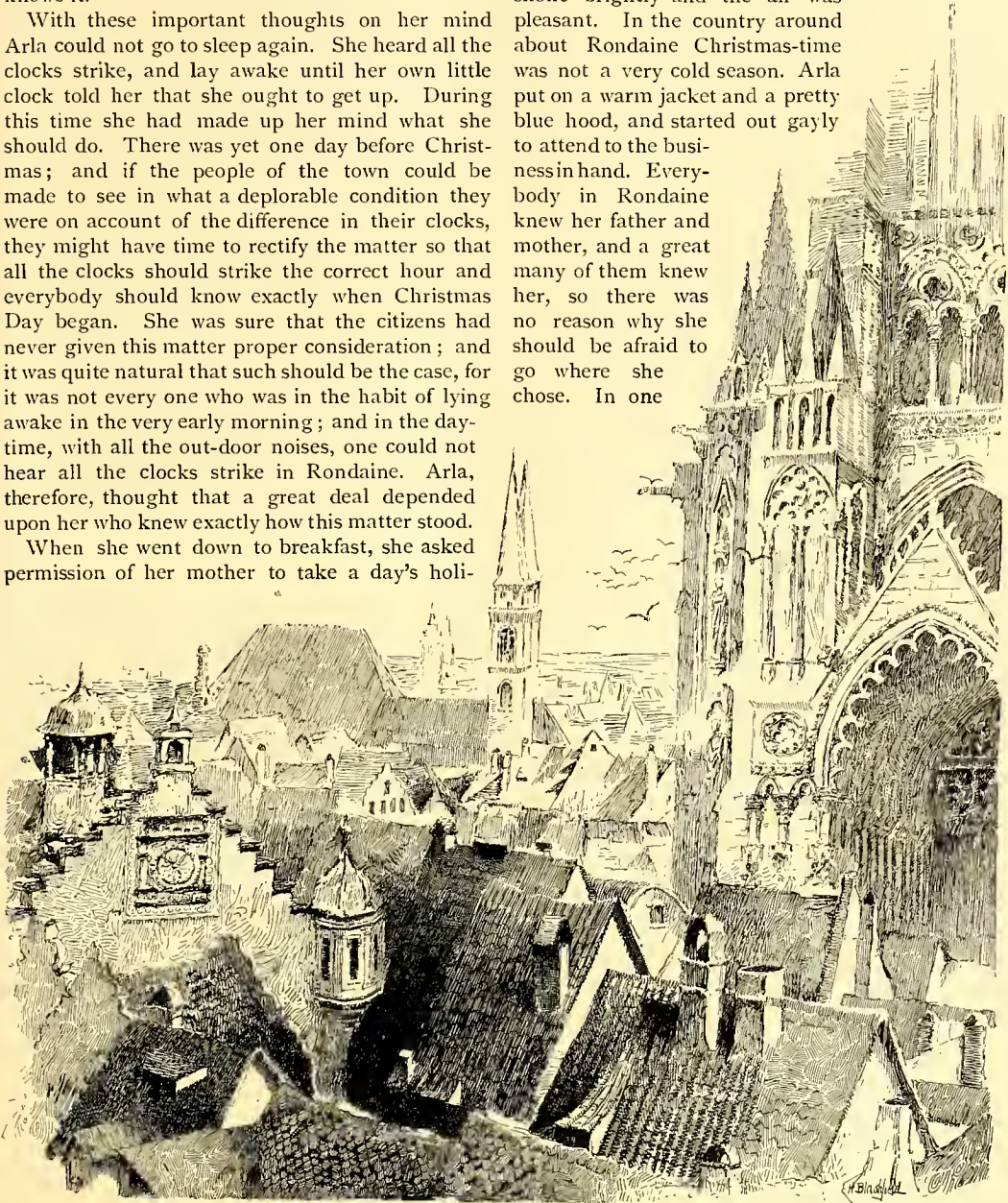
day before. And not one of them strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him! I know this, for they have told me so. But the little old lady with white hair is worse off than anybody else. Christmas must always come ever so long before she knows it."

With these important thoughts on her mind Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up. During this time she had made up her mind what she should do. There was yet one day before Christmas; and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a deplorable condition they were on account of the difference in their clocks, they might have time to rectify the matter so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. She was sure that the citizens had never given this matter proper consideration; and it was quite natural that such should be the case, for it was not every one who was in the habit of lying awake in the very early morning; and in the daytime, with all the out-door noises, one could not hear all the clocks strike in Rondaïne. Arla, therefore, thought that a great deal depended upon her who knew exactly how this matter stood.

When she went down to breakfast, she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holi-

day. As she was a good girl, and never neglected either her lessons or her tasks, her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased, and she did not think it necessary to ask if she intended to spend it in any particular way.

The day was cool, but the sun shone brightly and the air was pleasant. In the country around about Rondaïne Christmas-time was not a very cold season. Arla put on a warm jacket and a pretty blue hood, and started out gayly to attend to the business in hand. Everybody in Rondaïne knew her father and mother, and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one



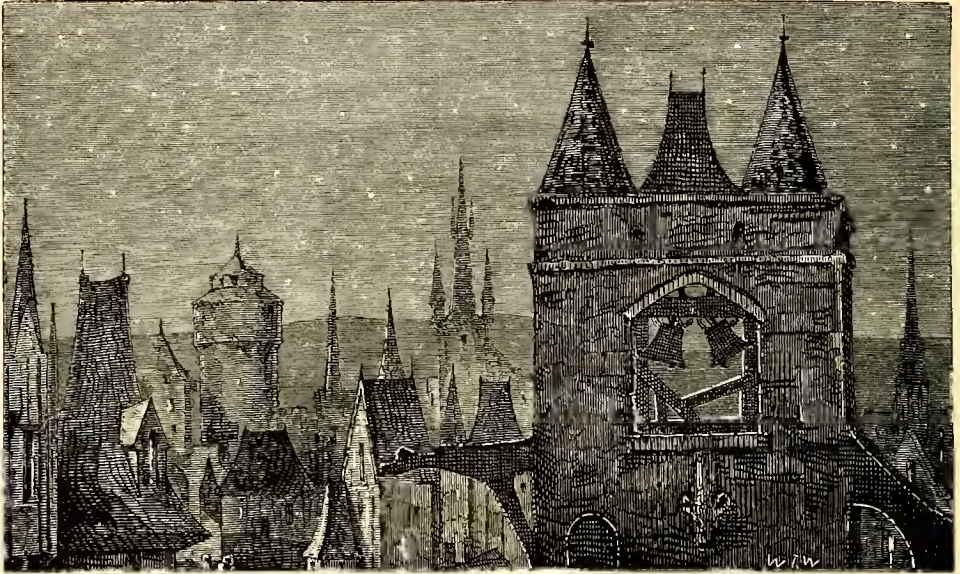
"IF RONDAÏNE HAD BEEN FAMED FOR ANYTHING AT ALL, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FAMED FOR THE NUMBER OF ITS CLOCKS."



hand she carried a small covered basket in which she had placed her rose clock. The works of this little clock were regulated by a balance-wheel, like those of a watch, and therefore it could be carried about without stopping it.

tell you that, so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sacristan's eyes began to twinkle. He was a man of merry mood. "That is very good of you, little Arla; very good indeed. And, now that



"ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN THE STARS WERE BRIGHT."

The first place she visited was the church at which she and her parents always attended service. It was a small building in a little square at the bottom of a hill, and, to reach it, one had to go down a long flight of stone steps. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sacristan, a pleasant-faced little old man whom she knew very well.

"Good-morning, sir," said she. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

The sacristan was sweeping the stone pavements of the church, just inside the door. He stopped and leaned upon his broom. "Yes, my little friend," he said, "I take care of everything here except the souls of the people."

"Well, then,"

said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes too fast. I came here to

we are about it, is n't there something else you would like to change? What do you say to having these stone pillars put to one side, so that they may be out of the way of the people when they come in? Or those great beams in the roof—they might be turned over, and perhaps we might find that the upper side would look fresher than this lower part, which is somewhat time-stained, as you see? Or, for the matter of that, what do you say to having our clock-tower taken down and set out there in the square before the church door? Then short-sighted people could see the time much better, don't you think? Now tell me, shall we do all these things together, wise little friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes, but she made no answer.

"Good-morning, sir," she said; and went away.

"I suppose," she said to herself as she ran up the stone steps, "that he thought it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as much as I used to."

The next church to which Arla went was a large one, and it was some time before she could find the



"AS FOR THAT IRON DONKEY, I BELIEVE HE KICKS WHEN HE FEELS LIKE IT."

sacristan. At last she saw him in a side chapel at the upper end of the church, engaged in dusting some old books. He was a large man, with a red face, and he turned around quickly, with a stern expression, as she entered.

"Please, sir," said Arla, "I came to tell you that your church clock is wrong. It strikes from four to six minutes before it ought to; sometimes the one and sometimes the other. It should be changed so that it will be sure to strike at the right time."

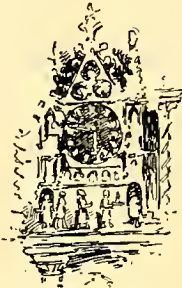
The face of the sacristan grew redder, and twitched visibly at her remark.

"Do you know what I wish?" he almost shouted in reply.

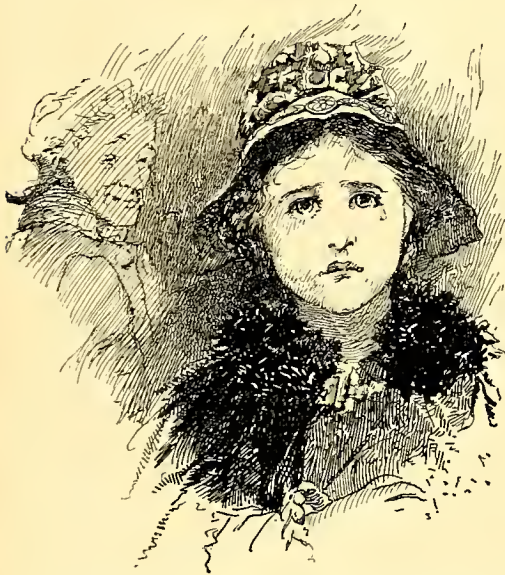
"No, sir," answered Arla.

"I wish," he said, "that you were a boy, so that I might take you by the collar and soundly cuff your ears for coming here to insult an officer of the church in the midst of his duties! But, as you are a girl, I can only tell you to go away from here as rapidly and as quietly as you can, or I shall have to put you in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities!"

Arla was truly frightened, and although she did not run,—for she knew that would not be proper



ONE OF THE CLOCKS.



"I DON'T LIKE HIM AS MUCH AS I USED TO," SAID ARLA.

in a church,—she walked as fast as she could into the outer air.

"What a bad man," she then said to herself

"to be employed in a church! It surely is not known what sort of person he is, or he would not be allowed to stay there a day!"

Arla thought she would not go to any more churches at present, for she did not know what sort of sacristans she might find in them.

"When the other clocks in the town all strike properly," she thought, "it is most likely they will see for themselves that their clocks are wrong, and they will have them changed."

She now made her way to the great square of the town, and entered the building at the top of which stood the stone man with his hammer. She found the concierge, or door-keeper, in a little room by the side of the entrance. She knew where to go, for she had been there with her mother to ask permission to go up and see the stone man strike the hour with his hammer, and the stone woman strike the half-hour with her broom.

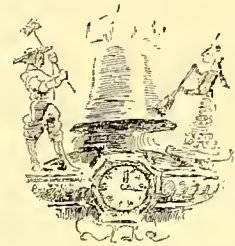
The concierge was a grave middle-aged man with spectacles; and, remembering what had just happened, Arla thought she would be careful how she spoke to him.

"If you please, sir," she said, with a courtesy, "I should like to say something to you. And I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that your clock is not quite right. Your stone man and your stone woman are both too slow; they sometimes strike as much as seven minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave middle-aged man looked steadily at her through his spectacles.

"I thought," continued Arla, "that if this should be made known to you, you would have the works of the stone man and the stone woman altered so that they might strike at the right time. They can be heard so far, you know, that it is very necessary they should not make mistakes."

"Child," said the man, with his spectacles still steadily fixed on her, "for one hundred and fifty-seven years the open tower on this building has stood there. For one hundred and fifty-seven years the thunder and the lightning in time of storm have roared and flashed around it, and the sun in time of fair weather has shone upon it. In that century and a half and seven years men and women have lived and have died, and their children and their grand-children and their great-grand-children, and even the children of these, have lived and died after them. Kings and queens have



"THE STONE MAN STRUCK THE HOUR WITH HIS HAMMER, AND THE STONE WOMAN STRUCK THE HALF-HOUR WITH HER BROOM."



passed away, one after another; and all things living have grown old and died, one generation after another, many times. And yet, through all these years, that stone man and that stone woman have stood there, and in storm and in fair weather by daylight or in the darkness of night, they have struck the hours and the half-hours. Of all things that one hundred and fifty-seven years ago were able to lift an arm to strike, they alone are left. And now you, a child of thirteen, or perhaps fourteen years, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed for a century and a half and seven years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles

fixed upon her. They seemed to glare more and more as she looked at them. "Good-morning, sir," she said, dropping a courtesy as she moved backward toward the door. Reaching it, she turned and hurried into the street.

"If those stone people," she thought, "have not been altered in all these years, it is likely they would now be striking two or three hours out of the way! But I don't know. If they kept on going slow for more than a century, they must have come around to the right hour sometimes. But they will have to strike ever and ever so much longer before they come around there again!"

(To be concluded.)



## A DEAR LITTLE SCHEMER.

By M. M. D.

THERE was a little daughter once, whose feet were — oh, so small!  
That when the Christmas Eve came 'round, they would n't do at all.  
At least she said they would n't do, and so she tried another's,  
And folding her wee stocking up, she slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said,— then sat before the fire,  
Watching the supple, dancing flames, and shadows darting by her,  
Till silently she drifted off to that queer land, you know,  
Of "Nowhere in particular," where sleepy children go.

She never knew the tumult rare that came upon the roof!  
She never heard the patter of a single reindeer hoof;  
She never knew how Some One came and looked his shrewd surprise  
At the wee foot and the stocking — so different in size!

She only knew, when morning dawned, that she was safe in bed.  
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily she raised her pretty head;  
Then, wild with glee, she saw what "dear Old Santa Claus" had done,  
And ran to tell the joyful news to each and every one:

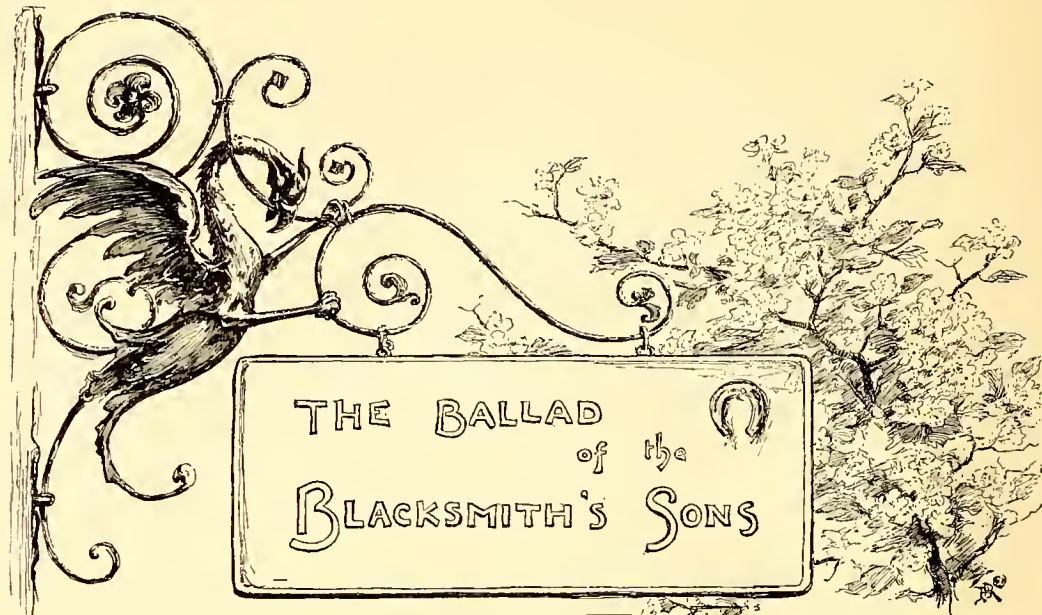
"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look! a lovely doll, and all!"  
And "See how full the stocking is! Mine *would* have been too small.  
I borrowed this for Santa Claus. It is n't fair, you know,  
To make him wait forever for a little girl to grow."





"SHE NEVER KNEW HOW SOME ONE CAME AND LOOKED HIS SHREWD SURPRISE  
AT THE WEE FOOT AND THE STOCKING— SO DIFFERENT IN SIZE."

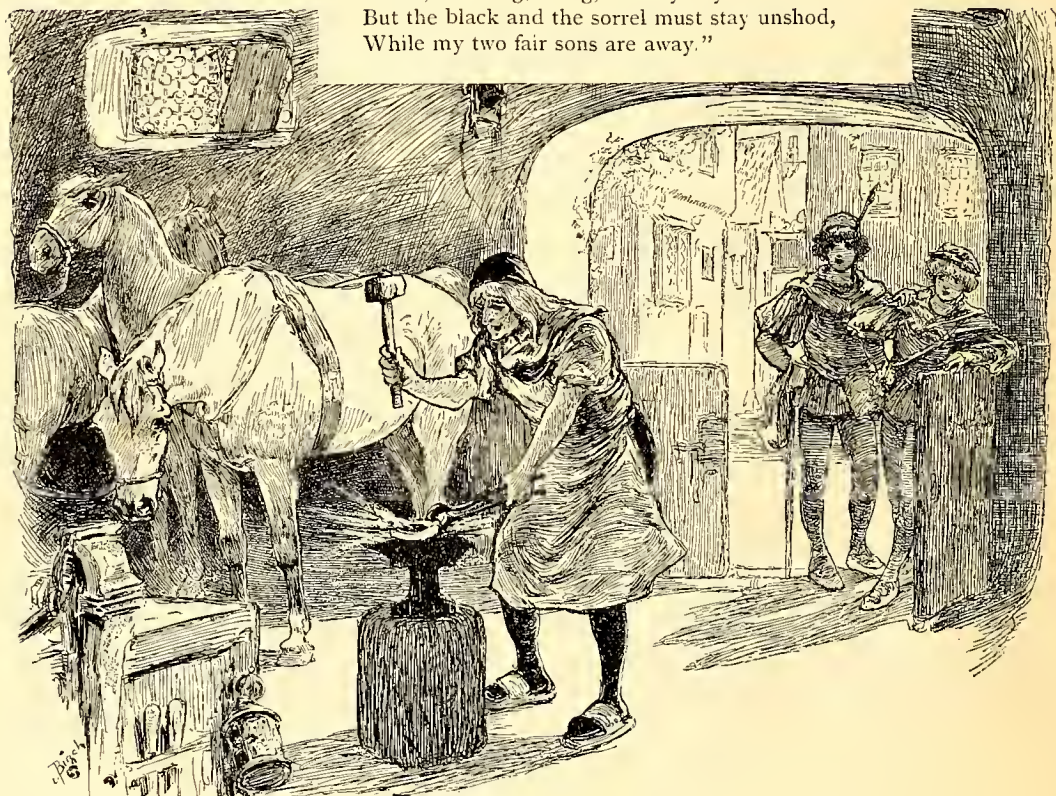




BY MARY E. WILKINS.

I.

CLING, clang,— “Whoa, my bonny gray mare!  
Whoa,”—cling, clang,— “my bay!  
But the black and the sorrel must stay unshod,  
While my two fair sons are away.”



## II.

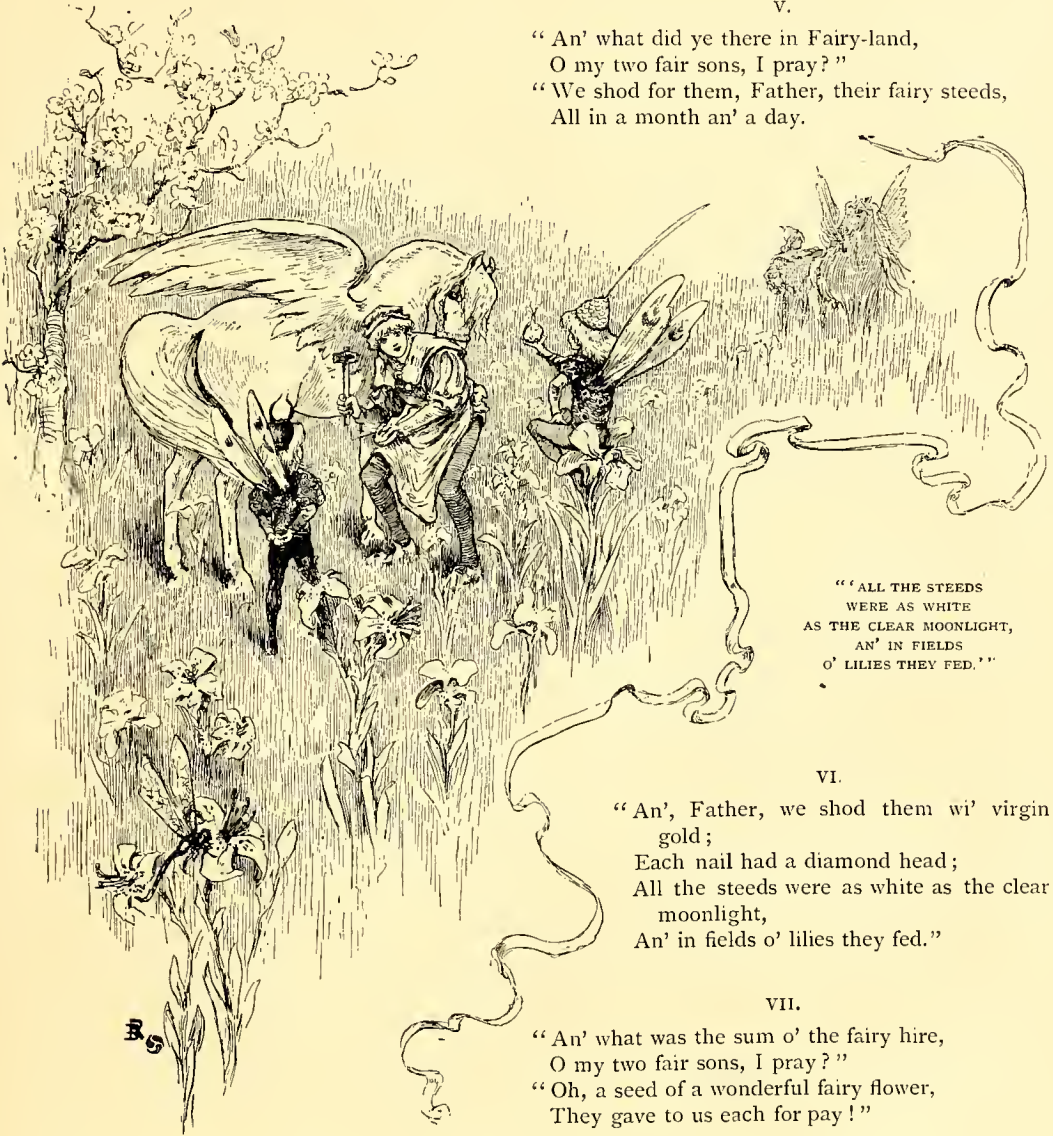
While the blacksmith spake, his fair sons came,  
And stood in the smithy door —  
“ Now where have ye been, my two fair sons,  
For your father has missed ye sore ? ”

## IV.

Then his brother twinkled his gay black eyes,  
And he spake up merry and bold :  
“ Hey, Father, we 've been in the fairy land,  
Where the horses are shod wi' gold ! ”

## V.

“ An' what did ye there in Fairy-land,  
O my two fair sons, I pray ? ”  
“ We shod for them, Father, their fairy steeds,  
All in a month an' a day.



“ ALL THE STEEDS  
WERE AS WHITE  
AS THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT,  
AN' IN FIELDS  
O' LILIES THEY FED. ”

## VI.

“ An', Father, we shod them wi' virgin  
gold ;  
Each nail had a diamond head ;  
All the steeds were as white as the clear  
moonlight,  
An' in fields o' lilies they fed. ”

## VII.

“ An' what was the sum o' the fairy hire,  
O my two fair sons, I pray ? ”  
“ Oh, a seed of a wonderful fairy flower,  
They gave to us each for pay ! ”

## III.

Then pleasantly spake the younger son,  
With the eyes of dreamy blue :  
“ O Father, we 've been in a land as bright  
As the glint o' the morning dew ! ”

## VIII.

“ An' what will ye do wi' the seeds, fair sons ? ”  
“ We will sow i' the light, green spring,  
An' may be, a golden rose will toss,  
Or a silver lily will swing. ”



## IX.

“Now,” — cling, clang, — “whoa, my bonny gray  
mare!  
Whoa,” — cling, clang, — “my bay!  
An’ the sorrel an’ black, now my sons are back,  
Can be shod” — cling, clang, — “to-day.”

## XI.

Then the white rains wove with the long light-  
beams,  
Till a stalk, like a slim green flame,  
Pierced the garden mold; a leaf unrolled:  
And another beside it came.



## X.

Oh, the smith's sons planted the fairy seeds,  
When the light, green spring came round,  
Through the sunlit hours, 'twixt the April  
showers,  
In the best of the garden ground!

## XII.

Then the brothers tended their fairy plants  
Till they shot up, brave and tall,  
And the leaves grew thick. "Now soon shall  
we pick  
A rose like a golden ball;

## XIII.

“Or else, we shall see a lily, maybe,  
With a bell o' bright silver cast,”  
They thought; and they cried with joy and pride,  
When the blossom-buds shaped at last.

## XV.

“Heyday! I will buy me a brave gold chain,  
An' a waistcoat o' satin fine,  
A ruff o' lace, an' a pony an' chaise,  
An' a bottle o' red old wine!”



“O joy! If I hold but my  
fairy-gold,  
My Father's toil is done”

## XIV.

“Now, heyday!” shouted the elder son,  
And he danced in the garden walk,  
“A hat I will buy, as a steeple high,  
An' the neighbors will stare an' talk.

## XVI.

But his brother looked up in the blue spring sky,  
And his yellow curls shone in the sun —  
“O joy! If I hold but my fairy gold,  
My father's toil is done!”

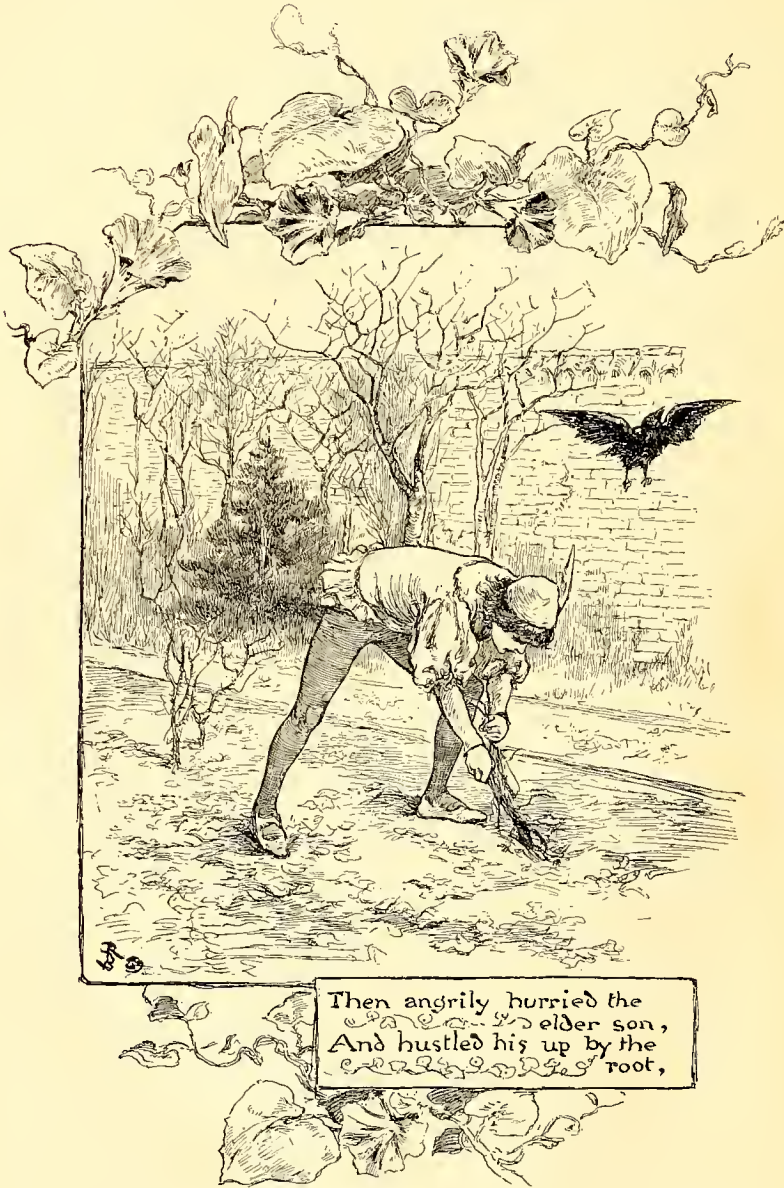


XVII.

“He shall hammer no more with his tired old hands,  
He shall shoe not the bay nor the gray ;  
But shall live as he please, an’ sit at his ease,  
A-resting the livelong day.”

XIX.

Then angrily hurried the elder son,  
And hustled his up by the root ;  
And it gave out a sound, as it left the ground,  
Like the shriek of a fairy flute.



Then angrily hurried the  
elder son,  
And hustled his up by the  
root,

XVIII.

Alas, and alas ! When it came to pass  
That the bud to a flower was grown,  
It was pallid and green,—no blossom so mean  
In the country side was known.

XX.

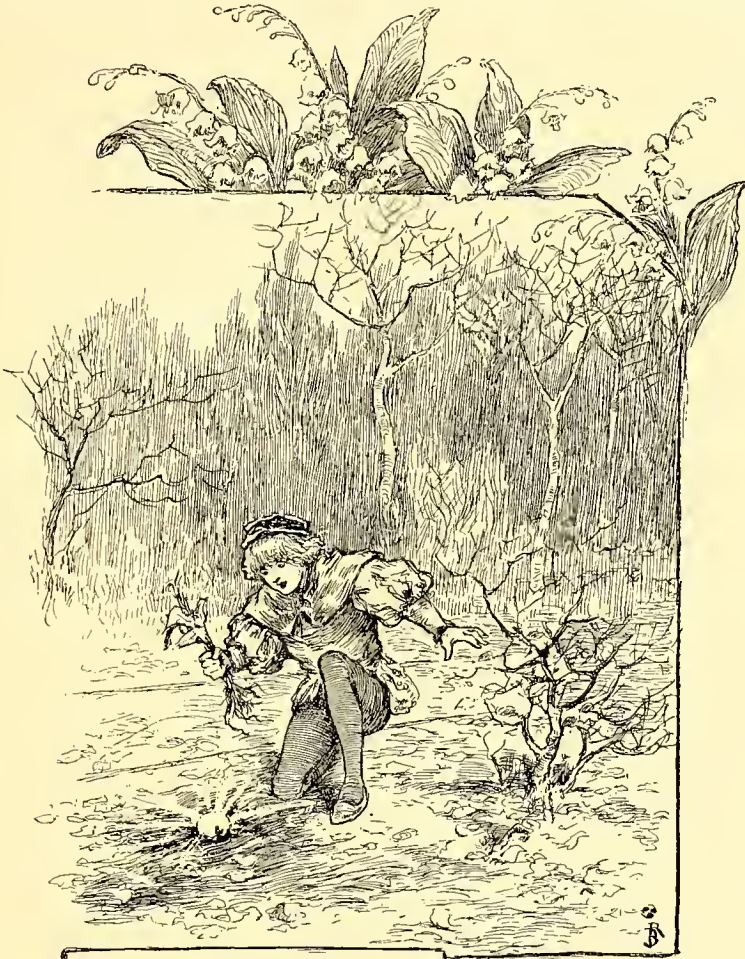
But he flung it over the garden wall,  
And he cried, with a scowling brow :  
“No waistcoat fine, an’ no bottle o’ wine—  
I have labored for naught, I trow !”

XXI.

“Now,” — cling, clang, — “whoa, my bonny  
gray mare!”  
Cling, clang, — “whoa, my bay!  
But the sorrel an’ white must wait to-night,  
For one son sulks all day.”

XXIII.

But the frost came forth from the still blue  
North,  
And one morning he found it dead;  
The leaves were black in the white frost-light,  
And the stalk was a shriveled shred.



Like a star from the skies  
to his dazzled eyes  
Was blazing a bulb of gold!

XXII.

But the blue-eyed son till the summer was done  
Cared well for his fairy flower;  
He weeded and watered, and killed the grub  
Would its delicate leaves devour.

XXIV.

“Now, never a rose like a golden ball,  
Nor a silver lily shall blow;  
But never I ’ll mind, for I ’m sure to find  
More gold, if I work, I know.”



XXV.

Then he tenderly pulled up the fairy plant,  
 And, lo, in the frosty mold,  
 Like a star from the skies to his dazzled eyes,  
 Was blazing a bulb of gold!

XXVI.

“Now,”—cling, clang,—“whoa, my bonny gray  
 Or gallop or trot, as ye may! [mare!  
 This happy old smith will shoe ye no more,  
 For he sits at his ease, all day!”




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 DECEMBER.
 

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 BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
 

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DECEMBER 's come, and with her brought  
 A world in whitest marble wrought;  
 The trees and fence and all the posts  
 Stand motionless and white as ghosts,  
 And all the paths we used to know  
 Are hidden in the drifts of snow.  
 December brings the longest night  
 And cheats the day of half its light.  
 No bird-song breaks the perfect hush;  
 No meadow-brook with liquid gush  
 Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme  
 Of liberty and summer-time,  
 But frozen in its icy cell  
 Awaits the sun to break the spell.  
 Breathe once upon the window-glass  
 And see the mimic mists that pass,—

Fantastic shapes that go and come  
 Forever silvery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring,—  
 Of happy children happy king,  
 Who with his sleigh and rein-deer stops  
 At all good people's chimney-tops.

Then let the holly red be hung,  
 And sweetest carols all be sung,  
 While we with joy remember them,—  
 The journeyers to Bethlehem,  
 Who followed trusting from afar  
 The guidance of that happy star  
 Which marked the spot where Christ was born  
 Long years ago one Christmas morn!



SARA CREWE ;  
OR,  
WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

IN the first place, Miss Minchin lived in London. Her home was a large, dull, tall one, in a large, dull square, where all the houses were alike, and all the sparrows were alike, and where all the door-knockers made the same heavy sound, and on still days — and nearly all the days were still — seemed to resound through the entire row in which the knock was knocked. On Miss Minchin's door there was a brass plate. On the brass plate there was inscribed in black letters,

MISS MINCHIN'S  
SELECT SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Little Sara Crewe never went in or out of the house without reading that door-plate and reflecting upon it. By the time she was twelve, she had decided that all her trouble arose because, in the first place, she was not "Select," and in the second, she was not a "Young Lady." When she was eight years old, she had been brought to Miss Minchin as a pupil, and left with her. Her papa had brought her all the way from India. Her mamma had died when she was a baby, and her papa had kept her with him as long as he could. And then, finding the hot climate was making her very delicate, he had brought her to England and left her with Miss Minchin, to be part of the Select Seminary for Young Ladies. Sara, who had always been a sharp little child, who remembered things, recollected hearing him say that he had not a relative in the world whom he knew of, and so he was obliged to place her at a boarding-school, and he had heard Miss Minchin's establishment spoken of very highly. The same day, he took Sara out and bought her a great many beautiful clothes,—clothes so grand and rich that only a very young and inexperienced man would have bought them for a mite of a child who was to be brought up in a boarding-school. But the fact was that he was a rash, innocent young man, and very sad at the thought of parting with his little girl, who was all he had left to remind him of her beautiful mother,

whom he had dearly loved. And he wished her to have everything the most fortunate little girl could have; and so, when the polite saleswomen in the shops said, "Here is our very latest thing in hats, the plumes are exactly the same as those we sold to Lady Diana Sinclair yesterday," he immediately bought what was offered to him, and paid whatever was asked. The consequence was that Sara had a most extraordinary wardrobe. Her dresses were silk and velvet and India cashmere, her hats and bonnets were covered with bows and plumes, her small undergarments were adorned with real lace, and she returned in the cab to Miss Minchin's with a doll almost as large as herself, dressed quite as grandly as herself, too.

Then her papa gave Miss Minchin some money and went away, and for several days Sara would neither touch the doll, nor her breakfast, nor her dinner, nor her tea, and would do nothing but crouch in a small corner by the window and cry. She cried so much, indeed, that she made herself ill. She was a queer little child, with old-fashioned ways and strong feelings, and she had adored her papa, and could not be made to think that India and an interesting bungalow were not better for her than London and Miss Minchin's Select Seminary. The instant she had entered the house, she had begun promptly to hate Miss Minchin, and to think little of Miss Amelia Minchin, who was smooth and dumpy, and lisped, and was evidently afraid of her older sister. Miss Minchin was tall, and had large, cold, fishy eyes, and large, cold hands, which seemed fishy, too, because they were damp and made chills run down Sara's back when they touched her, as Miss Minchin pushed her hair off her forehead and said:

"A most beautiful and promising little girl, Captain Crewe. She will be a favorite pupil; quite a favorite pupil, I see."

For the first year she was a favorite pupil; at least she was indulged a great deal more than was good for her. And when the Select Seminary went walking, two by two, she was always decked out in her grandest clothes, and led by the hand, at the head of the genteel procession, by Miss

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Minchin herself. And when the parents of any of the pupils came, she was always dressed and called into the parlor with her doll; and she used to hear Miss Minchin say that her father was a distinguished Indian officer, and she would be heiress to a great fortune. That her father had inherited a great deal of money, Sara had heard before; and also that some day it would be hers, and that he would not remain long in the army, but would come to live in London. And every time a letter came, she hoped it would say he was coming, and they were to live together again.

But about the middle of the third year a letter came bringing very different news. Because he was not a business man himself, her papa had given his affairs into the hands of a friend he trusted. The friend had deceived and robbed him. All the money was gone, no one knew exactly where, and the shock was so great to the poor, rash young officer, that, being attacked by jungle fever shortly afterward, he had no strength to rally, and so died, leaving Sara with no one to take care of her.

Miss Minchin's cold and fishy eyes had never looked so cold and fishy as they did when Sara went into the parlor, on being sent for, a few days after the letter was received.

No one had said anything to the child about mourning, so, in her old-fashioned way, she had decided to find a black dress for herself, and had picked out a black velvet she had outgrown, and came into the room in it, looking the queerest little figure in the world, and a sad little figure, too. The dress was too short and too tight, her face was white, her eyes had dark rings around them, and her doll, wrapped in a piece of old black crape, was held under her arm. She was not a pretty child. She was thin, and had a weird, interesting little face, short black hair, and very large green-gray eyes fringed all around with heavy black lashes.

"I am the ugliest child in the school," she had said once, after staring at herself in the glass for some minutes.

But there had been a clever, good-natured little French teacher who had said to the music-master: "Zat leetle Crewe. Vat a child! A so ogly beauty! Ze so large eyes; ze so little spirituelle face. Waid till she grow up. You shall see!"

This morning, however, in the tight, small black frock, she looked thinner and odder than ever, and her eyes were fixed on Miss Minchin with a queer steadiness as she slowly advanced into the parlor, clutching her doll.

"Put your doll down!" said Miss Minchin.

"No," said the child, "I won't put her down; I want her with me. She is all I have. She has stayed with me all the time since my papa died."

She had never been an obedient child. She had had her own way ever since she was born, and there was about her an air of silent determination under which Miss Minchin had always felt secretly uncomfortable. And that lady felt even now that perhaps it would be as well not to insist on her point. So she looked at her as severely as possible.

"You will have no time for dolls in future," she said; "you will have to work and improve yourself, and make yourself useful."

Sara kept the big odd eyes fixed on her teacher and said nothing.

"Everything will be very different now;" Miss Minchin went on. "I sent for you to talk to you and make you understand. Your father is dead. You have no friends. You have no money. You have no home and no one to take care of you."

The little pale olive face twitched nervously, but the green-gray eyes did not move from Miss Minchin's, and still Sara said nothing.

"What are you staring at?" demanded Miss Minchin sharply. "Are you so stupid you don't understand what I mean? I tell you that you are quite alone in the world, and have no one to do anything for you, unless I choose to keep you here."

The truth was, Miss Minchin was in her worst mood. To be suddenly deprived of a large sum of money yearly and a show pupil, and to find herself with a little beggar on her hands, was more than she could bear with any degree of calmness.

"Now listen to me," she went on, "and remember what I say. If you work hard and prepare to make yourself useful in a few years, I shall let you stay here. You are only a child, but you are a sharp child, and you pick up things almost without being taught. You speak French very well, and in a year or so you can begin to help with the younger pupils. By the time you are fifteen you ought to be able to do that much at least."

"I can speak French better than you, now," said Sara; "I always spoke it with my papa in India." Which was not at all polite, but was painfully true; because Miss Minchin could not speak French at all, and, indeed, was not in the least a clever person. But she was a hard, grasping business woman, and, after the first shock of disappointment, had seen that at very little expense to herself she might prepare this clever, determined child to be very useful to her and save her the necessity of paying large salaries to teachers of languages.

"Don't be impudent, or you will be punished," she said. "You will have to improve your manners if you expect to earn your bread. You are not a parlor boarder now. Remember, that if you don't please me, and I send you away, you have no home but the street. You can go now."

Sara turned away.

"Stay," commanded Miss Minchin, "don't you intend to thank me?"

Sara turned toward her. The nervous twitch was to be seen again in her face, and she seemed to be trying to control it.

"What for?" she said.

"For my kindness to you," replied Miss Minchin. "For my kindness in giving you a home."

Sara went two or three steps nearer to her. Her thin little chest was heaving up and down, and she spoke in a strange, unchildish voice.

"You are not kind," she said. "You are not kind." And she turned again and went out of the room, leaving Miss Minchin staring after her strange, small figure in stony anger.

The child walked up the staircase, holding tightly to her doll; she meant to go to her bedroom, but at the door she was met by Miss Amelia.

"You are not to go in there," she said. "That is not your room now."

"Where is my room?" asked Sara.

"You are to sleep in the attic next to the cook."

Sara walked on. She mounted two flights more, and reached the door of the attic room, opened it and went in, shutting it behind her. She stood against it and looked about her. The room was slanting-roofed and whitewashed; there was a rusty grate, an iron bedstead, and some odd articles of furniture, sent up from better rooms below, where they had been used until they were considered to be worn out. Under the skylight in the roof, which showed nothing but an oblong piece of dull gray sky, there was a battered old red footstool.

Sara went to it and sat down. She was a queer child, as I have said before, and quite unlike other children. She seldom cried. She did not cry now. She laid her doll, Emily, across her knees, and put her face down upon her, and her arms around her, and sat there, her little black head resting on the black crape, not saying one word, not making one sound.

From that day her life changed entirely. Sometimes she used to feel as if it must be another life altogether, the life of some other child. She was a little drudge and outcast; she was given her lessons at odd times and expected to learn without being taught; she was sent on errands by Miss Minchin, Miss Amelia, and the cook. Nobody took any notice of her except when they ordered her about. She was often kept busy all day and then sent into the deserted school-room with a pile of books to learn her lessons or practice at night. She had never been intimate with the other pupils, and soon she became so shabby that, taking her queer clothes together with her queer little ways, they began to

look upon her as a being of another world than their own. The fact was that, as a rule, Miss Minchin's pupils were rather dull, matter-of-fact young people, accustomed to being rich and comfortable; and Sara, with her elfish cleverness, her desolate life, and her odd habit of fixing her eyes upon them and staring them out of countenance, was too much for them.

"She always looks as if she was finding you out," said one girl, who was sly and given to making mischief. "I am," said Sara, promptly, when she heard of it. "That's what I look at them for. I like to know about people. I think them over afterward."

She never made any mischief herself or interfered with any one. She talked very little, did as she was told, and thought a great deal. Nobody knew, and in fact nobody cared, whether she was unhappy or happy, unless, perhaps, it was Emily, who lived in the attic and slept on the iron bedstead at night. Sara thought Emily understood her feelings, though she was only wax and had a habit of staring herself. Sara used to talk to her at night.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," she would say to her. "Why don't you say something? Why don't you speak? Sometimes I'm sure you could, if you would try. It ought to make you try, to know you are the only thing I have. If I were you, I should try. Why don't you try?"

It really was a very strange feeling she had about Emily. It arose from her being so desolate. She did not like to own to herself that her only friend, her only companion, could feel and hear nothing. She wanted to believe, or to pretend to believe, that Emily understood and sympathized with her, that she heard her even though she did not speak in answer. She used to put her in a chair sometimes and sit opposite to her on the old red footstool, and stare at her and think and pretend about her until her own eyes would grow large with something which was almost like fear, particularly at night, when the garret was so still, when the only sound that was to be heard was the occasional squeak and skurry of rats in the wainscot. There were rat-holes in the garret, and Sara detested rats, and was always glad Emily was with her when she heard their hateful squeak and rush and scratching. One of her "pretends" was that Emily was a kind of good witch and could protect her. Poor little Sara! everything was "pretend" with her. She had a strong imagination; there was almost more imagination than there was Sara, and her whole forlorn, uncared-for child-life was made up of imaginings. She imagined and pretended things until she almost believed them, and she would scarcely have been surprised at any remarkable thing that could have happened. So she insisted to herself





"SHE SLOWLY ADVANCED INTO THE PARLOR, CLUTCHING HER DOLL."

that Emily understood all about her troubles and was really her friend.

"As to answering," she used to say, "I don't

answer very often. I never answer when I can help it. When people are insulting you, there is nothing so good for them as not to say a word —

just to look at them and *think*. Miss Minchin turns pale with rage when I do it, Miss Amelia looks frightened, so do the girls. They know you are stronger than they are, because you are strong enough to hold in your rage and they are not, and they say stupid things they wish they had n't said, afterward. There 's nothing so strong as rage, except what makes you hold it in — that 's stronger. It's a good thing not to answer your enemies. I scarcely ever do. Perhaps Emily is more like me than I am like myself. Perhaps she would rather not answer her friends, even. She keeps it all in her heart."

But though she tried to satisfy herself with these arguments, Sara did not find it easy. When, after a long, hard day, in which she had been sent here and there, sometimes on long errands, through wind and cold and rain; and, when she came in wet and hungry, had been sent out again because nobody chose to remember that she was only a child, and that her thin little legs might be tired, and her small body, clad in its forlorn too small finery, all too short and too tight, might be chilled; when she had been given only harsh words and cold, slighting looks for thanks; when the cook had been vulgar and insolent; when Miss Minchin had been in her worst moods, and when she had seen the girls sneering at her among themselves and making fun of her poor, outgrown clothes,— then Sara did not find Emily quite all that her sore, proud, desolate little heart needed as the doll sat in her old chair and stared.

One of these nights, when she came up to the garret cold, hungry, tired, and with a tempest raging in her small breast, Emily's stare seemed so vacant, her sawdust legs and arms so limp and inexpressive, that Sara lost all control over herself.

"I shall die presently!" she said at first.

Emily stared.

"I can't bear this!" said the poor child, trembling. "I know I shall die. I'm cold, I'm wet, I'm starving to death. I've walked a thousand miles to-day, and they have done nothing but scold me from morning until night. And because I could not find that last thing they sent me for, they would not give me any supper. Some men laughed at me because my old shoes made me slip down in the mud. I'm covered with mud now. And they laughed! Do you *hear*?"

She looked at the staring glass eyes and complaint wax face, and suddenly a sort of heart-broken rage seized her. She lifted her little savage hand and knocked Emily off the chair, bursting into a passion of sobbing.

"You are nothing but a Doll!" she cried. "Nothing but a Doll — Doll — Doll! You care for nothing. You are stuffed with sawdust. You never

had a heart. Nothing could ever make you feel. You are a *Doll!*" Emily lay upon the floor, with her legs ignominiously doubled up over her head, and a new flat place on the end of her nose; but she was still calm, even dignified.

Sara hid her face on her arms and sobbed. Some rats in the wall began to fight and bite each other, and squeak and scramble. But, as I have already intimated, Sara was not in the habit of crying. After a while she stopped, and when she stopped, she looked at Emily, who seemed to be gazing at her around the side of one ankle, and actually with a kind of glassy-eyed sympathy. Sara bent and picked her up. Remorse overtook her.

"You can't help being a doll," she said, with a resigned sigh, "any more than those girls downstairs can help not having any sense. We are not all alike. Perhaps you do your sawdust best."

None of Miss Minchin's young ladies were very remarkable for being brilliant; they were Select, but some of them were very dull, and some of them were fond of applying themselves to their lessons. Sara, who snatched her lessons at all sorts of untimely hours from tattered and discarded books, and who had a hungry craving for everything readable, was often severe upon them in her small mind. They had books they never read; she had no books at all. If she had always had something to read, she would not have been so lonely. She liked romances and history and poetry; she would read anything. There was a sentimental housemaid in the establishment who bought the weekly penny papers, and subscribed to a circulating library, from which she got greasy volumes containing stories of marquises and dukes who invariably fell in love with orange-girls and gypsies and servant-maids, and made them the proud brides of coronets; and Sara often did parts of this maid's work, so that she might earn the privilege of reading these romantic histories. There was also a fat, dull pupil, whose name was Ermengarde St. John, who was one of her resources. Ermengarde had an intellectual father who, in his despairing desire to encourage his daughter, constantly sent her valuable and interesting books, which were a continual source of grief to her. Sara had once actually found her crying over a big package of them.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked her, perhaps rather disdainfully.

And it is just possible she would not have spoken to her, if she had not seen the books. The sight of books always gave Sara a hungry feeling, and she could not help drawing near to them if only to read their titles.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"My papa has sent me some more books,"



answered Ermengarde wofully, "and he expects me to read them."

"Don't you like reading?" said Sara.

"I hate it!" replied Miss Ermengarde St. John.

"And he will ask me questions when he sees me; he will want to know how much I remember; how would *you* like to have to read all those?"

"I'd like it better than anything else in the world," said Sara.

Ermengarde wiped her eyes to look at such a prodigy.

"Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed.

Sara returned the look with interest. A sudden plan formed itself in her sharp mind.

"Look here!" she said. "If you'll lend me those books, I'll read them and tell you everything that's in them afterward, and I'll tell it to you so that you will remember it. I know I can. The A B C children always remember what I tell them."

"Oh, goodness!" said Ermengarde. "Do you think you could?"

"I know I could," answered Sara. "I like to read, and I always remember. I'll take care of the books, too; they will look just as new as they do now, when I give them back to you."

Ermengarde put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"If you'll do that," she said, "and if you'll make me remember, I'll give you — I'll give you some money."

"I don't want your money," said Sara, "I want your books — I want them." And her eyes grew big and queer, and her chest heaved once.

"Take them, then," said Ermengarde; "I wish I wanted them, but I am not clever, and my father is, and he thinks I ought to be."

Sara picked up the books and marched off with them. But when she was at the door, she stopped and turned round.

"What are you going to tell your father?" she asked.

"Oh," said Ermengarde, "he need n't know; he'll think I've read them."

Sara looked down at the books; her heart really began to beat fast.

"I won't do it," she said rather slowly, "if you are going to tell him lies about it — I don't like lies. Why can't you tell him I read them and then told you about them?"

"But he wants me to read them," said Ermengarde.

"He wants you to know what is in them," said Sara; "and if I can tell it to you in an easy way and make you remember, I should think he would like that."

"He would like it better if I read them myself," replied Ermengarde.

"He will like it, I dare say, if you learn any-

thing in any way," said Sara. "I should, if I were your father."

And though this was not a flattering way of stating the case, Ermengarde was obliged to admit it was true, and, after a little more argument, gave in. And so she used afterward always to hand over her books to Sara, and Sara would carry them to her garret and devour them; and after she had read each volume, she would return it and tell Ermengarde about it in a way of her own. She had a gift for making things interesting. Her imagination helped her to make everything rather like a story, and she managed this matter so well that Miss St. John gained more information from her books than she would have gained if she had read them three times over by her poor stupid little self. When Sara sat down by her and began to tell some story of travel or history, she made the travelers and historical people seem real; and Ermengarde used to sit and regard her dramatic gesticulations, her thin little flushed cheeks and her shining odd eyes, with amazement.

"It sounds nicer than it seems in the book," she would say. I never cared about Mary, Queen of Scots, before, and I always hated the French Revolution, but you make it seem like a story."

"It is a story," Sara would answer. "They are all stories. Everything is a story — everything in this world. You are a story — I am a story — Miss Minchin is a story. You can make a story out of anything."

"I can't," said Ermengarde.

Sara stared at her a minute reflectively.

"No," she said at last. "I suppose you could n't. You are a little like Emily."

"Who is Emily?"

Sara recollected herself. She knew she was sometimes rather impolite in the candor of her remarks, and she did not want to be impolite to a girl who was not unkind — only stupid. Notwithstanding all her sharp little ways, she had the sense to wish to be just to everybody. In the hours she spent alone, she used to argue out a great many curious questions with herself. One thing she had decided upon was, that a person who was clever ought to be clever enough not to be unjust or deliberately unkind to any one. Miss Minchin was unjust and cruel, Miss Amelia was unkind and spiteful, the cook was malicious and hasty-tempered — they all were stupid, and made her despise them, and she desired to be as unlike them as possible. So she would be as polite as she could to people who in the least deserved politeness.

"Emily is — a person — I know," she replied.

"Do you like her?" asked Ermengarde.

"Yes, I do," said Sara.

Ermengarde examined her queer little face and

figure again. She did look odd. She had on, that day, a faded blue plush skirt, which barely covered her knees, a brown cloth sacque, and a pair of olive-green stockings which Miss Minchin had made her piece out with black ones, so that they would be long enough to be kept on. And yet Ermengarde was beginning slowly to admire her. Such a forlorn, thin, neglected little thing as that, who could read and read and remember and tell you things so that they did not tire you all out! A child who could speak French, and who had learned German, no one knew how! One could not help staring at her and feeling interested, particularly one to whom the simplest lesson was a trouble and a woe.

"Do you like *me*?" said Ermengarde, finally, at the end of her scrutiny.

Sara hesitated one second, then she answered:

"I like you because you are not ill-natured — I like you for letting me read your books — I like you because you don't make spiteful fun of me for what I can't help. It's not your fault that —"

She pulled herself up quickly. She had been going to say, "that you are stupid."

"That what?" asked Ermengarde.

"That you can't learn things quickly. If you can't, you can't. If I can, why, I can — that's all." She paused a minute, looking at the plump face before her, and then, rather slowly, one of her wise, old-fashioned thoughts came to her.

"Perhaps," she said, "to be able to learn things quickly, is n't everything. To be kind is worth a good deal to other people. If Miss Minchin knew everything on earth, which she does n't, and if she was like what she is now, she'd still be a detestable thing, and everybody would hate her. Lots of clever people have done harm and been wicked. Look at Robespierre —"

She stopped again, and examined her companion's countenance.

"Do you remember about him?" she demanded.

"I believe you've forgotten."

"Well, I don't remember *all* of it," admitted Ermengarde.

"Well," said Sara with courage and determination, "I'll tell it to you over again."

And she plunged once more into the gory records of the French Revolution, and told such stories of it, and made such vivid pictures of its horrors, that Miss St. John was afraid to go to bed afterward, and hid her head under the blankets when she did go, and shivered until she fell asleep. But afterward she preserved lively recollections of the character of Robespierre, and did not even forget Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe.

"You know they put her head on a pike and

danced around it," Sara had said; "and she had beautiful blonde hair; and when I think of her, I never see her head on her body, but always on a pike, with those furious people dancing and howling."

Yes, it was true, to this imaginative child everything was a story; and the more books she read, the more imaginative she became. One of her chief entertainments was to sit in her garet, or walk about it, and "suppose" things. On a cold night, when she had not had enough to eat, she would draw the red footstool up before the empty grate, and say in the most intense voice:

"Suppose there was a great, wide steel grate here, and a great glowing fire — a *glowing* fire — with beds of red-hot coal and lots of little dancing, flickering flames. Suppose there was a soft, deep rug, and this was a comfortable chair, all cushions and crimson velvet; and suppose I had a crimson velvet frock on, and a deep lace collar, like a child in a picture; and suppose all the rest of the room was furnished in lovely colors, and there were bookshelves full of books, which changed by magic as soon as you had read them; and suppose there was a little table here, with a snow-white cover on it, and little silver dishes, and in one there was hot, hot soup, and in another a roast chicken, and in another some raspberry-jam tarts with criss-cross on them, and in another some grapes; and suppose Emily could speak, and we could sit and eat our supper, and then talk and read; and then suppose there was a soft, warm bed in the corner, and when we were tired, we could go to sleep, and sleep as long as we liked."

Sometimes, after she had supposed things like these for half an hour, she would feel almost warm, and would creep into bed with Emily and fall asleep with a smile on her face.

"What large, downy pillows!" she would whisper. "What white sheets and fleecy blankets!" And she almost forgot that her real pillows had scarcely any feathers in them at all, and smelled musty, and that her blankets and coverlid were thin and full of holes.

At another time she would "suppose" she was a princess, and then she would go about the house with an expression on her face which was a source of great secret annoyance to Miss Minchin, because it seemed as if the child scarcely heard the spiteful, insulting things said to her, or, if she heard them, did not care for them at all. Sometimes, while she was in the midst of some harsh and cruel speech, Miss Minchin would find the odd, unchildish eyes fixed upon her with something like a proud smile in them. At such times she did not know that Sara was saying to herself:

"You don't know that you are saying these





"SHE LAID HER DOLL, EMILY, ACROSS HER KNEES, AND PUT HER FACE DOWN UPON HER, AND HER ARMS AROUND HER, AND SAT THERE, HER LITTLE BLACK HEAD RESTING ON THE BLACK CRAPE, NOT SAYING ONE WORD, NOT MAKING ONE SOUND."



things to a princess, and that if I chose, I could wave my hand and order you to execution. I only spare you because I *am* a princess, and you are a poor, stupid, old, vulgar thing, and don't know any better."

This used to please and amuse her more than anything else; and, queer and fanciful as it was, she found comfort in it, and it was not a bad thing for her. It really kept her from being made rude and malicious by the rudeness and malice of those about her.

"A princess must be polite," she said to herself. And so when the servants, who took their tone from their mistress, were insolent and ordered her about, she would hold her head erect, and reply to them sometimes in a way which made them stare at her, it was so quaintly civil.

"I am a princess in rags and tatters," she would think, "but I am a princess, inside. It would be easy to be a princess if I were dressed in cloth-of-gold; it is a great deal more of a triumph to be one all the time when no one knows it. There was Marie Antoinette: when she was in prison, and her throne was gone, and she had only a black gown on, and her hair was white, and they insulted her and called her the Widow Capet,—she was a great deal more like a queen then than when she was so gay and had everything grand. I like her best then. Those howling mobs of people did not frighten her. She was stronger than they were, even when they cut her head off."

Once when such thoughts were passing through her mind, the look in her eyes so enraged Miss Minchin that she flew at Sara and boxed her ears.

Sara wakened from her dream, started a little, and then broke into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at, you bold, impudent child!" exclaimed Miss Minchin.

It took Sara a few seconds to remember she was a princess. Her cheeks were red and smarting from the blows she had received.

"I was thinking," she said.

"Beg my pardon immediately," said Miss Minchin.

"I will beg your pardon for laughing, if it was

rude," said Sara; "but I won't beg your pardon for thinking."

"What were you thinking?" demanded Miss Minchin. "How dare you think? What were you thinking?"

This occurred in the school-room, and all the girls looked up from their books to listen. It always interested them when Miss Minchin flew at Sara, because Sara always said something queer, and never seemed in the least frightened. She was not in the least frightened now, though her boxed ears were scarlet, and her eyes were as bright as stars.

"I was thinking," she answered gravely and quite politely, "that you did not know what you were doing."

"That I did not know what I was doing!" Miss Minchin fairly gasped.

"Yes," said Sara, "and I was thinking what would happen, if I were a princess and you boxed my ears—what I should do to you. And I was thinking that if I were one, you would never dare to do it, whatever I said or did. And I was thinking how surprised and frightened you would be if you suddenly found out——"

She had the imagined picture so clearly before her eyes, that she spoke in a manner which had an effect even on Miss Minchin. It almost seemed for the moment to her narrow unimaginative mind that there must be some real power behind this candid daring.

"What?" she exclaimed; "found out what?"

"That I really was a princess," said Sara, "and could do anything—anything I liked."

"Go to your room," cried Miss Minchin breathlessly, "this instant. Leave the school-room. Attend to your lessons, young ladies."

Sara made a little bow.

"Excuse me for laughing, if it was impolite," she said, and walked out of the room, leaving Miss Minchin in a rage and the girls whispering over their books.

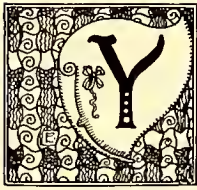
"I should n't be at all surprised if she did turn out to be something," said one of them. "Suppose she should!"

*(To be continued.)*





BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



YOU may not believe it, but the bear I am going to tell you about really had a bank account! Helived in the woods, as most bears do; but he had a reputation which extended over all Norway and more than half of England. Earls and baronets came every summer, with repeating guns of the latest patent, and plaids and field-glasses and portable cooking-stoves, intent upon killing him. But Mr. Bruin, whose only weapons were a pair of paws and a pair of jaws, both uncommonly good of their kind, though not patented, always managed to get away unscathed; and that was sometimes more than the earls and the baronets did.

One summer the Crown Prince of Germany came to Norway. He also heard of the famous bear that no one could kill, and made up his mind that he was the man to kill it. He trudged for two days through bogs and climbed through glens and ravines, before he came on the scent of the bear,—and a bear's scent, you may know, is strong, and quite unmistakable. Finally he discovered some tracks in the moss, like those of a barefooted man, or, I should rather say, perhaps, a man-footed bear. The Prince was just turning the corner of a projecting rock, when he saw a huge, shaggy beast standing on its hind legs, examining in a leisurely manner the inside of a hollow tree, while a swarm of bees were buzzing about its ears. It was just hauling out a handful of honey, and was smiling with a gruesome mirth, when His Royal Highness sent it a bullet right in the breast, where its heart must have been,—if it had one. But, instead of falling down flat, as it ought to have done out of deference to the Prince, it coolly turned its back, and gave its assailant a disgusted nod over its shoulder as it trudged away through the underbrush. The attendants ranged through the woods and beat the bushes in all directions, but Mr.

Bruin was no more to be seen that afternoon. It was as if he had sunk into the earth; not a trace of him was to be found by either dogs or men.

From that time forth the rumor spread abroad that this Gausdale Bruin (for that was the name by which he became known) was enchanted. It was said that he shook off bullets as a duck does water; that he had the evil eye, and could bring misfortune to whomsoever he looked upon. The peasants dreaded to meet him, and ceased to hunt him. His size was described as something enormous,—his teeth, his claws, and his eyes as being diabolical beyond human conception. In the meanwhile Mr. Bruin had it all his own way in the mountains, killed a young bull or a fat heifer for his dinner every day or two, chased in pure sport a herd of sheep over a precipice; and as for Lars Moe's bay mare Stella, he nearly finished her, leaving his claw-marks on her flank in a way that spoiled her beauty forever.

Now Lars Moe himself was too old to hunt; and his nephew was—well, he was not old enough. There was, in fact, no one in the valley who was of the right age to hunt this Gausdale Bruin. It was of no use that Lars Moe egged on the young lads to try their luck, shaming them, or offering them rewards, according as his mood might happen to be. He was the wealthiest man in the valley, and his mare Stella had been the apple of his eye. He felt it as a personal insult that the bear should have dared to molest what belonged to him, especially the most precious of all his possessions. It cut him to the heart to see the poor wounded beauty, with those cruel scratches on her thigh, and one stiff, aching leg done up in oil and cotton. When he opened the stable door, and was greeted by Stella's low, friendly neighing, or when she limped forward in her box-stall and put her small, clean-shaped head on his shoulder, then Lars Moe's heart swelled until it seemed on the point of breaking. And so it came to pass that

he added a codicil to his will, setting aside five hundred dollars of his estate as a reward to the man who, within six years, should kill the Gausdale Bruin.

Soon after that, Lars Moe died, as some said, from grief and chagrin; though the physician affirmed that it was of rheumatism of the heart. At any rate, the codicil relating to the enchanted bear was duly read before the church door, and pasted, among other legal notices, in the vestibules of the judge's and the sheriff's offices. When the executors had settled up the estate, the question arose in whose name or to whose credit should be deposited the money which was to be set aside for the benefit of the bear-slayer. No one knew who would kill the bear, or if any one would kill it. It was a puzzling question.

"Why, deposit it to the credit of the bear," said a jocose executor; "then, in the absence of other heirs, his slayer will inherit it. That is good old Norwegian practice, though I don't know whether it has ever been the law."

"All right," said the other executors, "so long as it is understood who is to have the money, it does not matter."

And so an amount equal to \$500 was deposited in the county bank to the credit of the Gausdale Bruin. Sir Barry Worthington, Bart., who came abroad the following summer for the shooting, heard the story, and thought it a good one. So, after having vainly tried to earn the prize himself, he added another \$500 to the deposit, with the stipulation that he was to have the skin.

But his rival for parliamentary honors, Robert Stapleton, Esq., the great iron-master, who had come to Norway chiefly to outshine Sir Barry, determined that he was to have the skin of that famous bear, if any one was to have it, and that, at all events, Sir Barry should not have it. So Mr. Stapleton added \$750 to the bear's bank account, with the stipulation that the skin should come to him.

Mr. Bruin, in the meanwhile, as if to resent this unseemly contention about his pelt, made worse havoc among the herds than ever, and compelled several peasants to move their dairies to other parts of the mountains, where the pastures were poorer, but where they would be free from his depredations. If the \$1750 in the bank had been meant as a bribe or a stipend for good behavior, such as was formerly paid to Italian brigands, it certainly could not have been more demoralizing in its effect; for all agreed that, since Lars Moe's death, Bruin misbehaved worse than ever.

## II.

THERE was an odd clause in Lars Moe's will besides the codicil relating to the bear. It read:

"I hereby give and bequeath to my daughter Unna, or, in case of her decease, to her oldest living issue, my bay mare Stella, as a token that I have forgiven her the sorrow she caused me by her marriage."

It seemed incredible that Lars Moe should wish to play a practical joke (and a bad one at that) on his only child, his daughter Unna, because she had displeased him by her marriage. Yet that was the common opinion in the valley when this singular clause became known. Unna had married Thorkel Tomlevold, a poor tenant's son, and had refused her cousin, the great lumber-dealer, Morten Janson, whom her father had selected for a son-in-law.

She dwelt now in a tenant's cottage, northward in the parish; and her husband, who was a sturdy and fine-looking fellow, eked out a living by hunting and fishing. But they surely had no accommodations for a broken-down, wounded trotting mare, which could not even draw a plow. It is true Unna in the days of her girlhood had been very fond of the mare, and it is only charitable to suppose that the clause, which was in the body of the will, was written while Stella was in her prime, and before she had suffered at the paws of the Gausdale Bruin. But even granting that, one could scarcely help suspecting malice aforethought in the curious provision. To Unna the gift was meant to say, as plainly as possible, "There, you see what you have lost by disobeying your father! If you had married according to his wishes, you would have been able to accept the gift, while now you are obliged to decline it like a beggar."

But if it was Lars Moe's intention to convey such a message to his daughter, he failed to take into account his daughter's spirit. She appeared plainly but decently dressed at the reading of the will, and carried her head not a whit less haughtily than was her wont in her maiden days. She exhibited no chagrin when she found that Janson was her father's heir and that she was disinherited. She even listened with perfect composure to the reading of the clause which bequeathed to her the broken-down mare.

It at once became a matter of pride with her to accept her girlhood's favorite, and accept it she did! And having borrowed a side-saddle, she rode home apparently quite contented. A little shed, or lean-to, was built in the rear of the house, and Stella became a member of Thorkel Tomlevold's family. Odd as it may seem, the fortunes of the family took a turn for the better from the day she arrived; Thorkel rarely came home without big game, and in his traps he caught more than any three other men in all the parish.

"The mare has brought us luck," he said to his wife. "If she can't plow, she can at all events pull



the sleigh to church; and you have as good a right as any one to put on airs, if you choose."

"Yes, she has brought us blessing," replied Unna, quietly; "and we are going to keep her till she dies of old age."

To the children Stella became a pet, as much as if she had been a dog or a cat. The little boy Lars climbed all over her, and kissed her regularly good-morning when she put her handsome head in through the kitchen door to get her lump of sugar. She was as gentle as a lamb and as intelligent as a dog. Her great brown eyes, with their soft, liquid look, spoke as plainly as words could speak, expressing pleasure when she was patted; and the low neighing with which she greeted the little boy, when she heard his footsteps in the door, was to him like the voice of a friend. He grew to love this handsome and noble animal as he had loved nothing on earth except his father and mother.

As a matter of course, he heard a hundred times the story of Stella's adventure with the terrible Gausdale bear. It was a story that never lost its interest, that seemed to grow more exciting, the oftener it was told. The deep scars of the bear's claws in Stella's thigh were curiously examined, and each time gave rise to new questions. The mare became quite a heroic character, and the suggestion was frequently discussed between Lars and his little sister Marit, whether Stella might not be an enchanted princess who was waiting for some one to cut off her head, so that she might show herself in her glory. Marit thought the experiment well worth trying, but Lars had his doubts, and was unwilling to take the risk; yet if she brought luck, as his mother said, then she certainly must be something more than an ordinary horse.

Stella had dragged little Lars out of the river when he fell overboard from the pier; and that, too, showed more sense than he had ever known a horse to have.

There could be no doubt in his mind that Stella was an enchanted princess. And instantly the thought occurred to him that the dreadful enchanted bear with the evil eye was the sorcerer, and that when he was killed, Stella would resume her human guise. It soon became clear to him that he was the boy to accomplish this heroic deed; and it was equally plain to him that he must keep his purpose secret from all except Marit, as his mother would surely discourage him from engaging in so perilous an enterprise. First of all, he had to learn to shoot; and his father, who was the best shot in the valley, was very willing to teach him. It seemed quite natural to Thorkel that a hunter's son should take readily to

the rifle; and it gave him great satisfaction to see how true his boy's aim was, and how steady his hand.

"Father," said Lars one day, "you shoot so well, why have n't you ever tried to kill the Gausdale Bruin that hurt Stella so badly?"

"Hush, child! you don't know what you are talking about," answered his father; "no leaden bullet will harm that wicked beast."

"Why not?"

"I don't like to talk about it,—but it is well known that he is enchanted."

"But will he then live for ever? Is there no sort of bullet that will kill him?" asked the boy.

"I don't know. I don't want to have anything to do with witchcraft," said Thorkel.

The word "witchcraft" set the boy to thinking, and he suddenly remembered that he had been warned not to speak to an old woman named Martha Pladsen, because she was a witch. Now, she was probably the very one who could tell him what he wanted to know. Her cottage lay close up under the mountain-side, about two miles from his home. He did not deliberate long before going to seek this mysterious person, about whom the most remarkable stories were told in the valley. To his astonishment, she received him kindly, gave him a cup of coffee with rock candy, and declared that she had long expected him. The bullet which was to slay the enchanted bear had long been in her possession; and she would give it to him if he would promise to give her the bear's heart. He did not have to be asked twice for that; and off he started gayly with his prize in his pocket. It was rather an odd-looking bullet, made of silver, marked with a cross on one side and with a lot of queer illegible figures on the other. It seemed to burn in his pocket, so anxious was he to start out at once to release the beloved Stella from the cruel enchantment. But Martha had said that the bear could only be killed when the moon was full; and until the moon was full, he accordingly had to bridle his impatience.

### III.

It was a bright morning in January, and, as it happened, Lars's fourteenth birthday. To his great delight, his mother had gone down to the judge's to sell some ptarmigans, and his father had gone to fell some timber up in the glen. Accordingly he could secure the rifle without being observed. He took an affectionate good-bye of Stella, who rubbed her soft nose against his own, playfully pulled at his coat-collar, and blew her sweet, warm breath into his face. Lars was a simple-hearted boy, in spite of his age, and quite a child at heart. He had lived so secluded from all society, and

breathed so long the atmosphere of fairy tales, that he could see nothing at all absurd in what he was about to undertake. The youngest son in the story-book always did just that sort of thing, and everybody praised and admired him for it. Lars meant, for once, to put the story-book hero into the shade. He engaged little Marit to watch over

ing surface of the snow, for the mountain was steep, and he had to zigzag in long lines before he reached the upper heights, where the bear was said to have his haunts. The place where Bruin had his winter den had once been pointed out to him, and he remembered yet how pale his father was, when he found that he had strayed by chance



"IT WAS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH THE BOY HAD WAITED."

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Stella while he was gone, and under no circumstances to betray him — all of which Marit solemnly promised.

With his rifle on his shoulder and his *skees*\* on his feet, Lars glided slowly along over the glitter-

into so dangerous a neighborhood. Lars's heart, too, beat rather uneasily as he saw the two heaps of stones, called "The Parson," and "The Deacon," and the two huge fir-trees which marked the dreaded spot. It had been customary from

\* Norwegian snowshoes.



immemorial time for each person who passed along the road to throw a large stone on the Parson's heap, and a small one on the Deacon's; but since the Gausdale Bruin had gone into winter quarters there, the stone heaps had ceased to grow.

Under the great knotted roots of the fir-trees there was a hole, which was more than half-covered with snow; and it was noticeable that there was not a track of bird or beast to be seen anywhere around it. Lars, who on the way had been buoyed up by the sense of his heroism, began now to feel strangely uncomfortable. It was so awfully hushed and still round about him; not the scream of a bird—not even the falling of a broken bough was to be heard. The pines stood in lines and in clumps, solemn, like a funeral procession, shrouded in sepulchral white. Even if a crow had cawed it would have been a relief to the frightened boy,—for it must be confessed that he was a trifle frightened,—if only a little shower of snow had fallen upon his head from the heavily-laden branches, he would have been grateful for it, for it would have broken the spell of this oppressive silence.

There could be no doubt of it; inside, under those tree-roots slept Stella's foe,—the dreaded enchanted beast who had put the boldest of hunters to flight, and set lords and barons by the ears for the privilege of possessing his skin. Lars became suddenly aware that it was a foolhardy thing he had undertaken, and that he would better betake himself home. But then, again, had not Witch-Martha said that she had been waiting for him; that he was destined by fate to accomplish this deed, just as the youngest son had been in the story-book. Yes, to be sure, she had said that; and it was a comforting thought.

Accordingly, having again examined his rifle, which he had carefully loaded with the silver bullet before leaving home, he started boldly forward, climbed upon the little hillock between the two trees, and began to pound it lustily with the butt-end of his gun. He listened for a moment tremulously, and heard distinctly long, heavy sighs from within.

His heart stood still. The bear was awake! Soon he would have to face it! A minute more elapsed; Lars's heart shot up into his throat. He leaped down, placed himself in front of the entrance to the den, and cocked his rifle. Three long minutes passed. Bruin had evidently gone to sleep again. Wild with excitement, the boy rushed forward and drove his skee-staff straight into the den with all his might. A sullen growl was heard, like a deep and menacing thunder. There could be no doubt that now the monster would take him to task for his impertinence.

Again the boy seized his rifle; and his nerves,

though tense as stretched bow-strings, seemed suddenly calm and steady. He lifted the rifle to his cheek, and resolved not to shoot until he had a clear aim at heart or brain. Bruin, though Lars could hear him rummaging within, was in no hurry to come out. But he sighed and growled uproariously, and presently showed a terrible, long-clawed paw, which he thrust out through his door and then again withdrew. But apparently it took him a long while to get his mind clear about the cause of the disturbance; for fully five minutes had elapsed when suddenly a big tuft of moss was tossed out upon the snow, followed by a cloud of dust and an angry creaking of the tree-roots.

Great masses of snow were shaken from the swaying tops of the firs, and fell with light thuds upon the ground. In the face of this unexpected shower, which entirely hid the entrance to the den, Lars was obliged to fall back a dozen paces; but, as the glittering drizzle cleared away, he saw an enormous brown beast standing upon its hind legs, with wide-distended jaws. He was conscious of no fear, but of a curious numbness in his limbs, and strange noises, as of warning shouts and cries, filling his ears. Fortunately, the great glare of the sun-smitten snow dazzled Bruin; he advanced slowly, roaring savagely, but staring rather blindly before him out of his small, evil-looking eyes. Suddenly, when he was but a few yards distant, he raised his great paw, as if to rub away the cobwebs that obscured his sight. It was the moment for which the boy had waited. Now he had a clear aim! Quickly he pulled the trigger; the shot reverberated from mountain to mountain, and in the same instant the huge brown bulk rolled in the snow, gave a gasp, and was dead! The spell was broken! The silver bullet had pierced his heart. There was a curious unreality about the whole thing to Lars. He scarcely knew whether he was really himself or the hero of the fairy-tale. All that was left for him to do now was to go home and marry Stella, the delivered princess.

The noises about him seemed to come nearer and nearer; and now they sounded like human voices. He looked about him, and to his amazement saw his father and Marit, followed by two wood-cutters, who, with raised axes, were running toward him. Then he did not know exactly what happened; but he felt himself lifted up by two strong arms, and tears fell hot and fast upon his face.

"My boy! my boy!" said the voice in his ears, "I expected to find you dead."

"No, but the bear is dead," said Lars, innocently.

"I did n't mean to tell on you Lars," cried Marit, "but I was so afraid, and then I had to."

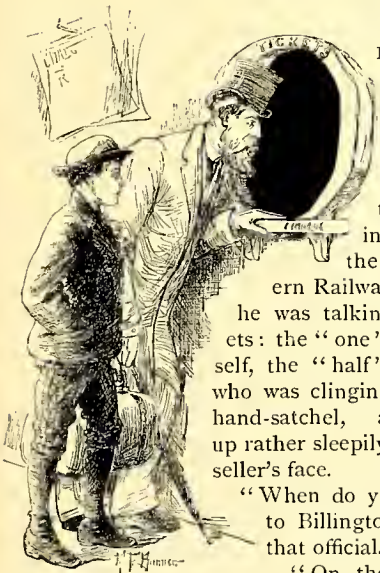
The rumor soon filled the whole valley that the great Gausdale Bruin was dead, and that the boy Lars Tomlevold had killed him. It is needless to say that Lars Tomlevold became the parish hero from that day. He did not dare to confess in the presence of all this praise and wonder that at heart he was bitterly disappointed; for when he came home, throbbing with wild expectancy, there stood Stella before the kitchen door, munching a piece of bread; and when she hailed him with a low whinny, he burst into tears. But he dared not tell any one why he was weeping.

This story might have ended here, but it has a little sequel. The \$1750 which Bruin had to his

credit in the bank had increased to \$2290; and it was all paid to Lars. A few years later, Marten Janson, who had inherited the estate of Moe from old Lars, failed in consequence of his daring forest speculations, and young Lars was enabled to buy the farm at auction at less than half its value. Thus he had the happiness to bring his mother back to the place of her birth, of which she had been wrongfully deprived; and Stella, who was now twenty-one years old, occupied once more her handsome box-stall, as in the days of her glory. And although she never proved to be a princess, she was treated as if she were one, during the few years that remained to her.

## SANTA CLAUS IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



NE and a half for Billington!"

The speaker was standing at the ticket window in the station of the Great Western Railway. Evidently he was talking about tickets: the "one" was for himself, the "half" for the boy who was clinging to the small hand-satchel, and looking up rather sleepily at the ticket-seller's face.

"When do you wish to go to Billington?" inquired that official.

"On the next train: eleven o'clock, is n't it?" asked the traveler.

"That train does not run Saturday nights; no train leaves here for Billington until to-morrow, at midnight!"

"But this train is marked 'daily' in the guide."

"It was a daily train until last month."

"Well, here 's a how-d'ye-do!" said the tall gentleman, slowly; only three hours' ride from home, on the night before Christmas; and here we are, with no help for it but to stay in Chicago all Christmas Day. How 's that, my son?"

"It's bad luck with a vengeance," answered the lad, now thoroughly awake, and almost ready to cry. "I wish we had staid at Uncle Jack's."

"So do I," answered his father. "But there is no use in fretting. We are in for it, and we must make the best of it. Run and call that cabman who brought us over from the other station. I will send a message to your mother; and we will find a place to spend our Sunday."

This was the way it had happened: Mr. Murray had taken Mortimer with him on a short business trip to Michigan, for a visit to his cousins, and they were on their return trip; they had arrived at Chicago, Saturday evening, fully expecting to reach home during the night. The ticket-agent has explained the rest.

"Take us to the Pilgrim House," said Mr. Murray, as he shut the double door of the hansom; and they were soon jolting away over the block pavements, across the bridges, and through the gayly lighted streets. It was now only ten o'clock, and the Christmas buyers were still thronging the shops, and the streets were alive with heavily-laden pedestrians who had added their holiday purchases to the Saturday night's marketing, and were suffering from the embarrassment of riches. Soon the carriage stopped at the entrance of the hotel, and the travelers were speedily settled in a second story front room, from the windows of which the bright pageant of the street was plainly visible.

While Mortimer Murray is watching the throngs below, we will learn a little more about him. He



is a fairly good boy, as boys average; not a perfect character, but bright and capable, and reasonably industrious, with no positively mean streaks in his make-up. He will not lie; and he is never positively disobedient to his father and mother; though he sometimes does what he knows to be displeasing to them, and thinks it rather hard to be re-proved for such misconduct. In short, he is somewhat self-willed, and a little too much inclined to do the things that he likes to do, no matter what pain he may give to others. The want of consideration for the wishes and feelings of others is his greatest fault. If others fail in any duty toward him, he sees it quickly and feels it keenly; if he fails in any duty toward others, he thinks it a matter of small consequence, and wonders why they are mean enough to make such a fuss about it.

This is not a very uncommon fault in a boy, I fear; and boys who, like Mortimer, are often indulged quite as much as is good for them, have great need to be on their guard against it.

Before many moments Mortimer wearied of the bewildering panorama of the street, and drew a rocker up to the grate near which his father was sitting.

"Tough luck, is n't it?" were the words with which he broke silence.

"For whom, my son?"

"For you and me."

"I was thinking of your mother and of Charley and Mabel; it is their disappointment that troubles me most."

"Yes," said Mortimer, rather dubiously. In his regret at not being able to spend his Christmas day at home, he of course had thought of the pleasure of seeing his mother and his brother and sister and the baby; but any idea of their feelings in the matter had not entered his mind. Only a few hours before, in the Murray's home, Nurse with the happy baby in her arms had said to Charley and Mabel:

"Cheer up, children, and eat your supper. Your papa and Master Mortimer will surely be here by to-morrow."

But Mortimer so many miles away had not heard this. Now he glanced up at his father and spoke again:

"When shall we have our Christmas?"

"On Monday, probably. We can reach home very early Monday morning. We should not have spent Sunday as a holiday if we had gone home to-night. Our Christmas dinner and our Christmas-tree must have waited for Monday."

"Do you suppose that Mother will have the tree ready?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"My! I'd like to know what's on it?"

"Don't you know of anything that will be on it?"

"N—no, sir."

Mortimer's cheeks reddened at the questioning glance of his father. He had thus suddenly faced the fact that he had come up to the very Eve of Christmas without making any preparation to bestow gifts upon others. He had wondered much what he should receive; he had taken no thought about what he could give. Christmas, in his calendar, was a day for receiving, not for giving. Every year his father and mother had prompted him to make some little preparation, but he had not entered into the plan very heartily; this year they had determined to say nothing to him about it, and to let him find out for himself how it seemed to be only a receiver on the day when all the world finds its chief joy in giving.

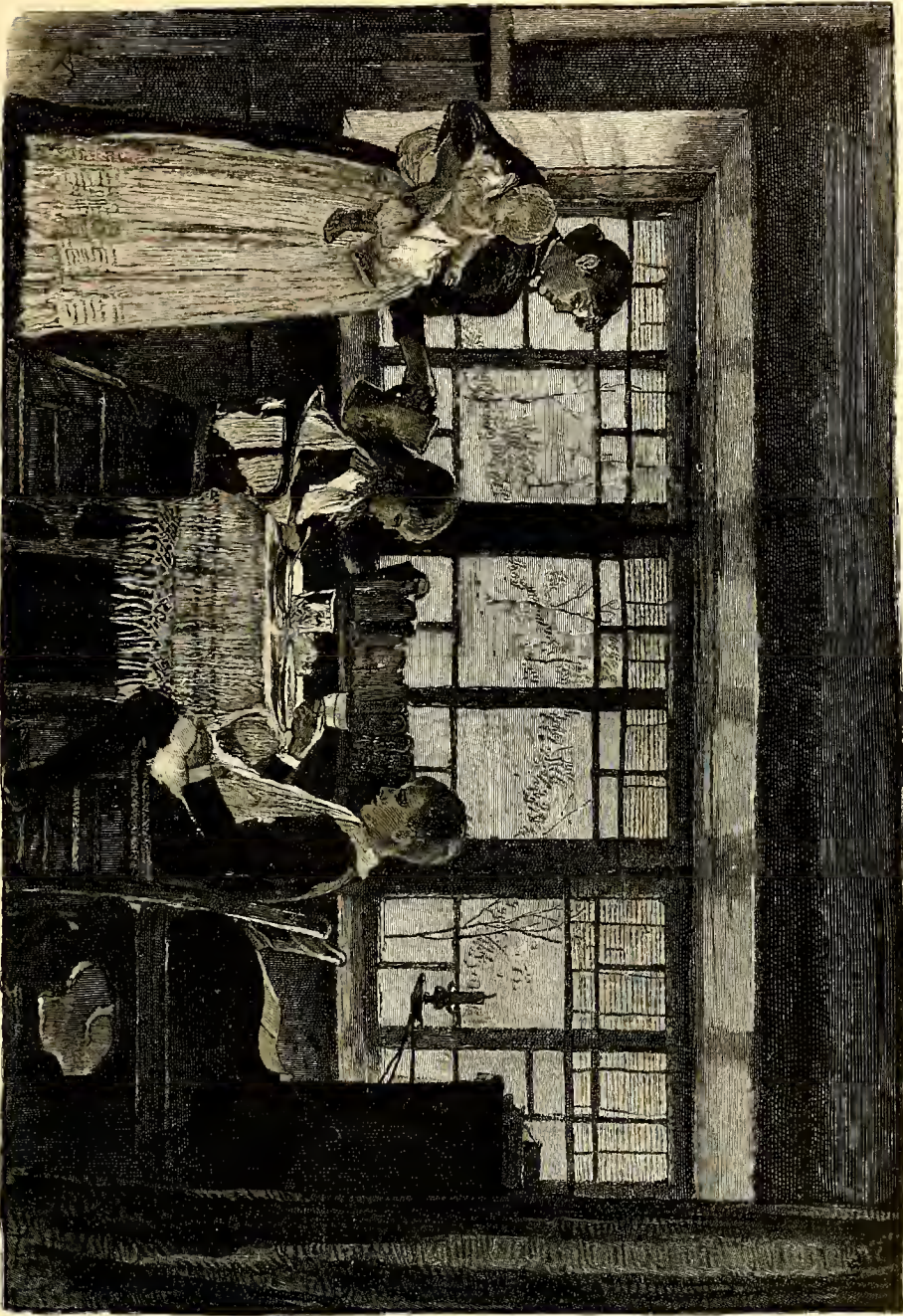
Mortimer had plenty of time to think about it, for his father saw the blush upon his face, and knew that there was no need of further words. They sat there silent before the fire for some time; and the boy's face grew more and more sober and troubled.

"What a pig I have been!" he was saying to himself. "Never thought about getting anything ready to hang on the tree! Been so busy in school all last term! But then I've had lots of time for skates and tobogganing, and all that sort of thing. Wonder why they did n't put me up to think about it! P'raps they'd say I'm big enough to think about it myself. Guess I am. I'd like to kick myself, anyhow!"

With such discomfiting meditations, Mortimer peered into the glowing coals; and while he mused, the fire burned not only before his feet but within his breast as well—the fire of self-reproof that gave the baser elements in his nature a wholesome scorching. At length he found his pillow, and slept, if not the sleep of the just, at least the sleep of the healthy twelve-year-old boy, which is generally quite as good.

The next morning, Mortimer and his father rose leisurely, and after a late breakfast walked slowly down the avenue. The air was clear and crisp, and the streets were almost as full of worshipers as they had been of shoppers the night before; the Christmas services in all the churches were calling out great congregations. The Minnesota Avenue Presbygational Church, which the travelers sought, welcomed them to a seat in the middle aisle; and Mortimer listened with great pleasure to the beautiful music of the choir, and the hearty singing of the congregation, and tried to follow the minister in the reading and in the prayer, though his thoughts wandered more than once to that uncomfortable subject of which he had been thinking the

"CHEER UP, CHILDREN, AND EAT YOUR SUPPER," SAID THE NURSE.



night before; and he wondered whether his father and mother and the friends who knew him best did really think him a mean and selfish fellow.

When the sermon began, Mortimer fully determined to hear and remember just as much of it as

he could. The text was those words of the Lord Jesus that Paul remembered and reported for us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And Doctor Burrows began by saying that everybody believed *that*, at Christmas-time; in fact, they



knew it; they found it out by experience; and that was what made Christmas the happiest day of the year. Mortimer blushed again, and glanced up at his father; but there was no answering glance; his father's eyes were fixed upon the preacher. The argument of the sermon was a little too deep for Mortimer, though he understood parts of it, and tried hard to understand it all; but there was a register in the aisle near by, and the church was very warm, and he began looking down, and after awhile the voice of the preacher ceased, and he looked up to see what was the matter, and there, in the pulpit, was—who was it? *Could it be?* It was a very small man, with long white hair and beard, and ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and brisk motions. Yes; Mortimer



had quite made up his own mind that it must be he, when a boy by his side, whom he had not noticed before, whispered:

“Santa Claus!”

This was very queer indeed. At least it seemed so at first; but when Mortimer began to reason about it, he saw at once that Santa Claus, being a saint, had a perfect right to be in the pulpit. But soon this did not seem, after all, very much like a pulpit; it had changed to a broad platform, and the rear was a white screen against the wall; and in place of a desk was a curious instrument, on a tripod, looking something like a photographer's camera and something like a stereopticon.

Santa Claus was standing by the side of this

instrument, and was just beginning to speak when Mortimer looked up. This was what he heard:

“Never heard me preach before, did you? No. Talking is not my trade. But the wise man says there's a time to speak as well as a time to keep silence. I've kept my mouth shut tight for several hundred years; now I'm going to open it. But my sermon will be illustrated. See this curious machine?” and he laid his hand on the instrument by his side; “it's a wonder-box; it will show you some queer pictures—queerest you ever saw.”

“Let's see 'em!” piped out a youngster from the front seats. The congregation smiled and rustled, and Santa Claus went on:

“Wait a bit, my little man. You'll see all you want to see very soon, and may be more. I've been in this Christmas business now for a great many years, and I've been watching the way people take their presents, and what they do with them, and what effect the giving and the taking has upon the givers and takers; and I have come to the conclusion that Christmas certainly is not a blessing to everybody. Of course it is n't. Nothing in the world is so pure and good that somebody does not pervert it. Here is father-love and mother-love, the best things outside of heaven; but some of you youngsters abuse it by becoming selfish and greedy, and learning to think that your fathers and mothers ought to do all the work and make all the sacrifices, and leave you nothing to do but to have a good time.”

Just here Mortimer felt his cheeks reddening again, and he coughed a little, and opened a hymn-book and held it up before his face to hide his blushes.

“So the fact that Christmas proves a damage to many is nothing against Christmas,” Santa Claus continued; “but the fact that some people are hurt by it more than they are helped is a fact that you all ought to know. And as Christmas came this year on Sunday, it was my chance to give the world the benefit of my observations, and there could n't be a better place to begin than Chicago, so here I am.”

This last statement touched the local pride of the audience, and there was a slight movement of applause; at which the small boys in front, who had begun to grow sleepy, rubbed their eyes and pricked up their ears.

“There is one thing more,” said the preacher, “that I want distinctly understood. I am *not* the bringer of all the Christmas gifts.” Here a little girl over in the corner under the gallery looked up to her mother and nodded, as if to say, “I told you so!” “No; there are plenty of presents that people *say* were brought by Santa Claus, with which

Santa Claus had nothing at all to do. There are some givers whose presents I would n't touch; they would soil my fingers or burn them. There are some takers to whom I would give nothing, because they don't deserve it, and because everything that is given to them makes them a little meaner than they were before. Oh, no! You must n't believe all you hear about Santa Claus! He does n't do all the things that are laid to him. He is n't a fool.

"And now I'm going to show you on this screen some samples of different kinds of presents. I have pictures of them here, a funny kind of pictures, as you will see. Do you know how I got the pictures? Well, I have one of those little detective cameras — did you ever see one? — that will take your portrait a great deal quicker than you can pronounce the first syllable of Jack Robinson. It is a little box with a hole in it, and a slide, that is worked with a spring, covering the hole. You point the nozzle of it at anybody, or anything, and touch the spring with your thumb, and, click! you have it — the ripple of the water, the flying feet of the racer, the gesture of the talker, the puff of steam from the locomotive, the unfinished bark of the dog. I've been about with this detective, collecting my samples of presents, and now I'm going to exhibit them to you here by means of my Grand Stereoscopic Moral Tester, an instrument that brings out the good or the bad in anything, and sets it before your eyes as plain as day. You will first see on the screen the thing itself, just as it looks to ordinary eyesight; then I shall turn on my æonian light through my ethical lens, and you will see how the same thing looks when one knows all about it, where it came from, and why it was given, and how it was received.

"First, I shall show you one or two of those presents that I said I would n't touch. Here, for example, is an elegant necklace that I saw a man buying for his wife in a jewelry store yesterday; I caught it as he held it in his hands. There! is n't it a beauty? Links of solid gold, clasp set with diamonds; would you like it, girls?"

"H'm! My! Is n't it a daisy!" murmured the delighted children, as they gazed on the bright picture.

"Don't be too sure!" cried the preacher. "Things are not always what they seem. Look!"

A new light of strange brilliance now lit up the pictures, and every link of that golden chain was transformed into an iron fetter that fastened a woman's wrist, — a woman's wrist that vainly strove to release from its imprisonment a woman's hand. The chain itself was a great circle of women's hands, — wan, cramped, emaciated, pitiful hands, — each one holding a needle, each one

clutching helplessly the empty air. Within this circle suddenly sprung to view a little group — a woman, bending by the dim light of a winter afternoon over a garment in her hands, and two pale children lying near her on a pallet covered with rags, while the scanty furniture of the room betokened the most bitter poverty. It was evident enough that the poor creatures were famishing; the hopeless look on the mother's face, as she plied her needle with fierce and anxious speed, glancing now and then at the sleeping children, was enough to touch the hardest heart; a low murmur of pitiful exclamation ran around the room, and there were tears in many eyes.

"She is only one of them," cried Santa Claus. "There are four hundred just like her, working for the man who bought this necklace for his wife yesterday; it is out of their life-blood that he is coining his gold. And to think that such a man should take the money that he makes in this way to buy a Christmas present. Ugh! What has such a man to do with Christmas?" And the good saint shook his fist and stamped his feet in holy wrath. Then the group faded, leaving what looked like a great blood-stain in its place; but that, in its turn, shortly disappeared, and the white screen waited for another picture.

"I have many pictures that are even more painful than this," said the preacher, "but I am not going to let you see any more of them. I only want you to know how the rewards of iniquity look in the æonian light. There are a few more pictures, less terrible to see, but some of them will be a little unpleasant for some of you, I fear. Here is a basket of fruit; it looks very tempting, at first; but let the true light strike it. There! now you see that it is all decayed and withered. It is really as bitter and disgusting as it now looks. It was given, this morning, by a young man to a politician. The young man wants an office. That was why he made this present. A great many so-called Christmas presents are made for some such reason. Not a particle of love goes with them. They are smeared all over with selfishness. Christmas presents! Bah! Is this the spirit of Christmas?"

"But here is one of a different sort."

A pretty crimson toilet-case now appeared upon the screen.

"Elegant, is it not? Now see how it looks to those who live in the æonian light."

The crimson plush slowly changed to what looked like rather soiled canton flannel, and the carved ivory to clumsily whittled bass-wood.

"What is the matter with this? I shall not tell you who gave it, nor to whom it was given; it is no real wrong-doing on the part of the giver that



makes the gift poor; it is only because the gift represents no effort, no sacrifice, no thoughtful love. In fact, the one who gave it got the money to buy it with from the one who received it. There are a great many Christmas presents of this sort :

with painstaking labor and self-denial. Now I 'm going to show you another, which will enable you to get the idea."

It was a little picture-frame of cherry wood rather rudely carved, that now appeared upon the screen.



"WITHIN THIS CIRCLE SUDDENLY SPRUNG TO VIEW A LITTLE GROUP."

it is n't best to say any hard words about them ; but you see that they are not, really, quite so handsome as they look. Nothing is really beautiful, for a Christmas present, that does not prove a personal affection, and a readiness to express it

"The boy who made this for his mother works hard every day in school and carries the evening papers to help with the family expenses ; he carved this at night, when he could gain a little time from his lessons, because he could n't afford the money

to buy anything, and because he thought his mother would be better pleased with something that he himself had made. You think it does n't amount to much, don't you? Well, now look!"

The transfiguring light flashed upon the screen, and the little cherry frame expanded to a great and richly ornamented frame of rosewood and gold, fit to hang upon the walls of a king's palace; and there, in the space that before was vacant, surrounded by all that beautiful handiwork, was the smiling face of a handsome boy.

The people, old and young, forgot that they were in church and clapped their hands vigorously, Santa Claus himself joining in the applause and moving about the platform with great glee.

"Yes!" he cried, "that's the boy, and that's the beauty of this little frame of his; the boy is in it; he put his love into it, he put himself into it, when he made it; and when you see it as it really is, you see him in it. And that's what makes any Christmas present precious, you know; it comes from your heart and life, and it touches the heart and quickens the love of the one to whom it is given.

"I have a great number of presents of this sort that I should like to show you if I had time. Here, for instance, is a small glass inkstand that a little boy gave his father. It is one of half a dozen presents that he made; it cost only a dime or two, and you think it is not worth much; but now, when I turn the truth-telling light upon it, you see what it is—a vase of solid crystal, most wonderfully engraved with the richest designs. The boy did not make this with his own hands, but he gained every cent that it cost by patient, faithful, uncomplaining labor. He begged the privilege of earning his Christmas money in this way, and right honestly he earned it; leaving his play, whenever he was summoned for any service, without a word of grumbling, and taking upon himself many little labors and cares that would have burdened his father and mother. When he took his money and went out to spend it the day before Christmas, he was happy and proud, because he could fairly call it his own money; and the presents that he bought with it represented him.

"And now there is only one thing more that I shall show you, but that is a kind of thing that is common, only too common I'm afraid. It is a present that was all beautiful and good enough till it left the hands of the giver, but was spoiled by the receiver. Here it is."

A silver cup, beautifully chased and lined with gold, now came into view.

"A boy whom I know found this in his stocking this morning. He was up bright and early; he pulled the presents out of his stocking rather greedily; he wanted to see whether they had

bought for him the things he had been wishing for and hinting about. Some of them were there and some were not; he was almost inclined to scold, but concluded that he might better hold his tongue. But this boy had made no presents at all. He is one of the sort that takes all he can get, but never gives anything. This is what Christmas means to him. It is a time for getting, not for giving. And I want you to see how this dainty eup looked, as soon as it got into his greedy hands."

Again the revealing light fell upon the cup and its beauty and shapeliness disappeared, and it was nothing but a common pewter mug, all tarnished and marred, and bent out of form.

"There!" cried the preacher; "that is the kind of thing that is most hateful to me. It hurts me to see lovely things fall into the hands of selfish people, for such people can see no real loveliness in them. It is love that makes all things lovely; and he who has no love in his own heart can discern no love in anything that comes into his hands. What does Christmas mean to such a one? What good does it do him? It does him no good; it does him harm, every time. Every gift that he gets makes him a little greedier than he was before. That is the way it works with a certain kind of Sunday-school children. They come in, every year, just before Christmas, only because they hope to get something; they take what they can get, and grumble because it is n't more, and go away, and that's the last of them till Christmas comes around again. That's what they think of Christmas. They think it is a pig's feast. Precious little they know about it. I know them, thousands of them! But they never get anything from me,—never! They think they do, but that's a mistake! I don't like to see my pretty things marred and spoiled like this cup. I'm not going to give to those who are made worse by receiving.

"No! I can do better. I can find people enough to whom it is worth while to give Christmas gifts because there is love in their hearts; and the gift of love awakens more love. Those who know the joy of giving are made better by receiving. And there are hosts of them, too, millions of them; tens of millions, I believe; more this Christmas than ever before since the Babe was born in Bethlehem; people whose pleasure it is to give pleasure to others; good-willers, cheerful workers, loving helpers, generous hearts, who have learned and remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Through all this part of Santa Claus's sermon Mortimer had known that his face was growing redder and redder; he was sure that the eyes of



all the people in the church were being fixed on him; he felt that he could not endure it another moment, and he caught up his hat and was going to rush out of the building, when suddenly the voice was silent, and he looked up to see what it meant—and Santa Claus was not there; it was Doctor Burrows again, and he was just closing the Bible and taking up the hymn-book. Mortimer glanced about him and drew a long breath of relief.

As they walked back to the hotel, Mr. Murray asked Mortimer how he liked the sermon.

"Which sermon?" asked Mortimer.

"Why, Dr. Burrows's sermon, of course."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. It was a good sermon, was n't it?"

"Excellent. What was the text?"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Was n't that the way he ended up?" asked Mortimer, brightening.

"It was."

"I thought so."

"Thought so; did n't you hear it?"

"Yes, I heard that. But—I was hearing—something else about that time, and I was n't sure."

"What else did you hear?"

"Lots. P'raps I'll tell you some time," replied the lad.

Mr. Murray did not press the question, and Mortimer was silent. All that day and the next Mortimer seemed to have much serious thinking to do: he was a little reluctant to take his Christmas presents, and he received them at last with a tender gratitude that he had never shown before.

"It must have been Dr. Burrows's sermon," said Mr. Murray to his wife as they were talking it over the next night. "I did n't think Mortimer could get much out of it; in fact I thought he was asleep part of the time, but it seems to have taken hold of him in the right way. It was a good sermon and a practical one. I'm going to ask our minister to exchange some time with Dr. Burrows."

"I wish he would," said Mrs. Murray.

That was the way Mr. and Mrs. Murray looked at it. But I think that if they had asked Mortimer, Mortimer could have told them that it would be a much better idea to suggest to their minister that he exchange some time with the Reverend Doctor Santa Claus.

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## "INNOCENCE."

*(Verses sent with bluets to a little girl.)*

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

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AFIELD I met a darling crowd  
Of blossom-children sweet;  
(Dear Mother Nature must be proud,  
These children keep so neat,  
So thick they stood, I cried aloud,  
"I dare not move my feet!")

Their dresses all were like the sky  
When light clouds film the blue;  
And each one had a sunny eye,  
And Heaven-secrets knew;  
But some, not wide awake, or shy,  
Their heads bent down from view.

I touched the tallest in a row:  
"Dear heart! your name I'd call,  
If you your name would please to show."  
A voice came faint and small:  
"My name I truly do not know;  
I'm Innocence,—that 's all!"

Now, there 's a child-flower soft and bright,  
And Innocence is she;  
I thought these blossom-children might  
Her very sisters be;  
And so I sent them, blue and white,  
To Dorothea G.

# The Belated Barber

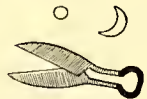


an Aztec Fragment

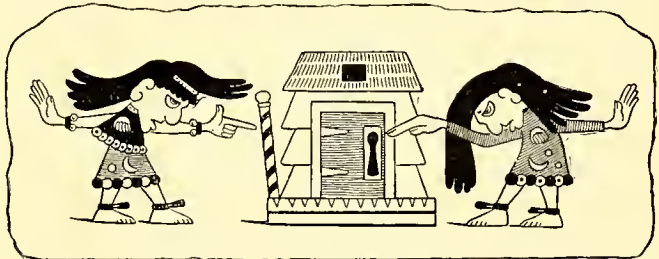
by J. Francis.



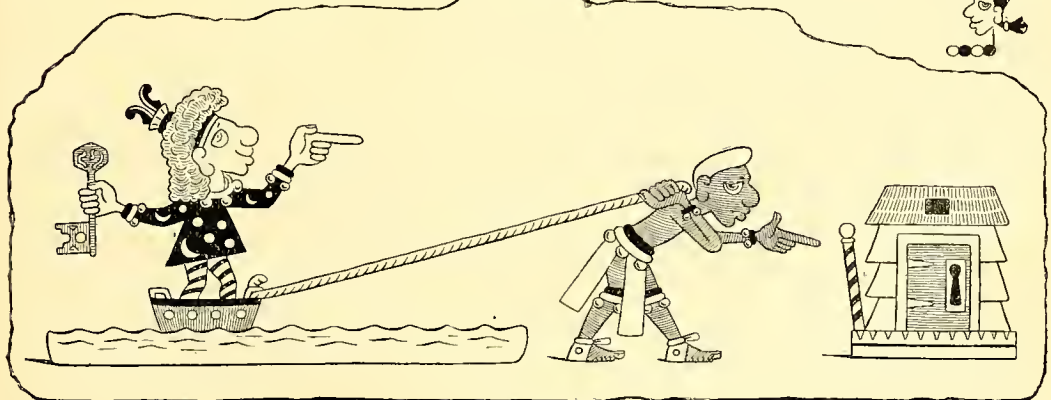
This Barber with the planetary coat  
Has just missed the 7:30 morning boat.



Now the Aztecs  
will despair,  
For he cannot cut  
their hair,



Unless he finds a tub or something that will float.







BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

Too cold it was to ride or walk ;  
 A little elf swung on a marigold stalk,  
 The marigold flowers were fallen and dead,  
 The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow,  
 A bitter wind rushed to and fro,  
 And all the violets were a-bed.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue,  
 But the little elf's self was jolly all through ;  
 And as he swung from side to side,  
 He sang this song with an air of pride :

“ Out o' the wool o' the chestnut-buds  
 My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin ;  
 Of a bat's wing made my cloak,  
 Warm enough to wrap a Turk in ;  
 Lined them all with thistle-down,  
 Gathered when the pods were brown ;  
 Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,  
 Left upon a cockle-bur ;

“ Yet, in spite o' everything,  
 Much I fear that cold I be.  
 Ha ! ha ! the Spring ! Ho ! ho ! the Spring !  
 The merry, merry Spring for me !”





## HOW THE HART BOYS SAW GREAT SALT LAKE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



IGHT had set in when the Hart boys arrived with their tutor at Salt Lake City, and they went to their beds immediately — in an old, rambling and rather dilapidated hotel, — with anything but agreeable first impressions of the famous Mormon town of Utah.

Their opinion of it changed, however, when the light, shining in at their windows, awoke them the next morning; and they looked out from the midst of the beautiful valley in which the city rests, over the roofs, and the rows of trees that shade its streets, and saw the sunshine on the glittering peaks of the snow-capped mountains around.

“I had no idea that the Mormons could get up anything so fine as this!” exclaimed Roland, breathing the fresh air at the open casement, and gazing with delight at the thin, vapory clouds floating along the mountain-sides, the gorges full of purple mists, and the snowy summits gleaming over all.

“The Mormons know a good thing when they see it,” replied his cousin Dean, as he slipped his suspenders upon his shoulders. “When the old leaders discovered this valley in the desert, I don’t know how many years ago, at the time when they were looking for a new seat of empire, where they could build up a great nation, outside of our civilization—”

“Bah! don’t be eloquent now!” Roland laughed. “Or is it poetry you’re making?”

‘Where they could build up a nation  
Outside of our civilization!’

Why, I did n’t think you were capable of that.”

“I felt that I was wading in rather deep language,” said Dean. “If I made a rhyme, put it in your note-book; for I shall probably never make another. To tell the truth, I was thinking what the Duke would say on the occasion; I was speaking as his proxy.”

“The Duke” was the title, or nickname which the boys had bestowed in boy-fashion upon their tutor, “plain Mr.” Wellington, whom they now heard stirring in the next room.

In five minutes they were knocking at his door, before which the hotel porter had lately set down a pair of dapper boots in the highest state of polish.

“Well, young gentlemen,” the tutor said, as they entered, speaking under the flapping folds of a damp towel, with which he was making the bald top of his head shine, “you’re stirring early; what are you going to do with yourselves before breakfast?”

“We thought we would go out and take a little stroll,” replied Roland.

“See the town,” his cousin Dean added, “and perhaps chuck a stone or two into the famous Great Salt Lake.”

The Duke stopped polishing his head, with his thin side-locks straggling all over it, and the towel in his two hands, and looked at the boy with a sort of mournful astonishment.

“Permit me to ask,” he said, with a smile of sad humor, in which he was apt to indulge when either of his pupils blundered, “about how far can you ‘chuck’ a stone,— as you term the simple act, I suppose, of throwing?”

Dean knew at once that he had said something ridiculous, but could n’t conceive what. He laughed as he looked around in a questioning way for a hint from Roland; but his cousin’s ruddy face gave no sign.



"I don't know; I never measured the distance," he replied.

"Eighteen yards?" inquired the tutor.

"Oh, more than that!"

"Eighteen miles?"

"Well! hardly so far," Dean answered, blushing and laughing.

"I thought not," remarked the tutor quietly.

"But allow me to say that you will have to throw a stone that distance if you expect to make a splash with it in the lake before breakfast this morning."

"What!" said Roland, with a disappointed look, "I thought the lake was one of the things we came here to see."

"That is true," the tutor replied. "But to visit it we have to take a little journey of some-

"Not before breakfast this morning," replied the tutor. "Go and enjoy your walk now, and get an appetite. You may stroll on the banks of the Jordan, if not on the shores of this Mormon Dead Sea."

"The Jordan?" queried Dean.

"That is the name the saints have given to the river which flows from Utah Lake into Great Salt Lake from the south. You'd better read up about it in the guide-books. Bear River flows into it from the north, and other streams contribute their fresh waters to this great inland sea."

"How about those that flow out of it?" Dean asked, turning the pages of a little railroad guide-book which he picked up from the table.

"The lake has no outlet; the waters of the



"DEAN PICKED UP THE BOOTS, AND TRIED TO ATONE FOR HIS CARELESSNESS BY DUSTING THEM WITH A TOWEL."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

thing like eighteen miles. Though I suppose it is n't so far as that to the nearest shore, as a bird flies."

"Or as you chuck a stone," said Roland merrily, nudging his cousin. "When shall we take the little journey to the lake, sir?" he inquired.

mountain streams fall into that great basin and are at rest; they sleep the sleep of death," said the tutor, "or ascend to heaven by evaporation," he added with a touch of poetry, with which he sometimes liked to adorn his discourse. "There's a thought for you, boys; consider it."

"The lake must be very much larger than I thought, to take in the rivers without overflowing its banks," observed Roland.

"In spring, when the mountain snows are melting, the lake sometimes spreads over the plains that border its shores. But it is a large lake at any time; about ninety miles in length, I believe, and forty miles wide. An immense sheet of water! And no living thing can exist in it. Not a fish in all that silent sea! It is the heaviest sort of brine, charged with salt and other mineral substances. Leave a stick in it a few hours, and when you take it out it will appear covered with crystals. Put a live trout in it, and it will turn over on its back and die in about three or four gasps. It is a wonderful lake," added the tutor, before the glass, arranging his hair so as to conceal the bald spot on his crown.

"I should say so," cried Dean, with his eyes fixed with keen interest on the pages of the guide-book. And he read aloud:

"And the lake itself! Always mysterious, it appeals to the imagination of every traveler. It sleeps forever. No waves dance over it, no surf ever breaks the stillness of its melancholy shores. I am going to have a bath in that lake!" he exclaimed, giving the page an enthusiastic slap.

"They say a person can't sink in it, owing to the heaviness of the water," said Roland, who was not a good swimmer. "So there's no danger of drowning."

"Danger there is, nevertheless," said the tutor. "The water is so buoyant that it is hard to keep the limbs submerged. Up they come to the surface, in spite of you, and down go your features into the brine, if you are not careful. Then strangulation—the liquid (you can hardly call it water), taken into the throat or nostrils, produces most painful results. A friend of mine, a lady, nearly perished in it once, and was distressingly ill for several days from the effect of an involuntary plunge."

"We'll have a bath in the mysterious lake, anyhow!" exclaimed Dean. And going out with his cousin he kicked over something at the door.

"Is that my boots?" called out the usually quiet Mr. Wellington, in sudden alarm. "Oh!" he growled, seeing that his foot-gear had been upset upon the dusty floor; "just after they had been beautifully polished!"

If there was anything he was extremely particular about, it was those slender, dainty, dapper little French boots; and if the Hart boys ever had any fun at his expense, it was chiefly on account of them.

Dean picked up the boots, and tried to atone for his carelessness by dusting them with a towel.

"Don't, for the world!" ejaculated the Duke, springing to the rescue. "That towel is damp!" he added in a sort of horror. He took the boots with as much tenderness as if they had been a pair of human twins, and carefully removed the dust with a soft hat-brush, while the boys smothered their laughter as they hurried from the room.

"There were actually five specks of dust on one of His Grace's boots!" said Dean, "and three specks, besides a small dog's hair, on the other!"

"A small hair, or the hair of a small dog?" asked Roland. "Dean, do express yourself with clearness and precision," he added, very much in the tone of the worthy tutor.

The boys returned in about half an hour with radiant faces. They had not seen the River Jordan, but they had strolled through the shady streets, by the banks of irrigating streams of clear, cold water brought from the mountains; they had rambled about the renowned Mormon Tabernacle and the great unfinished Temple; and they had picked up a pleasant bit of news.

There was to be a great excursion to the lake in the afternoon; and they named a noted swimmer who was to give an exhibition of his skill, free to all spectators at six o'clock.

"We will go out in time to have our bath first," said Dean, "and then see the Captain's performance."

"And enjoy the fine sunset on the lake," added Roland.

To this the tutor agreed. This was on Saturday, the twelfth day of June, 1886; a day which will long be remembered at Salt Lake City, and especially by those tourists who went to witness the Captain's feats of swimming.

The morning was bright and full of promise; the boys passed the forenoon very pleasantly in riding about the city and visiting the principal places of interest with their tutor. Then a wind arose, the sky became overcast, and Mr. Wellington, looking down anxiously at his boots, predicted a storm.

After dinner the weather became still more threatening, and the tutor said the trip to the lake would have to be postponed. At this the boys set up a cry of disappointment.

"How can we postpone it?" said Dean. "Tomorrow is Sunday; and we leave here Monday morning. I am going to see Salt Lake, storm or no storm."

The tutor, however, persuaded them to wait over one train, and see how the weather looked afterward. The wind continued to increase, but there were no more decided indications of rain an hour later than there had been since noon. And the boys, who had been interviewing some of the oldest



inhabitants, returned to the hotel with happy faces.

"They say the wind is sure to go down before night; and there 's never rain here to amount to anything, at this time of year. This, you know, is their dry season."

"Yes, I know," the tutor reluctantly admitted; "but the lake will be too rough for you to take a bath in it, or for the Captain to give his performance."

"Rough?" echoed Dean. "What does your little guide-book say? 'It sleeps forever; no waves dance over it, no surf ever—' and all that. It will be all the more interesting to see a lake—almost half as long as the State of Massachusetts—that sleeps forever, no matter how the wind blows."

"Yes," added Roland, "a lake that never gets its back up, even when it is stroked the wrong way by a heavy gale!"

Mr. Wellington allowed himself to be persuaded, and set out with the boys to walk to the station of the Western & Nevada Railroad, where the excursion trains to the lake were made up. But they had not gone far, when he looked up again at the sky, and down at his boots, and paused.

"Boys!" said he, "I lack faith in this Utah weather. I am going back for my overcoat, and I advise you to take yours."

They scoffed at the idea, and proposed to walk on to the station, and wait for him there. So he returned to the hotel alone, to find that Dean, whom he had sent to the office with their door-keys, had not left them there, but probably still had them in his pocket. The result was that the tutor was so long finding any one who could unlock the door for him, and in getting his overcoat, that the boys at the station became exasperated with impatience when they saw the train about to start without them.

But the train was a remarkably long one, heavily laden with passengers; and though it was hauled by two locomotives, it was not easily put in motion. The engines were panting and struggling, when the boys, who had jumped upon the platform of a car, having determined to make the trip whether their tutor joined them or not, saw him coming down the street in full chase, with his overcoat and umbrella under his arm.

It was great fun for them to see "His Grace, the Duke of Wellington," running for a train in his tight boots; and they waved their handkerchiefs at him cheerfully. The cars, even after they had made a start, moved so slowly that they were easily overtaken; and the tutor was soon on the platform with the boys.

The car was crowded, however, and not a seat in it was to be had. The boys proposed that they should go back to one of the long string of open

cars, which made up the rear of the train. But Mr. Wellington declared that nothing would tempt him to do that, in such a wind as was blowing; beyond the sheltering limits of the city it was almost a gale, and it was growing cold.

The car was crowded, mostly with Mormons, a rather rough and outlandish-looking company, with a few tourists or other Gentiles mixed in. But everybody was good-natured, nobody seemed to heed the unfavorable weather, and soon the car was filled with the loud talk and laughter of the many excursionists.

"This is a mortifying position for a gentleman!" murmured the tutor, crowding into the aisle to get out of the wind, and trying to keep his boots from coming in contact with those of his fellow-travelers. And for a moment he contemplated jumping from the slow-running train and walking back to the hotel.

A stout Mormon woman, who occupied a seat with a little girl, kindly took the child in her lap and made room for him; and after that he was more comfortable. But the sky grew blacker as they advanced, the wind increased, and, in spite of closed doors and windows, circulated through the loosely constructed car.

"And these people fondly imagine they are enjoying themselves!" said the tutor, with a melancholy smile. He even seemed inclined to pity his pupils standing in the aisle beside him, because they were still able to keep up their courage and take a cheerful view of things.

The journey itself was uninteresting as possible. Soon after the River Jordan was crossed (a stream with low, flat shores), they came to desolate plains where not much else grew besides clumps of sage-bush; and afterward they passed long, level, absolutely barren tracts, covered with a whitish scum. These were alkali plains. Then, after what seemed an interminable while to our tourists, the slowly moving train ran by a stretch of half-overflowed land which proved to be the borders of the lake shore.

Approached by the Central Pacific Railroad from the northwest, Great Salt Lake, with its distant hazy levels broken by mountainous islands and blue promontories, is singularly beautiful. But seen as our boys saw it, from the railroad that skirts its southeast shore, particularly on such a day as that memorable Saturday, it is dreary in the extreme.

"What is that white, out there?" asked Dean, stooping to look through the car window across the half-submerged plain.

"That 's the lake itself," said the Mormon woman with the child in her lap.

"Breakers!" exclaimed Roland in astonishment.

"It can't be!" said Dean. "But it is! White-caps, as far as you can see!"

"The lake that 'sleeps forever!'" cried Dean excitedly. "'No waves dance over it, no surf ever breaks the stillness—'! Where 's your 'Journey Across the Continent by the Scenic Route'?" he asked, calling upon the tutor for his little railroad guide-book in which that highly romantic description had been found.

"I don't believe the writer of that ever saw the lake!" Roland declared.

"I am sure he never did in a gale of wind," said the tutor. "But he may have seen it in calm weather. This shows you, boys, how careful we must be in accepting the testimony of the traveler who has seen only one phase of natural objects which he attempts to describe. There 's a thought for your consideration."

Passing the wet lands, the train ran slowly beside the actual shore of the lake, and the boys could see better what that dense and inert mass of water was in a storm. Its surface was lashed into foam as far as the eye could reach. Not simply white-caps tumbled, but regular breakers formed at least half a mile out, much farther from shore, the tutor said, than he had ever seen breakers form, except on shoals or reefs. They swept in slow, heavily rolling surges, one after another, like breakers of white cream, to dash high upon the shore, which there rose eight or ten feet above the level of the lake.

Black Rock, a solitary, wave-worn ledge which rises steeply from the water a little way out from the beach, was enveloped in spray from the billows dashing about it. Not far beyond was the station at Garfield, where the Captain's swimming exhibition was to take place. It was almost time for it now.

The cars stopped near a large open shed or pavilion; this was the railroad station, which appeared crowded with excursionists who had gone out on previous trains. The cold tempestuous wind from the lake swept through it, and a flight of steps that led down from it to the beach was buffeted by the breaking waves.

"We shall have to give up our bath," said Roland, ruefully, seeing that even the descent of the stairs would be dangerous. "But I am going to see what the Captain will do."

"The Captain, if he is wise, will do nothing," said the tutor. "It would be the height of folly for him to undertake to give an exhibition in so mad a sea. It is beginning to rain."

A fine, swift drizzle was in fact flying horizontally into the pavilion, and spattering the car windows. The clouds over the lake were thick and dark, the whitened waves were veiled in mist, and a night of furious storm was about shutting down.

"Boys!" said the tutor, as his companions were leaving the car with the crowd of passengers, "take my advice, and stay where you are. This will be the first train back to the city, and, don't you see, there are hundreds of people waiting to crowd into it, and take the places of those who are foolish enough to vacate them. That open shed affords no one any protection. The wind and even the rain sweep through it. I am going to remain just where I am."

"What! come to see Salt Lake, and never leave your seat in the car?" said Roland. "That is too absurd."

"Absurd or not, that is the only rational thing to do. Many others, you see, are doing the same."

Indeed, many who had started to leave the car were now rushing back with the incoming crowd, and scrambling to regain their seats.

"Be quick, or you will lose your chance!" called the tutor. "I can see all I want to of the lake through a pane of glass!"

But the windows were becoming misty with the drizzle; and, determined to see more, even if they had to stand in the aisle again all the way to town, the boys pressed forward to the platform of the car.

Cries from the lake shore attracted them,— "There he is! there he goes!"—and Roland eagerly asked, "Who goes?"

"The Captain! he is in the water."

The two boys waited to hear no more, but leaped from the car, and, running along the level bank above the beach, among the scattered spectators, did not stop until they had reached a good spot "to see the show," as Dean said.

Below them, a few rods out from the shore, was moored a small excursion steamboat, which was to have made two or three pleasure trips on the lake that afternoon. But pleasure trips in such weather were out of the question. Indeed, the little steamboat appeared to be in imminent danger of being swamped by the waves, or of parting its cable and dashing upon the beach. It was tossing and plunging fearfully, and no sooner was its stern lifted high by one breaker, than the bow plunged into the next, which half-buried it, and swept the deck.

What added intense interest to the scene was the sight of two men standing on the stern, now heaved high by a wave, and then dropped suddenly by the receding surf.

"Why don't they come ashore?" cried Roland, excitedly.

"My dear sir," answered a gray-headed spectator, who stood with his hat pulled over his face, and his coat-collar turned up against the rain, "they would thankfully come ashore if they could."

"Who are they?" Dean inquired.

"The captain of the boat, and, I believe, his



son. They were getting ready for a trip; but as the weather grew bad, they waited for it to grow better. But it grew worse so fast, they could n't get ashore at all. They had a small boat fastened to the stern, and as a last resort they were to use that; but it broke loose, and there they are."

"If the storm increases, or continues all night, what will they do?" said Roland.

"That is more than man can say," replied the stranger. "The steamer has no cabin. They are where there is n't much danger of the

"Did n't he succeed?" the boys inquired.

"Succeed? No! A wave tumbled him over and brought him ashore, as if he had been made of cork. He started into the water again a minute ago, as if he were going to make another attempt, but there was something wrong about the rope he had tied to his waist, and he went back to arrange it."

"Is n't such a storm on this lake something unusual?" Dean innocently wished to know.

"Unusual!" exclaimed the man. "There has been nothing like it known here for twenty years!"



"HE WAS SEEN TUMBLING LIKE A RUBBER BALL IN THE MIDST OF THE SURGE."

waves washing them off; but the spray, you see, is flying over them, and anybody who ever got any of that into his eyes or nostrils can judge something of what those poor fellows must suffer."

The boys had been so much absorbed in watching the endangered steambot and her small crew of two, that they had not noticed some movements taking place on the beach. Dean now asked what they meant.

"Don't you know?" replied the man. "The chap in a rubber suit is the great swimming captain, who was to have given an exhibition here this afternoon. He has just made an attempt to carry a line out to the men on the steamer."

As the rain was coming in hurried volleys, dashing into the boys' faces, they regretted not having borrowed the Duke's umbrella; yet they noticed that the few spectators who had umbrellas were unable to hold them in the face of the tempest; more than one was wrecked and had to be furled. So they, like their gray-headed acquaintance on the bank, turned up the collars of their tightly buttoned coats and pulled their hats over their eyes. And this is the way they saw Great Salt Lake.

But how was His Grace the Duke seeing it? The train had started again, and his car, with its storm-pelted windows, was running off with the

rest on a side track, at a distance from the shore and half a mile farther on. There it was left in the midst of a desolate plain, and enveloped by a blinding storm!

"He is going to try it again!" Dean cried, and he and Roland winked the water from their eyes, the better to see the famous swimmer put his art to a practical use by carrying a line to the distressed men on the steamboat.

He waded out, cased from head to foot in his rubber suit, but unfortunately with his features exposed. He passed the tumbling surf of the first breaker without being taken off his feet. He encountered the second with a brave leap at its crest, and, strongly swimming, using his paddle, passed that successfully also. Then came the third roller, tossing, toppling forward, already crushing into foam with its own weight.

This the Captain took valiantly, making a plunge to dive through it, which he could have done easily enough had the wave been any ordinary sea-water. But its extraordinary buoying power and great momentum were too much even for the great swimmer. Besides, the poisonous brine got into his eyes and nostrils. He was scarcely visible for a moment, then he was seen tumbling like a rubber ball, as light and almost as helpless, in the midst of the breaking surge. He had lost his paddle, and he seemed also to have lost all power of governing his motions, in the dashing waves.

"Merciful heavens! the man will drown!" exclaimed the gray-headed spectator.

With one impulse the cousins rushed down to the beach, in order to assist in the rescue of the gallant Captain. Fortunately his friends on the shore had hold of the rope he was carrying to the steamer; and, seeing it was impossible for him to proceed, they hauled him back to land. He was taken out and lifted upon his feet, blinded for the moment, coughing and strangling terribly, and even unable to stand without support. The boys scrambled back up the bank, with wet feet and a taste of spray from the lake on their lips. There they remained a while longer, watching with great anxiety the two men on the plunging steamboat, and waiting to see if the Captain would make another attempt to rescue them. He was soon taken by his friends to the bathing-house, where his drooping attitude, as he stood on the platform, did not give promise of further efforts on his part.

"There's no hope for those men, except in the wind's going down," said Dean. "We can't wait to see that."

And the two boys hastened to find what poor shelter they could at the open shed of the station. Their feet were splashed with the brine of the lake, and the rain was fast drenching them.

"What a lovely sunset!" laughed Roland.

"We shall have had our bath anyhow," replied Dean; "though not just as we anticipated."

"And we have seen the Captain's performance," added Roland.

The situation under the pavilion roof was not comfortable, but the huddled crowd afforded them a slight protection from the driving storm. Though chilled and wet, waiting for the train, they kept up their spirits by an exchange of jokes, by listening to the talk of their fellow-sufferers, or, when their patience was nearly exhausted, by thinking how much better off they were, at the worst, than the two men whom they could still see tossing on the stern of the little steamboat.

Meanwhile the tutor adhered to his resolution to remain in his seat, whatever happened, until something happened which caused even him to spring up and rush out of the car. The train had run on to Lake Point, where the conductor, passing through, announced that passengers for Salt Lake City must take another set of cars, standing on an adjacent track.

A distance of only two or three rods intervened between the two trains; but the wet grass and bushes, bowing to the storm, caused the Duke, after he had reached the platform of his car, to recoil in dismay, and look at his precious boots. There was no time to hesitate, however; if he wished to get a seat in the returning train, the plunge must be made, and made at once. With his umbrella spread, taking long strides, and stepping high, he crossed from one car to another, and succeeded in getting a place as good as the one he had left. But his boots!

The newly made-up train, after many hitches and delays, moved slowly back to Garfield, where there was a final rush for the few places left in the close car, and for the long string of open cars which were the last to be filled. The boys were fortunate enough to get into the same car with their tutor, but again they had to stand, which they did without complaint, resolutely declining his repeated offers to them of his seat. They were very jolly, as healthy and good-tempered boys have the gift of being under adverse circumstances; and while their teeth almost chattered with the cold, they assured His Grace that they were having a "splendid time."

It took the heavily laden train a long time to start, the driving-wheels of the two engines whirling on the wet and slippery rails. Night had closed in, when at last it moved; and the boys took their last look at the plunging steamer and the two solitary men standing on the stern, in the rain and tempest and gloom.

For some time longer they could see the white



breakers, through the darkness and storm; and Roland, nudging his cousin, remarked:

“Rather lively for a dead sea, is n't it?”

And again Dean quoted the misleading guide-book:

“‘It sleeps forever! No waves dance over it, no surf ever breaks the stillness—’ and I suppose no rain ever falls here either!” he added, stepping aside to avoid the drip from a leak in the roof of the car.

The night ride back to the city was exceedingly dismal. The little rickety, narrow-gauge car was dimly lighted, the hurricane howled about it and drove into it, the rain fell upon it in torrents and beat in at every crevice. The Duke spread his umbrella to protect himself from a leak directly over his head; and others, who were lucky enough to have umbrellas, followed his example. Clouds buried the mountains, and the darkness outside the car windows became intense.

It was half-past nine when the train approached the city, and to the great joy of the chilled, weary, and hungry boys, came to a stop. They supposed it had reached the station, and were not pleased to learn that it had stopped on an up-grade two blocks away, from the utter failure of the engines to haul it farther. Five, ten minutes elapsed, and no progress was made, the locomotives puffing and jerking in vain. The rain was still pouring, and the streets were but dimly lighted by far-away lamps. Suddenly Dean exclaimed:

“Only two blocks away! I am going to walk to the station.”

The tutor remonstrated in vain; any adventure seemed better to the boys than standing there on their weary feet, in their damp clothes. Roland followed Dean, and stepping from the car went with a splash into a pool of water that covered the ground beside the track.

A brisk run through wind and rain and mud and water brought them to the station, where long lines of coaches, horse-cars, and omnibuses were waiting. Into one of these last the boys threw them-

selves, along with a number of other dripping excursionists; and, the vehicle being nearly full, called upon the conductor to start.

But he said he could n't start until the train arrived; and now the boys seemed worse off than if they had remained in the car. There was no knowing how long they would have to wait. They were already about as wet as they could be; but the run had warmed them, and a longer run might warm them still more.

“Come on!” cried Dean. And once more leaping out into the storm and flood, they started for the hotel.

They were the first of the excursionists to reach it. All in a glow from their exercise, they hurried to their rooms, put on dry clothes and slippers, and walked comfortably and cheerfully down into the dining-room, just as the coaches and omnibuses began to arrive.

It was twenty minutes later when His Grace the Duke walked into the hotel, almost as wet as the boys had been, notwithstanding his overcoat and umbrella. He had been one of the last to leave his place in the car, and when he did so, not a seat in coach, horse-car or omnibus was to be had; and he had been obliged to walk through the flooded streets in those boots!

The next day the boys saw the Captain at the hotel; and walking up to him with a polite “I beg your pardon, Captain!” Dean inquired what became of the two men on the little storm-tossed steamer.

“They staid there all night,” replied the Captain; “and I was one of those who remained to encourage them by keeping lights burning on the shore. Fortunately for them, the storm lulled, but the lake continued so rough that we could n't get to them in a boat and take them off before this morning. They were more dead than alive.”

“And, Captain,” said Roland, “allow me to ask you how you like Salt Lake to swim in?”

With a grim smile the Captain turned and walked away.

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## NOTHING IS EASIER.

VERY soon the candy slips  
 In between your open lips —  
 Let sweet thoughts into your mind  
 Just such ready entrance find.



# BEST OF ALL

BY H. C. BUNNER.

THE baby grasps at the empty air,  
 And sees a wonderful sight ;  
 For the great old sideboard over there  
 Is shining with silver bright.

The grandfather dangles his watch of gold,  
 And she hears the wheels go *click*,  
 And she tries in her pincushion hands to hold  
 That "bull's-eye" round and thick.

They are wonderful things that the baby sees ;  
 But, when she is tired of all,

And they wrap her up from the evening breeze,  
 When the shadows begin to fall,

She is tired of the noisy and busy world,  
 Too tired to go to sleep,  
 And she won't sit up, and she won't stay curled,  
 And she only wakes to weep ;

And she 's suddenly caught in a tender hold  
 Where she even forgets to stir —  
 And what to baby are silver and gold,  
 When her mother smiles down at her ?







WAS in the year 1635. On a November afternoon Mrs. Rachel Olcott was spinning flax in the cheerful kitchen of a small house not far from Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts. East-

ward from the house, the ocean broke with a sullen roar on the rocks of the coast below; northward lay the few homes of the few Pilgrims who were Mrs. Olcott's neighbors.

Captain Olcott's ship had sailed from Boston for England, in the year 1632, and had not been heard from.

The little band of Pilgrims had ceased to look for news from the captain or his ship.

Mrs. Olcott kept up a brave heart and a cheerful face for the sake of her four children, Robert, Rupert, Lucy, and poor, crippled little Roger; but this November afternoon anxiety filled her heart. Day by day her little store of provisions had lessened under the stress of hunger until even the corn-meal had vanished, and it became necessary to send corn to be ground at the only mill in all that region. Early in the day, Robert and Rupert with their sister Lucy had been sent to the miller's, for it was well understood that each comer must await his turn at the mill. This grinding in those early days was slow work, and much of the day had passed before Mrs. Olcott expected them to return.

But when the sky grew dark and the snow began to fall, the loving mother grew anxious. She drew the great arm-chair, in the cushioned depths of which poor, pale-faced little Roger lay curled, far into the fireplace; and then, when anxiety grew to fear, she threw over her head the hooded red cloak

that all the Puritan matrons wore, and hurried over the hill, as fast as the drifting snow would permit, to the house of her nearest neighbor, Master John Hawley.

As she drew the latch and walked in with impetuous haste, up sprung John Hawley and stalked to the corner, where, ever ready, stood his trusty musket.

"Indians, Rachel?" shrieked Mrs. Hawley, springing to drop the curtain that hung above the one window of the room.

"Put up your musket, friend," gasped Mrs. Olcott. "It is my boys who are in danger. They went to the mill with grist. Lucy is with them. Oh, save them!" she pleaded.

"They're young and tough; they'll weather it through, and be home by supper-time," said John Hawley, the stanch Puritan, dropping his musket to its corner. "I'll step over after supper and see. Go home, and don't worry."

To him, nothing less than Indians seemed worth a moment's uneasiness.

When he turned, Rachel Olcott was gone, and his wife was at the door, watching the red cloak as its wearer urged it through the snow.

"A woman has no business to look as she does," exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, closing the door.

"She's had trouble enough in Plymouth, goodness knows!—her husband lost, and that crippled child to care for night and day, those boys to bring up, and hardly enough money to keep soul and body together. And there she goes this minute with a face like a sweet-brier rose"; and John Hawley demanded his supper at once.

He had it, his wife looking as stern as any Puritan of them all, as he put on his greatcoat and went out, saying:

"If those youngsters have come home, I'll be right back."

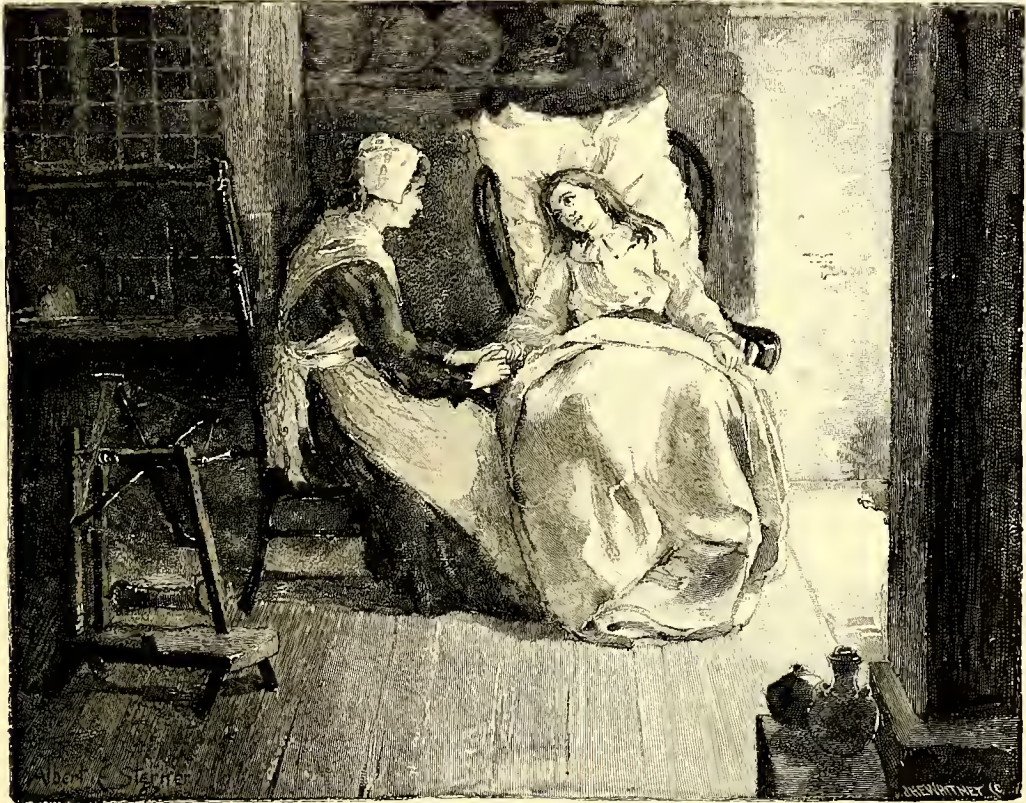
But he was not "right back." Midnight came down on all the Atlantic coast, and he had not returned.

The supper for the young Olcotts was baked at the hearth, and set back to await their coming. The blazing logs filled the long, low kitchen with light. There was no need of a candle, as the mother sat, to sing her poor boy to sleep. But Roger could not sleep.

"Tell me something more about England,

to sleep, while I tell you something about Christmas — the way we used to keep it — before Mamma was a Puritan, you know."

Then she told the boy of old-time customs in her native land; of her father's house, and the great rejoicings that came at Christmas-time, and lastly, with a vague feeling of regret in her heart, she came to the story of the great green bough that was lighted with tapers and hung with gifts for the good children.



"TELL ME SOMETHING MORE ABOUT ENGLAND, MOTHER," HE PLEADED.

Mother," he pleaded, again and again. "It keeps me from thinking of Lucy and the boys, when you talk."

The firelight illumined the white face and made the blue eyes of the boy more pitiful than ever in their plaintive asking that night.

The mother's thoughts and her heart were out in the snowdrifts searching with her neighbors for her bright, rosy darlings, but her words and her hands were ministering to this child, bereft of almost everything belonging to the outside world of work and endeavor.

"Well, then, Roger, shut your eyes and try to go

"What made you be a Puritan, Mother? Why did n't you stay at home," asked Roger.

"Don't ask me, my boy," she said, touching the shining face with a kiss. "Remember that heaven is a much finer place than England."

"Do they have any Christmas-boughs there, Mother?"

"Something better than boughs, my boy!"

"Mother, I'd like it, if God would let me, to go to heaven around by the way of dear England, so that I could see a Christmas-bough just for once before I die."

At that moment the door was thrust in, and the



boys, Robert and Rupert, clad in snow, entered the room. The mother, dropping Roger's mite of a hand, sprung to meet them with untold gladness in her eyes, that still looked beyond them in search of something more.

"Lucy's all right, Mother!" cried Robert. "If it had n't been for Mr. Hawley, though, and Richard Cooper, and the rest, we'd have had a night of it in the old cedar-tree. We could n't get a bit farther with the meal and Lucy; so we scooped out the snow in the big hollow, put Lucy in first, when we had made sure there was n't a fox or any thing inside; crawled in ourselves, with a big stick apiece to keep off enemies, and were getting very hungry and sleepy, when a light flashed in our eyes."

"But where is Lucy?" interrupted Mrs. Olcott.

"Oh, they are bringing her! And Mother, Mr. Hawley has been scolding us half the way home for going to mill on such a day. And we never told him that we had n't meal enough in the house to last till to-morrow. We took it brave."

"That's right, my good boys; but how did they find you?" Mrs. Olcott demanded.

"They did n't; we found them," cried Rupert. "They had a lantern, and we saw it; and then we made a dash after the light, and brought them back to the hollow. When they drew Lucy out, she was fast asleep, and as warm as toast, 'cause Robert gave her his jacket, and I tied my muffler on her, too."

"And she's fast asleep this minute, I do believe!" added Robert, as two vigorous young men entered,—one drawing the sled-load of meal and the other bearing Lucy in his arms.

From that night in November little Roger grew more and more away from the bleak New England life. It was evident to every one who saw the lad that he was going to the Shining Shore,—although the little Puritan boy had never heard much of its being a shining shore,—and I think that was the reason he fell to thinking so much of the beautiful Christmas-bough. He talked of it when awake, he dreamed of it when he slept; and he told his dreams and said, with tears on his cheeks, how sorry he was to awake and find that he had n't seen it after all—and, oh, he wanted to so much!

The time of Christmas in that far, far-away year drew near, and in all the land there was not a Christmas-bell, a Christmas-tree, nor even a Christmas-gift.

Beautiful Mrs. Olcott felt that her little Roger was getting very near to the heavenly land. A physician from Boston had come down, and told her that the lad must die. This bright little mother wished, oh, so much! to make her child happy, and his little heart was set on seeing a

Christmas-bough before he died. She could not withstand his wishes, and she said to herself, "If I am punished for it as long as I live, Roger shall see a Christmas-bough." So she took her boys, Robert and Rupert, and little Lucy, outside the house one day, just a week before Christmas, and told them what she was going to do.

"O Mother!" exclaimed Robert, the eldest son. "They'll persecute you to death; they'll drive us into the wilderness; we shall lose our home and everything!"

"Remember, boys, your mother has been into the wilderness once, and she is n't afraid of that. We shall have the Christmas-bough! I am going up to Boston to-morrow, if the day is fine, and I'll fetch back some nice little trinkets for poor Roger. May be a ship has come in lately; one is expected."

On the morrow, clad in the scarlet cloak, Mrs. Olcott set forth for Boston. She had not been there since the day she went up to see the ship sail, with her husband on it—the ship that never had been heard from. But that was more than three years before, and it was in going home from Boston that Roger had been so hurt and maimed that his little life was spoiled.

Great was the astonishment in Plymouth when it was learned that the Widow Olcott had gone to Boston. Why had she to go to Boston? She had no folk living there to go to see; and what had she been buying, they wondered, when she came back. Mrs. Hawley went down the hill that same day to make inquiry, and found out very little.

As soon as Mrs. Olcott was well rid of Mrs. Hawley, she called her boys, and bade them go to the pine-woods and get the finest, handsomest young hemlock-tree that they could find.

"Get one that is straight and tall, with well-boughed branches on it, and put it where you can draw it under the wood-shed, after dark," she added.

The boys went to Pine Hill, and there they picked out the finest young tree on all the hill, and said, "We will take this one." So, with their hatchets they hewed it down and brought it safely home the next night when all was dark. And when Roger was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room, they dragged the tree into the kitchen. It was too tall, so they took it out again and cut off two or three feet at the base. Then they propped it up, and the curtains being down over the windows, and blankets being fastened over the curtains to prevent any one looking in, and the door being doubly barred to prevent any one coming in, they all went to bed.

Very early the next morning, while the stars shone on the snow-covered hills,—the same stars that shone sixteen hundred years before on the hills

when Christ was born in Bethlehem,—the little Puritan mother in New England arose very softly. She went out and lit the kitchen fire anew from the ash-covered embers. She fastened upon the twigs of the tree the gifts she had bought in Boston for her boys and girl. Then she took as many as twenty pieces of candle and fixed them upon the branches. After that, she softly called Rupert, Robert, and Lucy, and told them to get up and dress and come into the kitchen.

Hurrying back, she began, with a bit of a burning stick, to light the candles. Just as the last one was set aflame, in trooped the three children.

“O Mother!” he cried. “O Lucy! Is it really, really true, and no dream at all? Yes, I see! I see! O Mother! it *is* so beautiful! Were all the trees on all the hills lighted up that way when Christ was born? And, Mother,” he added, clapping his little hands with joy at the thought, “why yes, the stars did sing when Christ was born! They must be glad, then, and keep Christmas, too, in Heaven. I *know* they must, and there will be good times there.”

“Yes,” said his mother; “there will be good times there, Roger.”

“Then,” said the boy, “I shan’t mind going,



“THEY HAD A LANTERN AND WE SAW IT.”

Before they had time to say a word, they were silenced by their mother’s warning.

“I wish to fetch Roger in and wake him up before it,” she said. “Keep still until I come back!”

The little lad, fast asleep, was lifted in a blanket and gently carried by his mother into the beautiful presence.

“See! Roger, my boy, see!” she said, arousing him. “It is Christmas morning now! In England they only have Christmas-boughs, but here in New England we have a whole Christmas-tree.”

now that I’ve seen the Christmas-bough. I—  
*What is that, Mother?*”

What *was* it that they heard? The little Olcott home had never before seemed to tremble so. There were taps at the window, there were knocks at the door—and it was as yet scarcely the break of day! There were voices also, shouting something to somebody.

“Shall I put out the candles, Mother?” whispered Robert.

“What will they do to us for having the tree? I wish we had n’t it,” regretted Rupert; while Lucy



clung to her mother's gown and shrieked with all her strength, "It's Indians!"

Pale and white and still, ready to meet her fate, stood Mrs. Olcott, until, out of the knocking and the tapping at her door, her heart caught a sound. It was a voice calling, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

"Unbar the door!" she cried back to her boys; "It's your father calling!" Down came the blankets; up went the curtain; open flew the door, and in walked Captain Olcott, followed by every man and woman in Plymouth who had heard at break of day the glorious news that the expected ship had arrived at Boston, and with it the long-lost Captain Olcott. For an instant nothing was thought of except the joyous welcoming of the captain in his own home.

"What's this? What is it? What *does* this mean?" was asked again and again, when the first excitement was past, as the tall young pine stood aloft, its candles ablaze, its gifts still hanging.

"It's welcome home to Father!" said Lucy, her only thought to screen her mother.

"No, child, *no!*" sternly spoke Mrs. Olcott. "Tell the truth!"

"It's—a—Christmas-trec!" faltered poor Lucy.

One and another and another, Pilgrims and Puritans all, drew near with faces stern and forbidding, and gazed and gazed, until one and another and yet another softened slowly into a smile as little Roger's piping voice sung out:

"She made it for me, Mother did. But *you* may have it now, and all the pretty things that are on it, too, because you've brought my father back again; if Mother will let you," he added.

Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan frowned at the gift. One man, the sternest there, broke off a little twig and said:

"I'll take it for the sake of the good old times at home."

Then every one wanted to take a bit for the same sweet sake, until the young pine was bereft of half its branches. But still it stood, like a hero at his post, candles burning and gifts hanging, until all but the little household had departed; and even then the last candle was permitted to burn low and flicker out before a gift was distributed, so glad were the Olcotts in the presence of the one great gift of that Christmas morn; so eager were they to be told every bit of the story, the wonderful story, of their father's long, long voyage in a poor, little, storm-beaten and disabled ship which, at last, he had been able to guide safely into port. His return voyage had been made in the very ship that Mrs. Olcott had hoped would arrive in time for her Christmas-tree.

That morning brought to Roger something better than Christmas-trees, better, if such a thing were possible, than the home-coming of the hero-captain—renewed life. It may have been the glad surprise, the sudden awaking in the bright presence of a real, live Christmas-tree; it may have been the shock of joy that followed the knocking and the shouts at door and window, or the more generous living that came into the little house near Plymouth. Certain it was, that Roger began to mend in many ways, to grow satisfied with bleak New England wind and weather, and to rejoice the heart of all the Olcotts by his glad presence with them.

## GOING! GOING!

BY A. R. WELLS.



ATTENTION, good people! A baby I'm selling.  
His folks are all tired of his crowing and yelling.  
If a price that's at all within reason you'll pay,  
You may have the young rascal, and take him away.  
The Mountains have bid every gem in their store;  
The Ocean has bid every pearl on its floor;  
By the Land we are offered ten million of sheep,—  
But we have no intention of selling so cheap!  
Compared with his value our price is not high—  
How much for a baby? what offer? who'll buy?



## THREE MILES HIGH IN A BALLOON.

BY EDWARD DUFFY.

LET me tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS what I may recall of a trip into the sky, last summer, on board the big New-York *World* air-ship.

There were four of us.

Alfred E. Moore, of Winsted, Conn., who built the balloon, had charge of it during our voyage; John G. Doughty, a photographer, also of Winsted, took views of the earth and the clouds. Prof. H. Allen Hazen, of the United States Signal Service Station at Washington, made records of moisture and temperature, and other phenomena of the upper regions, which have most value to those who study that special branch of science. I was one of the party simply as a reporter. The *World* balloon was the fruit of a plan whereby it was hoped to attain two objects. One was to enable the Government Signal Service to obtain certain facts about the upper currents of air which might be of value to the Weather Bureau. The other object was to excel the greatest balloon voyage ever made.

Prof. John Wise, a world-famed aeronaut, sailed through the air in July, 1859, from St. Louis, Mo., to Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y.—a distance in a straight line of 835 miles. He laid claim to 1050 miles, by reason of the many turns taken during the trip, which took his balloon out of a direct course into circles and curves. This voyage is the longest recorded in balloon history.

The balloon was in the air over night—a period of about twenty hours. Prof. Wise tried more than once, but without success, to equal or exceed the famous trip mentioned. Finally, a few years ago, he left St. Louis in a balloon on a long trip, for the last time. He has never been heard from. A

reporter who went with him was found dead some weeks later on the shore of Lake Michigan. By reason of this and other disasters, the suggestion of a long air-voyage gives rise in the public mind to a keen sense of the perils which attend every attempt to stay in the sky over night.

It is only about one hundred and four years since balloons were first thought of, or first used to convey man into the upper air. But I can not here spare the space wherein to speak of any air-ship other than that which is the topic of this paper.

Now, let me, if I can, give you an idea of the shape and great size of the *World* balloon.

Fancy, if you please, a ripe Bartlett pear which exceeds the usual size millions of times; think of it floating in the air, stem down, with its top 124 feet high and its bulb 65 feet wide. Or, imagine a giant plum-pudding rising into the air higher than many a church-steeple, and occupying as great a space as does a large city store or a country hotel. Then you may have a fair notion of the size of our great air-ship. Mr. Moore, who built it, had made nearly a dozen air-trips, and was able, from a special study of the science of ballooning, to draw exact plans for the weight to be borne, which was, in all, more than two tons. In order to exceed Prof. Wise's record, our balloon would need to stay in the air longer than a day and a night, or nearly thirty hours. Prof. Wise, by chance, rose into a rapid current of air, which took his balloon feather-like along at the rate of a mile a minute. But the usual speed of balloons is less than thirty miles an hour, except when they happen to be caught in a strong gale.

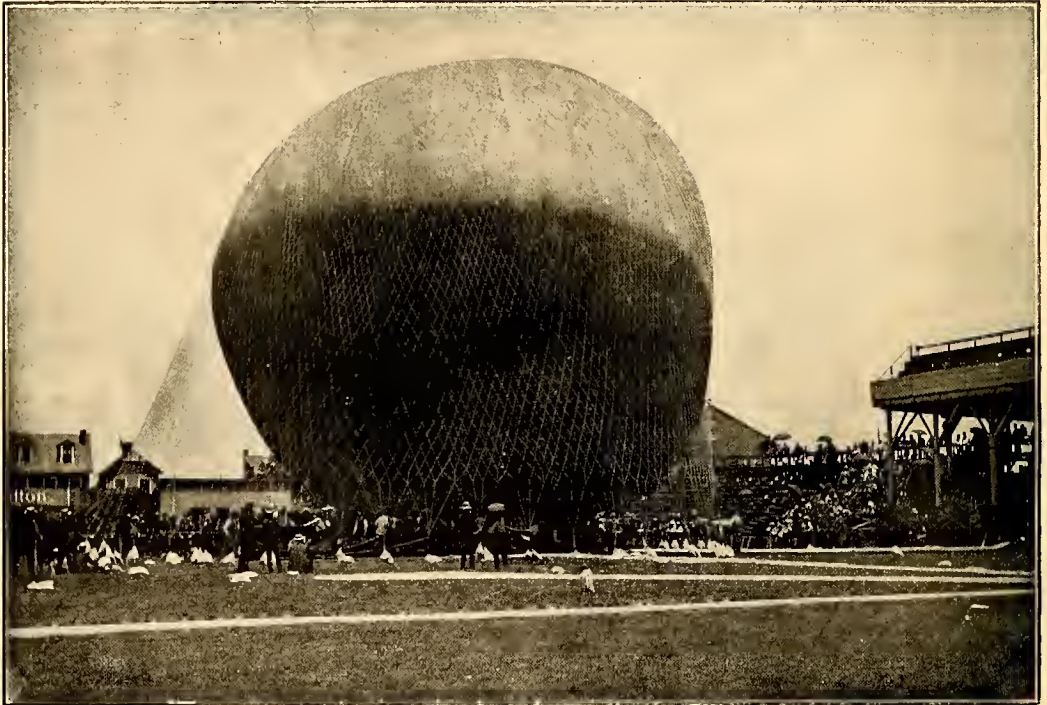


As early as November, 1886, Mr. Moore began work upon his plans. Fine white muslin, a yard wide, and in a strip a mile and a quarter long, or about twenty-two hundred yards, was used to make the gas-bag. This cloth alone was half a ton or more in weight.

Over it, on both sides, were spread four coats of varnish of a special kind,—in all, about three full barrels. This varnish was used to fill up the pores of the cloth, through which the gas would otherwise escape into the air. The big net which covered the vast bulb was made from a fine quality of shoe-thread.

the gas-dome was fastened to a large hickory hoop which hung above the car, so near that the voyagers' hands might grasp it. To this hoop were fixed the cords which held the car.

Set into the top of the balloon was a valve, two and a half feet across the center. The cord from this hung down the inside of the bag, and through the open neck into the car, so that our captain might open the valve when he wished to descend. Another rope, called the rip-cord, was also at hand. This, with a strong pull, would tear the gas-bag from top to bottom almost in an instant, and would bring the balloon to the ground in a jiffy. But



INFLATING THE GAS-BAG OF THE BIG BALLOON. (SEE PAGE 138.)

Of this, four hundred pounds were used.

Next the car was made.

Most balloons have baskets of willow, wherein to carry voyagers and ballast. But ours was a strong, large car, made of matched pine and watertight. It was nine feet long, six feet wide, and a trifle more than four feet deep. On each side was a cushioned seat; and on the bottom of the car lay a rug. This car was hung from the balloon by thirty slender cords,—each about as thick as a lead pencil. To the eye these were far too slight to be safe; yet they were very strong, and in a test each cord had held up a greater weight than would ever again be fixed to it. The net which covered

this was only as a last resort, to be used when about to come down in water, or in a storm.

Now, let us consider the weight:

As I have said, the strength of the balloon was made equal to three tons. The gas-bag, and its ropes, and the car,—in short, the whole air-ship,—when ready, made up a ton in weight of itself. Its four passengers weighed about 600 pounds; there were 200 pounds of provisions, and fully three-quarters of a ton of paper and sand; also camera and plate cases, and other traps,—making a total weight of two and a quarter tons! Now, I hope you have a nearly correct idea of the size and power of the big *World* balloon, which, by the



THE START.

way, was next to the largest, if it was not actually the largest, air-ship ever made. After several delays, we made a start from Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, at 4:28 P. M., on the 17th of June, 1887. The date first set was the 11th of June, but it was thought best to wait for a strong air-current from the west which might waft us to the Atlantic coast or some part of New England or Canada. Prior

to the 17th, the wind had been from east to west, or from south to north. The latter course would have taken us to Lake Michigan or Lake Superior. This would have rendered the chance of the success of our trip very slight; and would have added thereto the extreme peril of our being blown about at night like a mere straw over one of those vast bodies of water.



You may wonder why St. Louis was chosen as the point from which to make a start. All of the great long-distance balloon trips attempted in this country have been begun at that place. And the reason is that St. Louis, besides having an ample gas supply, stands nearly in the center of our vast country. Going from that city, the aeronaut may be sure of plenty of land-room, let the wind bear him where it may. He may sail for hundreds of miles, at least, before he comes to any great sheet of water.

There is no need for me to describe to you all that took place before our flight from St. Louis. The big balloon lay in Armory Hall in that city for more than a week, half filled with air, which was forced in by a hand-pump. During these days it was, you may be sure, the chief object of interest to many mixed crowds of sight-seers. As the time drew near for the great trip, the public pulse ran high. A little before midnight of June 16, the balloon, which had been taken to the Park, was made ready for filling. The gas was let in; and for about sixteen hours the neck of the bag was kept on the supply-pipe.

At about 7 A. M. on the 17th, a stiff breeze sprang up, which some hours later was a source of serious trouble to those in charge of the balloon. At 1 P. M., the hour set for sailing, the huge yellow cloth dome was less than three-quarters full.

It inflated slowly.

In the strong wind, it now and then tore away, as if about to fly to cloud-land without its crew. It was a constant menace to the nervous ladies present; even men of stout heart did not repress a shudder as they thought of the perils of a trip among the clouds, at the mercy of so ugly and restive an ogre. Pitch and roll and twist and sway and tug; this it did all through the day. To the netting were fixed a hundred bags of sand,—some of them more than eighty pounds in weight. And added thereto were hundreds of stout men; yet the gusty wind caught our giant under the arms, as it were, and despite all the weight he bore, jerked him off his feet. The bags swung in the air like mere tassels; and the men were often brought upon tip-toe, as they grimly held on. At last the gas was shut off; the car was hitched on. The car had been made ready for its voyage, and was fairly full of the ballast and the various other things to be taken by the voyagers. I had on board big envelopes wherewith to drop dispatches from the sky; also twelve carrier-pigeons to bear messages to their homes during our flight above the clouds. I had also put on board my winter overcoat; but my comrades had donned instead some extra under-flannels to protect them from the chill air of the upper regions.

Now, behold us, ready for the start!

It is 4 P. M.

Crowds and crowds of people are present.

The seats of the large grand-stand fairly groan under their overweight of eager sight-seers—all in gay attire. Despite the stiff breeze, which is almost a gale, the sun beams with fervor, and the mercury stands at 96° in the shade.

Soon the giant ship rises,—up, up, a foot at a time; the sand-bags which held it to the earth drop away; one here, and one there; in their places hundreds of men stand and strain and tug at the monster bag which turns and twists above them. The west wind comes in fitful gusts around the grand-stand, and slyly strikes our ship with such vigor that for an instant it lays over almost to the grass-plot, like a boat's sail thrown upon the waves in a fierce squall. Then it rights again, and once more towers aloft and erect more than a hundred feet. Now Moore directs the work; he orders the voyagers aboard the car. The men who hold the guyropes walk in toward the balloon a foot at a time, and the circle grows smaller. Up, up stretches the huge dome; higher and higher it ascends, till at last all hands let go, and every cord is drawn taut.

But we do not stir.

There is more sand aboard than the balloon can lift. And so Doughty puts out one bag, then two, then three.

The car begins to quiver.

Out goes the fourth bag; a crowd of men hold the car, with all their strength, until they get the word from Moore. They hold the car to the turf, and drag us by dint of severe labor back into the center of the park. Here, just as Moore is about to give the word, a seventy-pound sand-bag slips over the edge of the car; its sharp hook catches the middle finger of Moore's right hand, and lays it open to the bone, and severs an artery.

It is an ugly wound.

But a doctor quickly binds a wet handkerchief about the cut finger, and once again Moore, our captain, bends his thoughts to the work at hand. The last bag is set upon the edge of the car. Over it goes.

“Now! Let go!”

As Moore shouts this, the men release the car. Like a huge bird, our ship, at 4.28 P. M., rises from the ground,—so quickly, indeed, that amid the tumult about us, I do not clearly recall the exact moment.

As we clear the park fence our ship dips before the strong wind.

There is, for the instant, extreme peril.

Moore shouts, “Throw out sand! Quick!”

Hazen and Doughty, each dumps over what he



"WE SAIL AWAY TOWARD THE BLUE VAULT OVERHEAD."

may. Our ship at once rights itself; the car springs under the gas-bag, and the leafy tops of some trees brush its sides as we glide over them. We clear a brick house by a few feet only, then sail away toward the blue vault overhead.

The park begins to sink away beneath us. We have no sense of going up — no, not at all.

All things else go down, down.

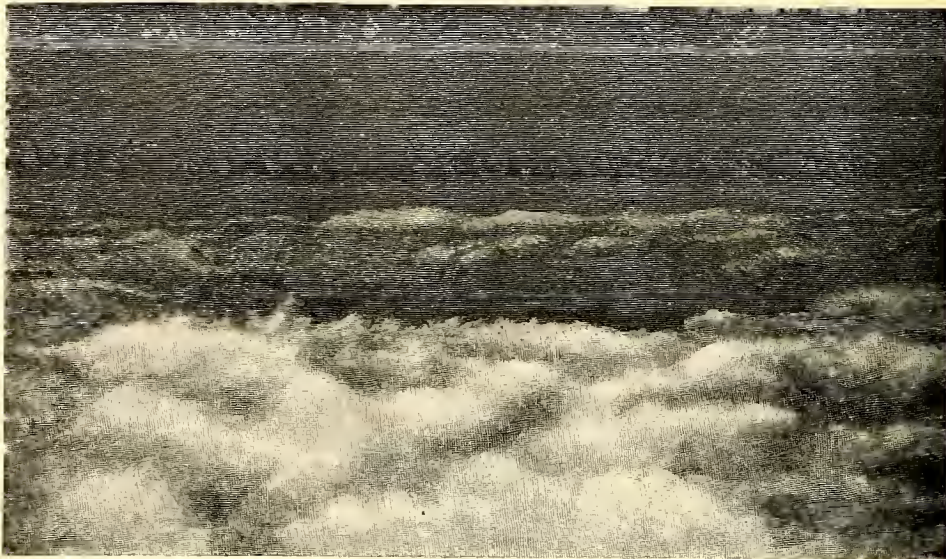
The crowds as they cheer, and swing their hats, and wave handkerchiefs and parasols — it is they who fall away below us, and fast fade into a mass

of tiny specks of life and color, until ere long the whole city is but a spot upon the wide view of the earth.

This is my first flight.

Moore has been aloft nearly a dozen times, Doughty twice, and Hazen once. My head begins to pain me; my ears ring, and my thoughts grow as thick as in a trip through a boiler-shop or other noisy place. I stand and gaze over the edge of the car at the unique picture below, which slowly changes its forms and tints. The big smoky city





VIEW ABOVE THE CLOUDS, TAKEN FROM A BALLOON AT AN ALTITUDE OF A LITTLE MORE THAN A MILE.

of St. Louis lies there like a set of toy houses, with tiny strings for streets, in the shade of trees that seem mere weeds from where we gaze at them. On all sides is a flat mass of earth and tree. We are half a mile high, and fast rising. Slowly the car turns, and thereby tends to confuse our sense of place. Now the city lies on our left,—the great Mississippi on our right. A minute later, town and stream have shifted sides. Now Doughty, aided by me, runs over the edge of the car the long drag-rope, which hangs, hundreds of feet below us, not unlike a straw or thread from a robin's nest. We approach the great, broad, murky stream that flows from north to south through our country into the Gulf of Mexico. You know of it as "The Father of Waters." It is now in full view for many miles—its dark, sinuous surface dotted with busy tugs and steamers. We soon come to it; now we move across it; now we leave it to the rear.

A mile and a half high—and still going up.

Hazen is busy with his records; and Doughty, with seventy-five photographic plates on board, holds his camera in hand, and turns it—first upon the earth, then upon the white clouds that, like a mass of snow, lie off to the east. With pad and pencil in hand I rapidly jot down what I may about our voyage, hoping to send my messages by the pigeons, which under a seat near by rustle uneasily in their cages.

I glance up.

Moore sits in his corner, a mere heap—his face a waxy white, his lips blue, his eyes half shut.

We hastily give him some brandy and water; this revives him a little. His wound has made him faint. We get him into my overcoat; for the air is now quite thin and cool. Our ship, with no captain to guide it, goes softly on its way—higher and higher, the earth seems bigger and bigger, as the circular line it makes with the sky grows larger and larger. With two and a quarter tons' weight, still our bird mounts rapidly upward,—now two miles, now two and a half. We sail far above the fields of yellow wheat and dark green corn of Illinois. Rivers are mere white threads; and lakes are patches of silver set into a carpet of many hues. The forest trees are bushes, that look as if a small scythe might easily mow them down. The thin air and our rapid upward flight make my head roar, as if with the sounds of noisy drums; I feel dizzy—like one about to faint away.

Now we are 15,000 feet high—nearly three miles.

Our ship has not yet come to the extreme top of her flight. We are far above the clouds. Over the edges of the thick white vapor we gaze at the earth, spread out below like a map, with green and gray, and brown and yellow spots thereon. From the discomforts of ninety-six degrees of heat in the shade when we left the earth, we have come to the chilly comfort of thirty-seven—a drop of nearly sixty degrees in less than an hour. This is a quick turn—one that never comes to man or beast below. Yet up here, where we are sailing softly, the air is so dry that the cold affects us much less than would the same temperature on the earth's surface.

Now we are 15,840 feet high.

At last we are more than three miles above the great ball of dried mud which rolls below, from west to east, for days, and years, and ages. Over head the huge pear-shaped bag stands erect; its neck and mouth wide open, through which the gas escapes into the car, where it assails our nostrils with its vile odor.

Very soon our ship touches nearly 16,000 feet, a point which is said to be above that ever made by any other balloon this side of Europe.

Then we come to a pause. An instant later the balloon begins to descend at the rate of fifteen feet per second, which is only one foot less than the distance a heavy stone falls the first second. A few seconds more, and our ship drops so fast that the car seems to fall away from us.

Moore, sick and faint though he is, springs to his feet.

“Over with ballast, boys! Quick!”

Doughty drops his camera and Hazen his instruments; each dumps over the sand as he grabs it — bag and all. But the sand shoots up instead of down; it hits the bag above, then settles like a

grow large, and hamlets and cities spring into sight on every hand. At last, after nearly a quarter of a ton of weight is thrown out, our rate of descent slows a little; a third of our drag-rope trails among the tall forest trees, and we are distant from the earth but 400 feet! And now our balloon comes at last to a pause, and we are safe! It goes up again lazily, a mile high; then descends to less than half a mile, and rises again above 6000 feet — falling always as the gas escapes, and rising as a part of the weight is thrown over the side of the car. Moore shouts to a farm-hand at work in a field with horse and plow, when we are half a mile up:

“How-far-are-we-from-St.-Louis?”

The reply faintly rises at last to where we are:

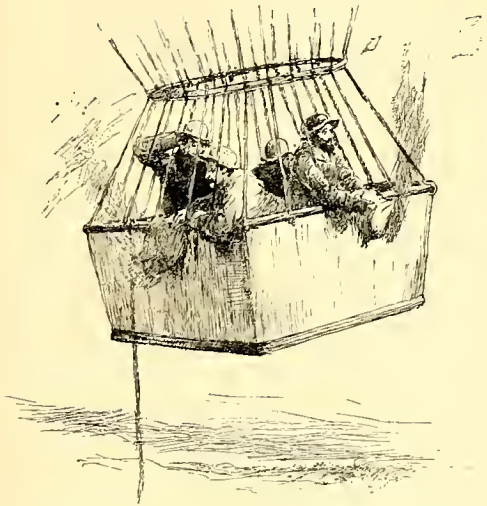
“Twenty-five miles!”

We now see that our trip must come to an end before dark. We have been but an hour upon the wing. Our gas has spent its strength, our sand has almost run out. We dare not, if we may, stay in the sky at night and run the risk of death among the giant forest trees. And so while the sun is yet more than an hour high, Moore casts out the anchor, or grapnel; with its four sharp prongs of bright steel, it truly has an ugly, hungry look. As we come to a wide stretch of open prairie land, our ship, left to itself, slyly sinks lower and lower, and nearer and nearer, to the bright green and yellow fields, over which we float as gently as a piece of thistle-down. About this time I let fly two pigeons with notes of tissue-paper tied to their legs, and also cast over a big envelope with a heavy buckshot inside to quicken its fall.

Before long we come so close to the earth that all objects thereon take on their true shape. We perceive farmers at labor in the fields of golden wheat; we catch the hoarse shouts of men, and the sharp treble voices of excited boys who watch us now with open mouth and eager eyes. We are yet half a mile from earth; but each mile we pass brings us lower down. Now we are down to two thousand feet; now down to less than the half of that. By and by, the end of the long cable, or drag-rope, touches the ground at intervals as we gently float along at fifteen miles an hour. Now it trails a few feet, then fifty, then a hundred. At last half of it, like a huge reptile, crawls over meadow, and fence, and field of corn and wheat. It leaves behind, to mark its swift course, a deep crease, two inches wide in soil and grain.

Now look out!

The sharp anchor catches hold for the first time. With its greedy prongs it grips the turf, lets go, bounds twenty feet in the air, and lands again; it once more tries its teeth in the fresh ground. Again the dirt flies, and the anchor bounds ahead



“THE SAND SHOOTS UP INSTEAD OF DOWN; THE PAPER ‘DODGERS’ FLY INTO THE SKY ABOVE US WITH A SPEED WHICH SHOWS HOW RAPID IS OUR FALL.”

cloud into the car, so that it nearly stifles us. I throw out paper “dodgers” which fly into the sky above us with a speed which shows how rapid is our fall.

Down, down we go! We are in extreme peril.

We all but tumble through the air.

I gaze over the car. The earth seems to fly toward us — up, up it comes; the fields and woods



and takes another bite. Moore shouts: "Steady, boys; here 's a stout fence and a stone wall."

The anchor comes to it and takes hold greedily. For an instant only does it hold; it jerks our car upon its end, so that water-keg, pigeons, food-cans, and passengers tumble together in one corner. But then away come twenty feet of the rail-fence, and the stones scatter; and we sail on as before.

Horrors!

A house lies straight in our path! As we come to the little story and a half cottage, our anchor bounds around a corner, grazes the pump in the front yard, then springs at the fancy fence, and comes away with its teeth full of palings. An old man and woman who stand in the front door stare at us, with terror in their eyes. They see how close they were just now to death and ruin, had their cozy home been pulled about their ears.

again. At last a German farmer's wife, as we sail past her house, gives the long drag-rope a quick turn about the trunk of a stout apple-tree in her dooryard. This fetches us up with a vicious jerk, and nearly spills us out of the car. Here, tied fast to the tree, we are still two hours in coming to the ground, although aided by a crowd of strong active men.

Moore pulls the valve-cord.

As the gas escapes, the sides of the bag come together, and form a big kite, which catches the stiff breeze; then we sail aloft nearly over the tree. Down settles the car to within fifty feet of the corn-field under us; then the wind sends us aloft again. Doughty seizes the rip-cord to split the bag at the top, so that it may the faster lose its power to ascend. With surprise he finds that our balloon is already torn, and rips at the merest



"A DOZEN FARM-HANDS CHASE US FOR THE LAST MILE."

Our anchor keeps to its work, and though it lets go, as it snatches this thing and that, it yet lessens the speed of our air-ship. For more than ten miles we go on in this way. We are now but a few hundred feet high, and our speed has lessened to eight miles, or less, an hour. A dozen farm-hands chase us for the last mile. They seize the anchor rope, are lifted off their feet, but eagerly take hold

touch! This is a clew to the strange and sudden loss of gas while on our way.

It is about 9:20 P. M. when we again set foot upon the ground outside our car.

We find the place to be Hoffman, Illinois, fifty-five miles east of St. Louis.

Next day the balloon is sent back to that city by rail, and we plan to start again within a week.



BROUGHT TO A STOP, AT LAST.

But the severe injury to Moore's finger, and the many repairs and changes which it is thought best to make in the balloon, lead us to delay our second trip until later in the season.

Expecting a long trip, we had taken food and water for three days. We had chicken, corned beef, beans, bread, crackers, hard-tack, salmon, lobsters, pickles, salt, vinegar, mixed nuts, oranges, and bananas. So you see that we were not likely to starve, had we gone, as we thought we might, into the deep wld's of Michigan or Canada. We also had hooks and lines for fish, and a keen ax, to aid us in the woods, or wherewith to chop our way out of the wreck had we been cast away on one of the great lakes. And we had an electric light for use at night. Our plans had been well laid; and had not Moore been hurt, or had not the balloon been torn at the start, our voyage would perhaps have been more to our liking.

A few final details may interest you.

The last and first sound to reach us, while we were above a mile high, was the sharp shriek of a locomotive. I saw one express train as we soared above its tiny track; and it looked like a mere toy train a few inches long, which did not seem to move faster than a snail. Yet we knew

that it was on its way with all its usual speed — thirty miles an hour at least.

During our voyage we ate and drank just as we might have done at a picnic.

Truly, we lived "high." A luncheon above the clouds was to me a very novel affair. I threw over the peel of an orange. Down, straight down, it shot, a flash of gold in the sun, a hundred feet—a thousand feet—a mile. Long before it struck the earth, it had gone out of sight. But, before it disappeared, it came to a point where it seemed to still stand in mid-air.

I dropped a big *World* envelope.

It went down at first upon its edge; then it began to turn, and now and again the sun's rays caught it full upon its broad side. It became at last as small as a postage-stamp, or the nail of your thumb.

I wish I had the space to tell you more.

From my mind's eye our *World* balloon trip will never fade. I may truly say that I then saw more of the earth than I am likely to see until I go aloft again. Within a few hours, more novel sounds and scenes met my senses with surprise and delight than in years of prosy life upon the ground.





BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I.

OH, the child a poet is !  
Poet's pleasures too are his :  
Would he had the art to tell  
What he sees and hears so well,—  
How the hills so love the sky  
In its tender haze they lie ;  
How the sky so loves the streams,  
Every pool has heavenly dreams.  
He can guess what says the breeze,  
Sighing, singing, through the trees ;  
What the sunbeam, what the rain,  
Or the smoke's slow-mounting train ;  
All the meaning of the birds,  
Which they will not put in words ;  
And the tree-toad's mystic trill  
Heard from far at evening still ;  
And the beckoning ways and looks  
Of the flowers in dewy nooks—  
Yes ! and of the dewdrops fine,  
In the early morning-shine !  
He has friends where ye have none ;  
Fellows in a rush or stone ;  
Palace-royal in the clouds,  
Sunset barge with sails and shrouds.  
Oh, the child a poet is,  
Though unskilled in harmonies ;  
Would he had the art to tell  
What he hears and sees so well,

Ere his senses, grown less keen,  
 Say they have not heard nor seen.  
 (Let him not too quickly lose  
 These rare pleasures, gracious Muse.)

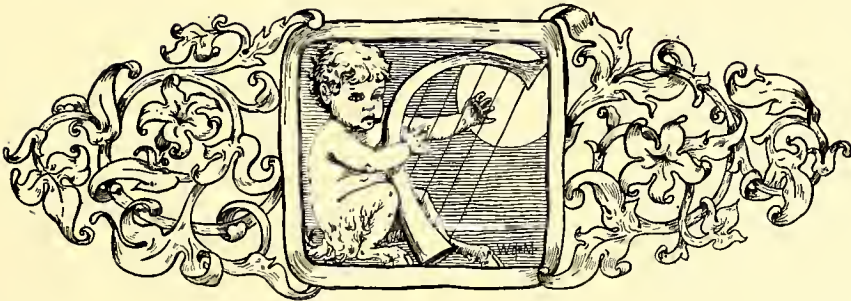
## II.

Now the poet is a child,  
 Whom the years have not beguiled  
 To forget the magic lore  
 That is childhood's careless store.

Oh, the poet is a child!  
 And he loves the new and wild;  
 But the old to him is new,  
 And what seems but tame to you  
 He with kind delight can see  
 Laugh in its sweet liberty!  
 He is foiled and cheated never,—  
 Poet's truth is truth forever!

Though his song you may not heed,  
 Though his rhyme you will not read,  
 Song and rhyme true records hold  
 Of your morning age of gold.  
 What you saw in that fair time,  
 Wild, or lovely, or sublime  
 In the mountains, groves, or streams,  
 Clear upon his vision gleams.  
 What you heard of strange report  
 Throughout Nature's fields and court,  
 Told of man or dreamt of God,  
 Still he hears spread all abroad.

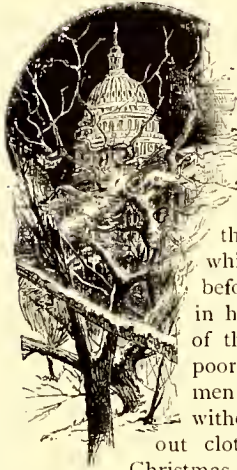
If you do not see and hear,  
 'T is for time-worn eye and ear:  
 Child and poet shall not sever —  
 Poet's truth is truth forever!





# THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CLUB OF WASHINGTON CITY.

BY EDMUND ALTON.



A COLD December day, five years ago, marks the beginning of the story I am asked to write. It was Sunday morning, just two weeks and a day before Christmas. The wintry wind was scudding through the streets of Portland, Maine, whistling and whirling the snow before it as it went. A lady sat in her pleasant room thinking of the cheerless houses of the poor, of pale women and weak men and delicate little ones, without food, without fire, without clothing. She thought of Christmas and the homes of the rich, of stockings distending with their loads, of fair faces rosy with delight, of turkeys and plum puddings, and mistletoe boughs and holly, and blazing logs and ringing laughter. And as she thought of these happy things her heart went out in pity to those hungry little faces and shivering little frames, to whom Christmas was but a day of want and misery—and Santa Claus unknown. And then a noble impulse seized her: "Oh! they must, they shall know Santa Claus! Christmas shall be to them a day of gladness!" But it was more easily said than done. Alone she could do but little. Hundreds of hands would be needed. In this dilemma a beautiful thought came to her: "The hands of children! The happy, loving boys and girls of Portland—they will do it!"

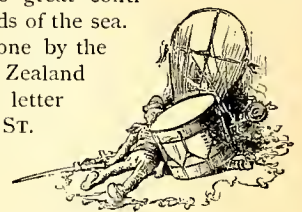
Before the end of the week a host of children, in answer to her written call, assembled at the lady's house. The result of that meeting, as recorded in history, was: To form a club which should last "forever"; to call it "The Children's Christmas Club"; to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely give"; to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich"; to make no distinctions in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books,

and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save, and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all out-grown clothing; to beg nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "GIVE"; to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

Officers were chosen and the day's session came to an end. The news spread over the town. At the hour and place of re-assembling three hundred children were on hand, all eager to be enrolled as members of the club. Old folk, also, came along to give encouragement and advice. The organization was perfected; the enthusiastic children entered upon their work; and, true to the programme which they had arranged, when Holy Innocents' Day appeared, they served a Christmas dinner to six hundred little guests, and introduced to Santa Claus six hundred grateful, joyful little souls.

About eleven months after this banquet in the City Hall, at Portland. ST. NICHOLAS put forth its Christmas number for 1883. The entire contents of that number none of you may now remember, but one feature you can scarcely forget. It was an open letter to yourselves—to all the boys and girls in the world. It told in tender, loving words, the story of the Portland club; and the writer of the letter—a lady, of course—closed with an appeal to ST. NICHOLAS to ask its readers if there should not be other Christmas clubs that year? if all the children in every city, every town, and every village, should not have one good dinner, one happy day, every year? And then, down at the end of the letter, in large capital letters, appeared the command of the Master, added by good ST. NICHOLAS: "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

And so ST. NICHOLAS, faithful courier that it is, carried that open letter to the girls and boys of "North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia," just as it was asked; nor did it neglect, in its great continental trip, the islands of the sea. Exactly what was done by the young folk of New Zealand when they read that letter and the injunction of ST. NICHOLAS, I have not yet heard, and I also await



full particulars of its effect upon young people in other parts of the two hemispheres.

But that communication reached the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, on or about the 25th day of November. Furthermore, it was read. It was read by the young folk to whom it was addressed; it was read by the mothers and fathers to whom it was not addressed, but who exercised the right, as guardians, of overlooking the correspondence of the young folk; and it was read by other grown-up people who claimed that privilege as lovers of good literature and good deeds. And when that letter had been read the mothers and the fathers and the other grown-up folk thus answered for the boys and girls: "The City of Washington shall have a Christmas Club this year!"

The letter was published in full in one of the evening papers of the city, and the editor, in vigorous lines of his own, aroused the community to action. Two days after that a call for gentlemen volunteers appeared in the same journal; the gentlemen promptly came forward, they united with the ladies who were assisting the young folk, and soon the "Children's Christmas Club of Washington" became an institution and a fact.

The principles and methods of the original Christmas Club, as described in ST. NICHOLAS, were closely adhered to, only minor departures, or those demanded by the situation, being made. Owing to its large population the city was divided into four districts; one, known as District 11., embraced the central and northern part of Washington, and the other districts were located to the east, to the south, and to the west. Each district had a separate organization of children, with separate officers and committees. In District 11., for instance, the President of the club was Miss Nellie Arthur, the daughter of the President of the United States; and the older folk formed themselves into a Ladies' Committee and a Gentlemen's Committee, and good-naturedly stood in the background prepared to help when needed, but not to interfere. And thus it came to pass that on Holy Innocents' Day, in 1883, the Portland scene of

1882 was reproduced, and eighteen hundred children, gathered in four different sections of the Federal City, enjoyed the hospitality of their more prosperous friends. To the banquet hall of District 11. came plants and evergreens from the White House, and from the same old mansion



"THE FEAST OF 1886 WAS HELD AT THE NATIONAL RIFLES' ARMY."

came the small President of the club escorting the big President of the Republic; and to that hall came also the Chief Justice of the United States, and Washington's white-haired philanthropist; and thither came also the Marine Band, and Punch and Judy, and Santa Claus, and a number of other important personages anxious to see five hundred little people eat, and to hear five hundred little people laugh. And they were not disappointed. For it was a scene of fullness and a day of joy.



But the children of Washington, like their comrades of Portland, were resolved that their club should last "forever"; and so, the following year, a second festival was made. The number of district clubs, by a misfortune to one of them, had been reduced to three, but the number of guests was undiminished. In District II, 750 were entertained, and, as before, came the little and the big Presidents, the Chief Justice and the Philanthropist, and the Marine Band with its big bass drum and clashing cymbals, and Santa Claus with his jingling bells. And the children in the other districts did their part of the noble work, and swelled the number of the entertained to nearly two thousand.

As concerns the number of beneficiaries in

the prestige of all these Presidents, the club spread out its feast of '85; and, in the presence of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and of the wife of the Secretary of State, and of the venerable philanthropist, and of the Marine Band, and of all the rest, the guests of that club demolished the feast.

With the advent of December, 1886, came again the sound of preparations. The club got itself together, and the members paid in their fees of ten cents each. The advisory board of ladies and gentlemen took charge of administrative details. The donations began to pour in—money, clothing, toys, picture-cards, and offers of omnibuses to carry guests too small to walk.

The feast given by District II. was held on the



READY FOR THE FRAY.

the three districts, the festival of 1885 did not differ from that of 1884. President Arthur had, however, surrendered the White House to another gentleman, and had taken to her home in New York the little President of District II. But the residents of Washington would not allow so good an institution as the Christmas Club to perish, and the new Administration was only too glad to lend a hand. So, in the choice of new officers, caused by the turn in political affairs, Miss Mollie Vilas, the daughter of the Postmaster-General of the United States, was elected President of the club, in place of Miss Nellie Arthur, who was made a Vice-President; the sister of the President of the United States became President of the Ladies' Committee, and the President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia became President of the Gentlemen's Committee. With

28th day of December, at the National Rifles' armory, and began at two o'clock in the afternoon. The club had sent out six hundred cards of invitation, and these had been judiciously distributed among the children of the poor. Long before the hour, the guests began to arrive. Those who came armed with invitations, formed in line on the pavement facing east; those without cards formed an opposing line facing west. Both lines rapidly grew in length, and by two o'clock, when the last omnibus discharged its numerous freight, the lines extended an entire block, two, three, and four children deep. It required the efforts of several stalwart lieutenants and sergeants of police, and of about a dozen privates, to prevent those lines from blending into a great and shapeless mob.

Within the drill-room on the entrance floor, six long tables had been spread, each with a hundred

plates. Turkey, cranberry sauce, apples, oranges, graced each plate; and back in the distance stood the caterer, with his ice-cream freezers and stores of cake. At the various tables, twenty boys with pretty badges, and twenty girls with natty caps and aprons,—all members of the club,—were stationed as waiters; while the ladies and gentlemen stood, some at tables, others about the room, to render general assistance.

Everything being ready, the doors were opened, and the guests were admitted in single file, a little girl on crutches leading. Around and about the great wide room the long procession passed, leaving a child at every plate. When every plate had been accommodated with a child, silence was requested. Every little tongue was stilled, every little head bent low, and a minister offered prayer. Then the gentleman in charge took the floor. The guests looked eagerly at their plates and imploringly at the gentleman. His speech was practical and brief: "Now, children, eat your Christmas dinner."

The opening shout, the rattle of knives and forks, the hum of children talking between the bites, the exclamations, the laughter, and all the other little details which punctuated the scene, the imagination must supply. The dinner lasted nearly an hour—an hour of bliss to those within the room, and an hour of terrible suspense to those who still stood on the pavement without, a remnant of the "uninvited" line, and late arrivals, waiting for their turn. Of course it came.

The dinner was only the first and substantial part of the exercises. Above the drill-room was the armory hall. Upon the floor hundreds of empty chairs awaited the guests below; in the gallery were gathered the Marine Band and members of the club. The noise of ascending footsteps reached the leader; he waved his baton, and to the majestic air of "Three Blind Mice," the children, replete and beaming, marched in and down the center aisle, and took their seats. The spokesman of the club arose and clapped his hands. The children thought he was cheering something, so they did the same. Finally, he got a chance to make his second speech: "All that I have to do is, in the name of the Children's Christmas Club of this district, to wish you all a very happy Christmas!"

The "first thing on the programme" was the magic lantern. The lights were turned down, and a white disk was shot upon the canvas. Then

came a magnified spider. It was greeted with an "oh!" that lasted, if I mistake not, a full minute. Then came the head of the same spider, as a second picture; the claw, as a third. It was difficult for the spectators to understand the vagaries of the microscope. They took the word of the "magic-lanternman," as far as possible, but when he showed them a great, big bird that looked like a crane, and said that it was a "flea," and then another "chunkier" bird, and called it a "mosquito," and then presented a large honey-comb, the cells of which he said were but a few of two thousand eyes owned by the common house-fly, the spectators broke into a laugh. It was a severe tax on their faith. So the lanterner abandoned science, and regained their confidence by pictures of rivers and steamboats, and dogs, and humorous people and things.

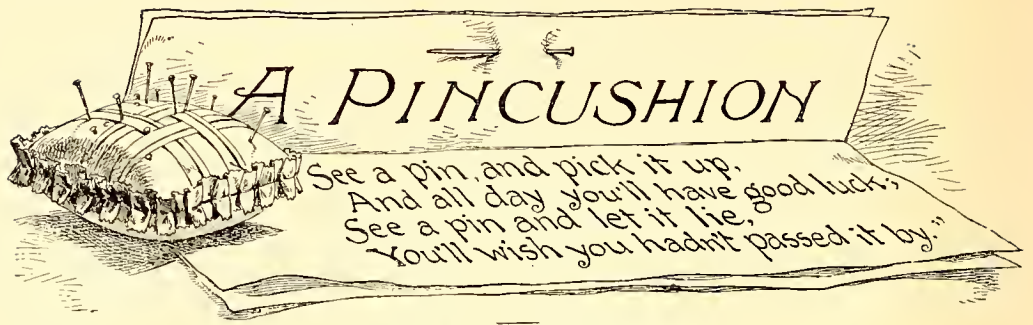
Following the magic lantern, came "Old Joe," who got upon the stage and did some funny acting; and then—I forget what the band played when he entered, for I was watching the door—in from the street came Santa Claus. The distribution of gifts was to follow. I knew that no one would be forgotten. So, while Miss Mollie Vilas and her companion, Miss May Huddleston, and the assisting ladies and gentlemen, were giving to each child an appropriate present, in addition to a bag of candy and a picture, I went below to view the field of carnage and gather some statistics. The drill-room was deserted. Seven hundred and sixteen little mortals had gone to battle with sixty-four big turkeys, weighing five hundred and fifty pounds. The mortals were alive and, at that moment, well and in the hall above. I looked around to see what they had left. The plates were there and so were the knives and forks.

"Does anything else remain?" I asked.

The caterer shook his head, and answered: "Nothing but the bones!"

So ends my sketch—a fragment of unfinished, universal history. For even as I write, thousands of miles from home, and Christmas, '87, scarcely yet in sight, I picture to myself the clubs of Portland and of Washington re-assembling for their annual work, and hosts of other busy, emulous little bodies organizing in our own and foreign lands, vying to outdo the past. Let the national and international rivalries of old folk be what they may—the historian of the young shall recount their rivalry only in good deeds.





BY EMMA KAIL PARRISH.

**T**HE sentiment of the above lines, like a great many others, handed down to us from that venerated school-ma'am, Mother Goose, is in the last degree sensible, and it has a fine point, as pins and sentiments ought to have. It means, in a wide sense, "strike while the iron is hot," which is a homely version of "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Did you ever live through a pin famine? I did, once. It was during the war. The head of our family, kind provider and sympathizer, was "at the front," and ways and means of living were sometimes precarious. Pins cost a great deal in those days—I don't remember how much. Our family's stock of pins was reduced to two; those were carried by Mother, who lent them to us when imperatively needed. Naturally, our thoughts dwelt much upon the subject of pins, and we felt many vague and useless longings for a good supply. How were we to get any? There was no money to spare for such luxuries. I often wondered, in those days, how the stately and gracefully looped ancients managed without those very useful little articles, and I decided that they either used thorns and fish-hooks or glued their clothes together.

While the famine was at its height, my mother devised a plan. Mother declared there must be thousands of lost pins lying about the streets, if in our little household we had made way with upward of five hundred within the year. Acting upon this idea, she made two little cushions, which she gathered daintily upon the tops of two empty spools, finishing them with a tiny valance with pinked edges. Mother gave one of these to each of us, telling us to use our eyes, and see which of us could first fill her cushion.

It is surprising how many pins you can see when you have pins in your eye. John Burroughs tells how to find rare plants, the walking fern, nests of shy birds, and many other hidden things. He says we must go abroad with these things in our eye, determined to find them. My sister

declared that she saw pins in her sleep; that if there was one on the street, a block away, she caught its glitter. Straight pins, crooked pins, shawl-pins, needles, all were found, in surprising numbers,—on the stairs at school, on the floor of the recitation-room, on the sidewalk, in the yard, and even in our own pin-famished house.

In a few days we had over a hundred pins on each of our little cushions, and we might have rolled in pins, if we had so wished, all of them "nobody's pins" until we discovered and captured them.

Don't imagine that you're going to be let off without a moral. I pointed one for myself from this episode, a long time ago. It was on this wise: Sometimes, while washing the dishes or sweeping a floor, a thought would strike me,—that event is likely to happen to people. A great many persons speak out their thought, and then forget all about it. But being reticent, and, moreover, having an idea that my thoughts might at some time be of literary value, I wished to save them. So, when some fancied bright idea would occur to me, I would say, "Ha! I'll jot that down; it will be useful some day." But alas! I never jotted, or very rarely, because I was sweeping the front hall, or mixing the dough, or sewing on a button; and by the time those things were done, and my pen was in my hand, my idea was gone. Sometimes, with hard trying, I could recall it; but more often it had joined the forces of the invisible. This caused some bitterness of heart, and repinings at enforced labor, also repeated admonitions to myself to be more careful. But I seldom *was* more careful, and it grew to be my opinion that I was letting my not too powerful faculties run to waste. Perhaps, like the study of Greek, it was good mental discipline. Still, one can't help feeling that *to remember* Greek is a long way ahead of merely studying it; and to have preserved those little "thinks" would have pleased me much better than only to have thought them.

About that time I read somewhere of a "commonplace book," and knew at once it was the

thing I needed. I procured a blank book, and waited for an idea. The first idea that came trotting into the trap of my brain was such a foolish little one, that it seemed silly to set it down; but I thought, "If I don't make a beginning, when will I begin?" So I took the little stray and fastened it into my book. Well, that little idea was the herd-leader, so to speak; and so many ideas ambled along after it, that I was quite busy for a little while jotting them down.

Not all of those thoughts, as written then, were directly useful in a literary way; but there is no doubt that the mere writing of them helped me to think. If you are going to walk a mile, you can never do it unless you put your foot down and go! If you want bodily strength, you must use your muscles often and systematically. If you want mental strength, you must use the "muscles" of your mind.

When we were children, it pleased us to be told that we were growing. The mind should grow every day of its life.

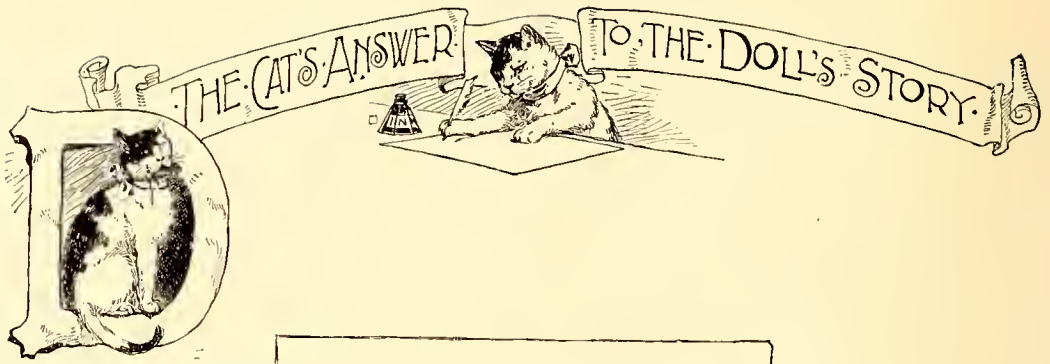
A commonplace book is very like the pincushion my mother gave me. Before I owned the cushion, I saw very few pins. After I set it up for use, pins appeared at every corner. Before my book was opened, ideas were scarce;

afterward they were abundant. It is true, they were not great and lofty thoughts; but I do not lay claim to a great and lofty order of mind, and they were decent, wholesome, nourishing thoughts, and much better than no thoughts at all. Not that one would wish to put his or her every thought into a book to be printed, or into an essay to be read before a literary club. You don't make every new dress or buy every new suit with the intention of having your photograph taken in it. Your intention with most of them, I hope, is to please yourself, your parents, your friends, to be neat and comfortable. And you do not care most of all, I hope, to be great, or famous; but to grow and improve and elevate your minds till you can appreciate the thoughts of the great, improve and elevate the thoughts of the little, and enjoy the thoughts of the "middle-sized."

Keen, bright, thoughtful girls and boys who can say bright, kind and thoughtful things, on any occasion, and to all classes of people, and can appreciate everything good that is said, are most desirable members of society. They can perpetuate sunshine and music in their own homes, and can lend a ray to brighten and beautify all other homes into which they enter.







DEAR CHILDREN: My mistress's name is Daisy, too, and I think it must have been her doll that wrote the letter to you in ST. NICHOLAS, last March. She is a very selfish doll, for she never wants Daisy to pet me at all.

Cats can't help being cats, 'cause they are born kittens, and then grow to be cats. If I could have been born a doll,

I think I would be a better doll than Lucy. Cats catch mice and rats, but dolls don't do anything. Daisy is good to me and I am good to Daisy. I never scratched her or bit her in my life. Isn't that a sign of a good cat?

You can see Lucy is a bad doll. If she was good she would n't say that her mother doesn't know any better than to like me. I don't believe your dolls talk about you in that way.

My name is Tillie. Is n't that a pretty name for a cat? I like children and I like good dolls; but I don't like Lucy, and you would n't like her either, if you knew her. I can purr poetry and Lucy can't. Here is some poetry that Daisy made for me.

I'm a little kitten cat.  
Tillie is my name;  
Mistress Daisy called me that,  
'Cause I'm very tame.

Little children with me play,  
And they love me, too;  
This is all I have to say,  
Good-bye, now, to you.

*To the Very Little Folk,  
Care of ST. NICHOLAS.*

Yours purringly,  
TILLIE.



"HELD IN BONDAGE."

[COPIED BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FAULKNER, 21 BAKER STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.]





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BEFORE long, my friends, the very air will be blithe with "Merry Christmas!" brisk young hemlocks will rustle their way into the sunny homes of Christendom, and millions of tiny flames will bud on the branches, and all because the best and holiest of holidays has come. Peace, joy and gratitude be with you, my happy ones! And may your hearts be full of kindness, and your hands busy with good deeds!

Now you shall hear about

#### SOME FAMOUS CHRISTMAS PIES.

DEAR JACK: I suppose all of your boys and girls have read the old ditty, telling how once four and twenty blackbirds were baked in a pie, and how, when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,— and they have wisely considered the story a very impossible one, but it is not without some foundation, after all. A common dish on Queen Elizabeth's table, at Christmas and other great festivities, was, we are told, a monster pie, from which, when opened, there flew a number of birds that, lighting in various parts of the dining-room, used to sing sweetly to the guests at table.

Another famous pie made its appearance at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta, the wife of Charles the First, of England. When the crust was removed, one Geoffrey Hudson, a tiny dwarf dressed to represent Santa Claus, stood revealed to the astonished company.

Still another celebrated Christmas pie was made in 1769, for Sir Henry Grey. It was "composed of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, two wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and seven pigeons."

This culinary marvel, as one may well call it, was about nine feet in circumference; it weighed two hundred pounds, and several strong men were required to bear it safely to the table. E. M. C.

#### TO THE KIND-HEARTED.

I AM requested by my birds to say that during the winter season their favorite brands of crumb are the bread and cracker varieties.

#### REALLY, IT IS QUEER.

DON'T you think so, girls? Your Jack knows very little about it, but he thinks it must be queer

or the little girl would n't say so; or, at least our friend Maria I. Hammond would n't say in these verses that the little girl says so.

I HEARD a little girl say, "Well, really, it is queer, But making Christmas presents keeps me busy all the year!

In January I begin, and long before I'm through Here comes December, round again, and Christmas with it, too!

It was the last of February, I remember well, When I finished Mother's scarlet shawl in crazy stitch and shell;

In March I made a skate-bag, and Tot's reins of macremé;

In April worked a cushion bright, with here and there a spray!

In May, it was, I made a plaque of gay and glittering brass —

I'll never make another, for it hurt my eyes, alas! In June I worked a splasher full of blue wild roses, which

Was very much admired — it was done in outline stitch.

In July (the heat was frightful!) let me see — what did I do?

Oh, I tied a gilt scrap-basket with bows of peacock blue!

And in August, at Bar Harbor I collected pine enough

To make two lovely pillows of this what-d'-you-call-it stuff!

In September I was painting on a set of dessert plates:

The first one had a seckel pear — the last a bunch of dates;

In October they were finished, and when November came,

I made of daintiest cretonne a sort of album frame! And in December, quickly flew the short and busy hours

With making newsboys candy bags, and paper bonbon flowers.

So really," said this little girl, "I must say, though 't is queer,

This making Christmas presents keeps me busy all the year."

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S COMPOSITION.

SHOULD you like to hear a true story, written by a little city girl as a composition? The dear Little School-ma'am sends it to you with her compliments.

#### MY THANKSGIVING DAY ADVENTURE.

I WAS two years younger two years ago than I am now. This makes me seven years old when I had an adventure.

I went with my father and mother to a nice farmhouse in the country to spend Thanksgiving. It had n't come yet when we got there, for it was two days off. I had great fun, and I learned to ride a pretty little donkey. He was named Saffo, and he was so gentle that he would let you pull his ears. Well, the farmer was a kind man, and



I asked him if he was going to get a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. He said: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do, little Miss. If you will take Saffo and ride over the bridge to the barn-yard, and if you can count the turkeys you see there, I'll give you one on purpose for Thanksgiving, but you must count every turkey there is."

So Mamma said I might try; and Papa put me on Saffo, and I started to count all the turkeys over in the barn-yard. I knew then how to count up as high as a hundred. But when we came to the bridge Saffo and I got such a fright! A monstrous bird, making more noise than he could, came running to meet us, and he stopped right on the bridge as mad as he could be, and his tail

and all his feathers stuck out, and he would n't let us pass him at all. He was awful! So we had to turn back and gallop as fast as we could. I knew what he was, because his noise sounded like "gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Well, the farmer would have laughed at us for being afraid to cross the bridge to the barn-yard, so I told him I only counted one, and he need n't mind about having turkey for Thanksgiving. But he said he would see about it. And what do you think? We *did* have one, all the same, when the day came, and doughnuts and mince pie afterward.

I was sorry for any poor bird to be roasted; but I think that turkeys are a great deal too fierce when they are not cooked.



"HE WOULD N'T LET US PASS HIM AT ALL."



## THE LETTER-BOX.

HENNEMONT, ST. GERMAIN, SEINE ET OISE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I live in a beautiful castle near the River Seine. I have a pet dog called Mahdi. We sit together under the trees, and I read your nice magazine quite alone. I like "The Brownies" best.

I hope very, very much you will print this letter. And I remain, your constant reader and faithful admirer,

AGLAÉ ZOË CALOThI, OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

P. S.—Mamma says this letter is badly written, but I don't want to copy it.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before. I hope you will print this. The stories I like best are "Little Lord Fautleroy" and "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot." I will not write much more, for I know some other little boy or girl is just as eager to have his or her letter printed. I just wish to say, I think your stories are lovely (which is very mild praise), and I hope you will never stop them.

So, good-bye,

BESSIE S.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend gave me, a short time ago, some Korean stamps for some little boy at home; and as I know of no one who is making a collection, it occurs to me that among your many little subscribers there must be a few who would be glad of these stamps; since, because of their rarity, they bring a dollar a stamp at home. As the Korean post-office existed but a day,—its projectors being killed or exiled in the riot of '86,—the stamps are no longer in print. If you will not consider it a trouble, please let the little fellows know this, and bid them send their names and addresses to me, and I will send each, one Korean and perhaps a Japanese stamp. They need not, of course, send a "stamp for reply."

We all, young and old, enjoy your very delightful magazine; and when my little daughter reaches the letter-writing age, she will send Jack-in-the-Pulpit a letter about this queer country.

Sincerely yours, LOULIE SCRANTON.

P. S.—The boys may address, Mrs. Wm. B. Scranton, Soul, Korea.

PEORIA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and five feet two inches tall. My older sister, Edie, or rather Edith, takes St. NICHOLAS, and I like "Juan and Juanita." Very many things the writer speaks about in the last chapter I know about, as we lived six years in San Antonio, Texas, and I have seen the old missions, San José and Concepcion, and have tasted tortillas. The Mexicans are mostly all "half-breeds." When they have a "norther," the Mexican men go to bed and stay there, and their wives stay up and cook the food, and do all the work. When it is fair weather, the women cook candy with nuts in it, called *pepetoria*, and a sort of molasses candy called *malacoche*, and the men go out and sell it. I have seen the old Alamo. There is a man there who says he can show you the exact place where Davy Crockett fell.

I have a brother who is sixteen years old, and six feet tall.

I am, your interested reader, AMY B.—

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was six years old (and now I am more than twelve) I have looked forward with pleasure, every month, to the coming of your delightful magazine. We have been in Europe for a year and more, and it has always reached me safely, although we have been traveling about in a great many different countries. Just now we are in Carlsbad, and in a few days we expect to go to Prague; it is in the palace there that the two imperial counselors were thrown out of the window, which was the immediate cause of the thirty years' war. There are a great many curious customs here, which I suppose might be called Bohemian.

Several bands play every morning at the different springs, from six o'clock to eight, and then all the world goes to drink the waters. As soon as the music stops, the people all disperse in different directions to the numerous cafés for their breakfast, and stop on the way to buy their bread, which they carry in red paper bags; and it really looks very odd to see all the people walking with these red paper bags.

The principal street here is called the "Alte Wiese," and it is lined with attractive shops.

There are nineteen springs in all; the oldest and hottest of which is the Sprudel, which is 167 degrees Fahrenheit.

Baskets of flowers are often put in the Sprudel, and left there for ten days; and when they are taken out again, they are changed into stone of a very ugly color.

I am very much interested in "Historic Girls." I have been reading Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great"; and I think Frederick's sister Wilhelmina would make a very interesting subject.

Your devoted reader, S. C. C.—

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having just returned from Greenland, I thought I would write to you about it. I spent the winter there with my cousin, and had a very nice time.

The morning just before I went away, the snow was far above our door. Whenever I went out, I always wore snow-shoes. I felt very queer when I first put them on. I could hardly walk. I like it in Los Angeles better than in Greenland, because it is not so cold. It is just like a cool summer here in winter, with all the flowers blooming, and everything green.

Your loving reader, HELEN S.—

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for about four years, and we like you very much. I am very much interested in the paper canoes and Nantucket sinks. They are rather hard to make at first, but we have made them both. I hope you will have some more.

We like the "Brownies" very much, and we have great fun with each new number of the magazine, in finding the Chinaman and several others, especially the Irishman. I will be sixteen years old on the 21st of October, and my sister Kathleen will be fifteen on the 4th of October.

We spent last summer in County Wicklow, which is one of the prettiest counties in Ireland. The scenery is beautiful. We had a little pony and phaeton, and we drove out every day.

With best wishes for St. NICHOLAS, yours,

M. A. D.—

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been in Brussels only three days, but have seen a great deal, as there is not so much to see as one finds in most European cities.

Yesterday we went to the famous field of Waterloo. A great many people go out in four-horse stage-coaches, but it takes about two hours, so we decided to go in the train to a small town where we got on a stage, and rode to the field; they have built a large monument of earth, like a pyramid (which took four years to build, with the Belgian lion on top), where the Duke of Wellington held his army. There were steps to the top of the monument,—two hundred and twenty-five; I was ready to drop when I reached the top. We had a splendid view of the surrounding country. The guide pointed out the different places of interest,—where Napoleon held his army, and how he had nearly made Wellington surrender when those bothersome Prussians came up.

At the little hotel at the foot of the monument called the Musée, we saw the different things picked up after the battle. I bought one of the bullets that were found; they had swords and cannon-balls, and skulls pierced by bullets, etc.

We were told that when Wellington went there some years after the battle, he said he would not come again, for the monument had spoiled his battle-field.

Brussels is considered a small Paris; but what I hate are the hills; the carriages tear down hill and around corners in (to me) a horrible way. I would rather have Rome with its seven hills. As for the stores, they can not be compared with Paris; on a tight squeeze you could see Brussels, Waterloo, and all in about two days, but for me it is two too many. Papa says I am a very hard judge, so you must make allowances. Some of the street-cars run by electricity here; it looks too funny to see them going along without horses.

We came here from Homburg, where we have spent the month of August. The place is crowded in that month with English and Americans; it is half an hour in the train from Frankfort-on-the-Main; there are five springs, and between half-past six and nine, before

breakfast, every morning, you will find the Elizabeth-brunnen and the park surrounding the spring, crowded with people, a band playing, and people walking up and down the long avenue of trees, after taking the waters; it is a pretty sight. English is spoken on every side. I like it much better than either Wiesbaden or Baden Baden. In the afternoon the people flock to the music; after that to the tennis, where in the season I have seen twenty-five courts going at once; two days before I came away, they had a tournament, and the Prince of Wales gave the winners gold scarf-pins. I sat right behind the Prince and his sister, the Princess Christian. I was introduced to Mr. Blaine, while I was there; and often saw the Empress of Germany.

We are going to Egypt this winter, and I will write you from among the pyramids.

LOUIE C.—

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We wrote to you once before, but our letter was not printed, so Mamma said we might try again and perhaps it would be this time. We told you how much we enjoyed all the nice stories, especially "Juan and Juanita."

We both take lessons on the violin, and the other evening we played a duet at some private theatricals given by a friend. At first we felt rather frightened, but when it was over, every one said we had played it very well.

Our uncle gave Mamma a parrot that talks French, and whenever a stranger comes into the room, he always says, "*Bonjour*" and "*Parlez vous français*?" in such a funny tone of voice that he makes us all laugh. His name is Jacquot, and he is awfully pretty, with green, white and scarlet feathers, and a funny top-knot.

Mamma says we would better close now, as she is afraid you won't print such a long letter. With love from your little friends,

CLARENCE AND CLIFFORD.

PENBURY, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a great many years, but have never written you a letter before.

I go to school in New York in the winter, for I am an American girl. I take French, Latin, and all English subjects. In the summer I learn Latin and arithmetic with my father, and this summer I have commenced Greek.

In your September number there is an article on "The First Paper Canoe," by H. E., who said that he (or she) had never seen an American child who could fold it all the way through to the end. My brothers and I used to make them, but we always called them "Chinese Junks," so I thought perhaps H. E. would like to know about it. Of your stories, I like "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-house" the best, although "Fiddle-John's Family" is very nice. Yours sincerely,

SHEILA W.— (Aged 12.)

P. S.—When I am sufficiently proficient in Greek, I will write you a letter in that language.

PATERSON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you are known by reputation to be a jolly old Saint, interested in the pleasures and occupations of the children all over the globe, and, as from your age I should suppose you to be stuffed with knowledge on every subject, I should like to ask you a few questions upon a subject in which I am deeply interested, but which nobody seems to know anything about.

My brother and I think we should like to try amateur photography, but prefer trying tintyping first, as the process is more simple and easier to understand.

I have read the articles on photography in ST. NICHOLAS and other magazines, but they say nothing about tintyping, and the catalogue of prices I sent for did not mention such a thing as a tintype camera.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, can you enlighten me on the subject? I should like to know where I can get an apparatus for taking tintypes, how much it is likely to cost, whether the baths can be obtained ready mixed, and if directions for taking the pictures come with the camera. Yours respectfully,

H. W. T.—

The apparatus required for making tintypes, or ferrotypes, need be little different from the apparatus required for making dry-plate photographs, and may be procured through any dealer in photographic materials. If "H. W. T." wishes to make ferrotypes by the old method, common until within a few years, he will require a special plate-holder; but any camera will answer. This process is rather "mussy" for an amateur working at home, and the silver from the silver bath is certain to blacken the fingers in an annoying manner. The plate of japanned iron (for it is not tin, but the iron from which sheet tin is made) must be flomed with collodion, which is sold in bottles, ready for use. When the collodion has set, or dried, to a certain degree—which occurs very shortly after flowing—the plate is immersed in a silver bath which has been rendered slightly acid. The exposure must be made while the plate is wet, yet not too soon after the immersion. After the exposure has been made, the plate is

flowed with a developing solution, the main ingredient of which is sulphate of iron; when, if the exposure has been correctly made, the image will gradually appear. At the moment when the image has reached a proper degree of clearness, the development is "checked" by placing the plate under the water-tap. The plate is then to be "fixed" with cyanide of potassium, after which it may at once be dried and varnished.

Ferrotypes plates are, however, now to be had ready prepared, like glass dry-plates for negatives. This does away with the collodion and the silver bath, and renders the hurry, and the nearness to the dark-room unnecessary. The Argentic Dry Plates may be had from the Phoenix Plate Company of Worcester, Mass., together with instructions for developing. These plates work quicker than the "wet" plates, and are developed with a "pyro" developer. They can be used in an ordinary plate-holder with a piece of glass of the same size behind them; so that "H. W. T." may begin his "tintyping" with any photographic camera outfit.

ALEXANDER R. BLACK.

DUNDALK, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old; I have never written to you before. I used to live in America, and now I live in Ireland. I do not think it is so nice as it is in America, but there are pretty mountains here. They are called the Carlingford Hills, and are right across Dundalk bay. The little houses are very funny; they are thatched, and very small and dark. There is a market every Monday, and the town is crowded with country people. They come in with their pigs and cattle, and send them away to Liverpool in a boat. Father sends the ST. NICHOLAS every month to us, and we like it because there is not such a nice book over here. There are five of us altogether, and we all look forward to the ST. NICHOLAS coming. Nelly was only three when she came over and soon she will be four. There is a place called a cromlech near here; it is three large stones standing on the ground about three or four yards apart, and one immense one on the top. They say these stones were placed thus by men to mark where the dead were buried, and those men lived long, long ago, before the Druids. There are other curious things around here,—an old grave-yard where William Bruce is buried,—(he was Robert Bruce's brother),—and there are also some old towers.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your little friend,

UNA STUART P.—

TYLERTOWN, PIKE CO., MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have been a constant and devoted reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever since I have been a reader of anything, I think, I have never made so bold as to contribute to the Letter-box my "mite." Now that I have done so, I hope it will be regarded with a benignant "she hath done what she could," and allowed to pass the "dread waste-basket."

ST. NICHOLAS has been sent to our family by some dear cousins in Illinois, ever since it was first published. It has descended from one member of the family to the next younger until it has reached me. I do not think I shall ever outgrow it.

I think I will be ranked among the older children. I have just passed my sixteenth birthday, but I am a "school-ma'am" with three months' experience.

I read the Letter-box with the deepest interest, especially those letters from "far-away lands." I read books of travel and am very fond of them, but I think that it would be more like seeing things myself to have them written of to me.

Thanking you many times for what you have been to me, and with my best wishes for your future success, I remain,  
Yours devotedly,

ANNIE S.—

FONTANA PARK, GENEVA LAKE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in "Juan and Juanita." We camp here all the summer vacation. We have a very nice tent with three rooms in it. There are many other boys and girls in the camp. We have very nice times. My little brother and the other children and I go in bathing. I can swim a few strokes. We have a row-boat, and I go out on the lake very often. I have a baby mud-turtle, and it is just as cunning as it can be. He is a little larger than a silver half dollar. He has a pointed tail, and his head is yellow and black. He has very small eyes. I made him a nice home in a wooden pail.—This is a very beautiful lake, nine miles long and three and a half miles wide. There are many parks around the lake. There are sixteen private steamers and four public ones. This used to be a great resort for Indians. Black Hawk used to have his council-house here. Some of the cedar pole is still in the ground where the council-house stood. There have been many Indian arrow-heads picked up around here. I think the Indians must have felt very badly to have left their beautiful hunting-grounds.

BESSIE L. N.—



## NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEAREST OF SAINTS: I have taken you for four years for a Christmas present from mamma and papa, and I am not willing to give you up yet. Mamma thought I was getting too old for ST. NICHOLAS, and would enjoy an older magazine better; but nothing could induce me to give you up. I like all of your stories, especially those written by Frank Stockton; but "Historic Boys and Girls," and the articles that have a bit of history or travels in them, are my favorites.

A few summers ago I spent a few weeks at Barnegat, N. J., which is famous for its lighthouse. It is indeed wonderful; and its light is so large that it can be seen for many miles around. At the base the wall is four feet thick, but gradually grows thinner as you ascend. I believe there are two hundred and seventy-four winding steps, and when you get to the top you are indeed ready to sit down; but it is still harder to go down. While I was there it was a very warm day, but a heavy gale came up and shook the top so that it swayed, and I was very glad to go down. After visiting the light, we went out in a small yacht to see the steamer Guadalupe, which had been wrecked the previous winter. On the way our skipper told us the story of the wreck, for he helped save the lives of the people.

I am fourteen years old, and papa calls me Brownie for a pet name. (I wonder if any of Palmer Cox's brownies ever reach that age.)

Your fascinated reader, GRACE OR "BROWNIE."

OUR thanks are due to the young friends named below, for pleasant letters which we have not space to print:

James Fay, Willie L. Taver, Louise Clawson, Claire Herrick, Eunice Sivers, Peggy and Kitty, M. G. H., Lulu Gulliver, Ethel Crocker, Kate H. R., Cornelia M. T., Winifred Reed, Fennimore R., Jack Wilson, Ella M. Fischer, Daisy V. W., Marion Clothier, Susie Inloes, Lucy M. D., Alma St. C. S., Grace S., Mina L., L. S. C., M. A. and M. O. P., Annie and Kathleen, Frederick W., Annie M., Margaret Dabney, Bessie and Hettie R., Alston Deas, Ida, Hulda and Khetta, Bertha E. W., Hattie Rose, Wenefride and Rosalie Kelly, Burt Harrison, Mary L. C., Rose and Daisy, Elsie Wilson, Marcia Lee, Flossy B., Frances D. L., M. O. W., A. C. M., Blanche C., Rene Carrillo, Daisy McDowell, Lyda M., Helene M. K., Helen R. B., "Gray Eyes and Blue Eyes," Lizzie Willey, Mamie S. B., Abba Kellogg, Louise F. H., Sybil B., Maud O., Florence L. B., Josie S., Edna L. Erwin, John Warren, Emma G., Mac Douglas, Leon A. P., Alta V., Robert L. N., Edith C. and Ada B., Ivy, Ruth and Hallie H., Loto K., Lily G., A. L. R., Ada A. H., Bertha and Elsie, Claire and Lavinia, Louise R., Stella Wood, R. Marion Cameron, Bertha L. S., Eleanor B. E., Hugh Barr, Annie Graves, Michael and Frank, Avis M. M., Queen G., Delia H., Minnie F., Alva E. P., Julia C. G., Annette A. G., "The Bookworm," M. W., M. A. W., and Julia B. H.

## PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. No. 1.

Das  
Christkind hat  
uns diesen  
schönen  
Baum  
geschickt.



Lizbeth B. Cuming

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

**CUBE.** From 1 to 2, quintette; 2 to 4, earthing; 3 to 4, Easter-egg; 1 to 3, quadruple; 5 to 6, rearguard; 6 to 8, dictation; 7 to 8, elocution; 5 to 7, reanimate; 1 to 5, quaver; 2 to 6, erased; 4 to 8, gammon; 3 to 7, enable.

**Pi.** Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

*Autumn Thoughts*, by J. G. Whittier.

**NOVEL ACROSTICS.** Third row, Heartfelt thanks; sixth row, Thanksgiving Day. Cross-words: 1. Athletic. 2. Wreathed. 3. Standard. 4. Strained. 5. Attacked. 6. Diffuse. 7. Presages. 8. Religion. 9. Outlives. 10. Catering. 11. Schooner. 12. Analogue. 13. Consider. 14. Inkstand. 15. Unstayed.

**A LETTER PUZZLE.** "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." *King Henry VI. Part II. Act 3. Scene 2.*

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from K. G. S.—Grace Kupfer—Maud E. Palmer—Katie, Jamie, and Mamma—Nellie and Reggie—"Blithedale"—"Kanuck and Yank"—"Hikeydum"—Maggie T. Turrill—Sadie Mabelle Sherman—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from K. P. Ward, 1—Alice Hirsch, 4—"I. Diot," 2—"Rufa" and "Browne," 4—Bertha, 1—S. C. P., 1—F. F. W., 1—"Kitty Clover," 3—"Cricket," 1—"The Three Graces," 1—Edward E. Jungerich, 1—J. A., 10—"Puss," 2—"Calamity Jane and Cliptknocky," 3—Grace and Bertha, 1—Ade-line and Agnes, 3—Bacon and Tarr, 1—Bertie Brush, 1—"St. Olaf's Kirk," 10—"Skipper," 1—"Sphinx," 1—Hattie Taylor and Mary Dexter, 1—"A Yachting Party," 5—"Giddy Sinclair," 4—"Dombey and Son," 3—"Rose," 3—"Annie L. A.'s Admirer," 4—H. H. C., 2—B. and M. Dixon, 1—Nellie B. McCarter, 1—Anastasia, Celestine, and Marie Kane, 4—M. Angela Diller, 2—Mary M. Rittich, 1—D. D. and M. M., 4—No Name, Gardner, 7—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 6—Annie M. and Susie R. Bingham, 2—"Martin Chuzzlewit," 2—Grace Scoville, 1—A. and M. Fries, 10—Elsie A. Patchen, 1—Rudolph G. Ward, 1—M. Flurscheim, 1—Paul Reese, 13—Papa and Mary Farr, 3—May W. Elmslie, 1—Peace and Happiness, 10—L. M., 1—Marion Strong, 1—Midge, 1—"Mooney," 8—Shumway Hen and Chickens, 13—"The Oaks," 1—Florence L. Beekman, 2—"Tommy Traddles," 2—Louise F. H., 1—"Three Graces," Newark, 3—"Pokey," 8—Edith Woodward, 6—N. L. Howes, 10—"Jo and I," 12—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Alpha Alpha, B. C., 8—W. K. C., 2—Lou and Bert, 4—Mona and Euna, 4—Jennie S. Liebmann, 8—A. H. R. and M. G. R., 13—Margaret C. Maule, 1—Polly, 1—Buttercup and Daisy, 2—"We Two," 7—Jennie, 7—"Aliena," 6—W. R. M., 12—"?", 7—May Shaughnessy, 1—"Juan and Juanita," 5—Annie Floyd, 7—"Beth and Amy," 6—Laura, 10—"No Name, Newport, 6—"Emerald Green," 4—"Solomon Quill," 10—"Fanatic," 11—"May and 79," 5—"Teddy," 1—"Fox and Geese," 9—"Junket," 4—R. A. M., 11—Kate L. Oglebay, 1—"Idle Bee," 1—E. Muriel Grundy, 13.

## A DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: In Diogenes. 2. To perform. 3. A name of the daughter of Proserpina. 4. Consumed. 5. In Diogenes.  
DOWNWARD: 1. In Diogenes. 2. Another name for Colchis. 3. An ancient people of Scotland. 4. To knot. 5. In Diogenes.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In game so jolly;  
In bunch of holly;  
In sprig of green;  
In water clean;  
In faces bright:  
In darkest night;  
In sleigh so fine;  
In figure nine;  
In boot and shoe;  
In zebra too.

What am I? You surely will remember  
A famous battle fought in bleak December.

## TWO DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. EACH of the cross-words contains seven letters. The primals and finals each name a festival which occurs in December.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mean, despicable person. 2. A character in Shakspeare's play of "Hamlet." 3. A historian. 4. To infuse into. 5. The title of the chief magistrate of Mecca. 6. A fine smooth stuff of silk. 7. A plant now used in the manufacture of sapsago cheese. 8. Agony. 9. To shut out. 10. One who nettles. 11. Twists. 12. Coveted. 13. An invocation of blessings. 14. A dramatic poem having a fatal issue.

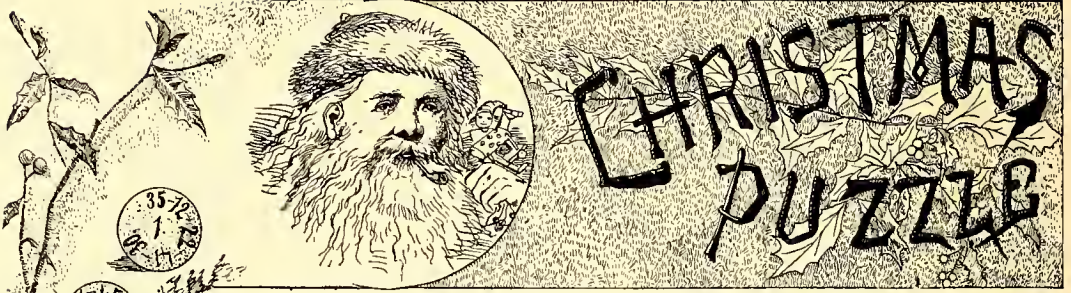
II. Each of the cross-words contains ten letters. The primals name articles pleasant to give or to receive; the finals name a pleasant song to listen to.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the cabala. 2. The picture-writing of the ancient Egyptian priests. 3. A combat. 4. A name given to persons in the early church who had received baptism. 5. Whippings. 6. Equivalent in value or signification. 7. A narration of mere fable. 8. A city in Egypt. 9. Insensibility. 10. Geological. 11. A class of plants. 12. One who constructs or makes. 13. A place in Bolivia. 14. Pertaining to a seraph. F. S. R.



This puzzle is based upon one of the Mother Goose rhymes. The pictures represent the last word of the six lines of the verse. What is the verse?





**ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.**

THE numbers on ball number 1 represent certain letters which form a boy's name; number 2, to use with effort; number 3, one given in pledge as security for the performance of certain conditions; number 4, a relative; number 5, the circumference of anything; number 6, obsequious; number 7, interlaced; number 8, an exploit; number 9, a morsel; number 10, to wander. The answer, consisting of fifty-one letters, is what the Rabbi Jehiel says all should do.

**PI.**

BREDMECE clesos no eth ceens  
 Dan hwta prapea het moths n noge stap?  
 Stagmerfn fo meti wichh cone heav bene!  
 Desucingce lowlys, lied oto fats!  
 Thire mienuts, shour, dan sayd pareap  
 Livewess ni hatt malls tinop, a ryea.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. EFFICACIOUS. 2. Apart. 3. To lampoon. 4. Imaginary. 5. Ravines.

G. A. S.

**MYTHOLOGICAL HOUR-GLASS.**

THE central letters, reading downward, spell the name of the rider of Pegasus. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to a very northern region. 2. The brother of Menelaus. 3. The most celebrated of Grecian painters. 4. One of the Harpies. 5. A name for Colchis. 6. In Harpy. 7. A personification of night. 8. The father of Anchises. 9. The husband of Niobe. 10. Pertaining to an Amazon. 11. A name for Polydorus. "LITTLE ONE."

**NOVEL RHOMBOID.**

ACROSS: 1. Depressed with fear. 2. A city in Massachusetts. 3. A masculine name. 4. A city in Italy. 5. A fruit. DOWNWARD: 1. In accent. 2. A bone

3. To stuff. 4. A Scriptural name. 5. An evil spirit. 6. A measure of length. 7. A bank to confine water. 8. A negative answer. 9. In accent. UPWARD: 1. In accent. 2. In this manner. 3. A bird. 4. Masculine. 5. Existed. 6. A Scriptural name. 7. Enraged. 8. Forward. 9. In accent.

**CUBE.**

I	2		
		5	6
3		4	
		7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a President of the United States; from 2 to 4, leaving; from 1 to 3, a Roman emperor whose real name was Bassianus; from 3 to 4, affirming positively; from 5 to 6, the act of painting or drawing the likeness of; from 6 to 8, generously; from 5 to 7, fatherhood; from 7 to 8, what Shakspeare tells us King Richard II. wished to call back; from 1 to 5, to move slowly; from 2 to 6, comical; from 3 to 7, to quiet; from 4 to 8, fame.

W. H. STEVENSON.

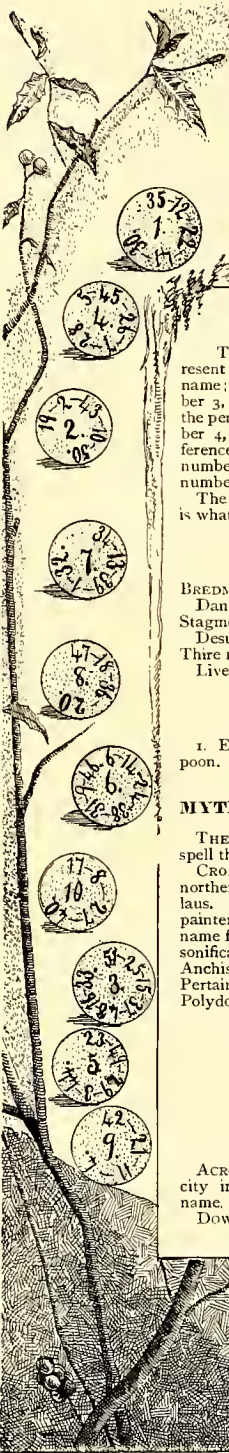
**STAR PUZZLE.**

	I	
4		5
2		3
		6

FROM 1 to 2, to distinguish; from 1 to 3, traced; from 2 to 3, knotted; from 4 to 5, longed for; from 4 to 6, feared; from 5 to 6, addicted. JOHN FERRYBINGLE.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters will spell the name of a party which took place on the 10th of a certain December, to which no reader of St. NICHOLAS was invited. 1. A wooden shoe worn by peasants. 2. A declivity. 3. A wild animal. 4. A pretty fabric. 5. A color. 6. A musical instrument. 7. Measure. 8. A hard outside covering. 9. To invent. 10. More mature. 11. A series of things linked together. 12. Pale. 13. Complete. 14. Magnificent. "LOU C. LEE."









THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

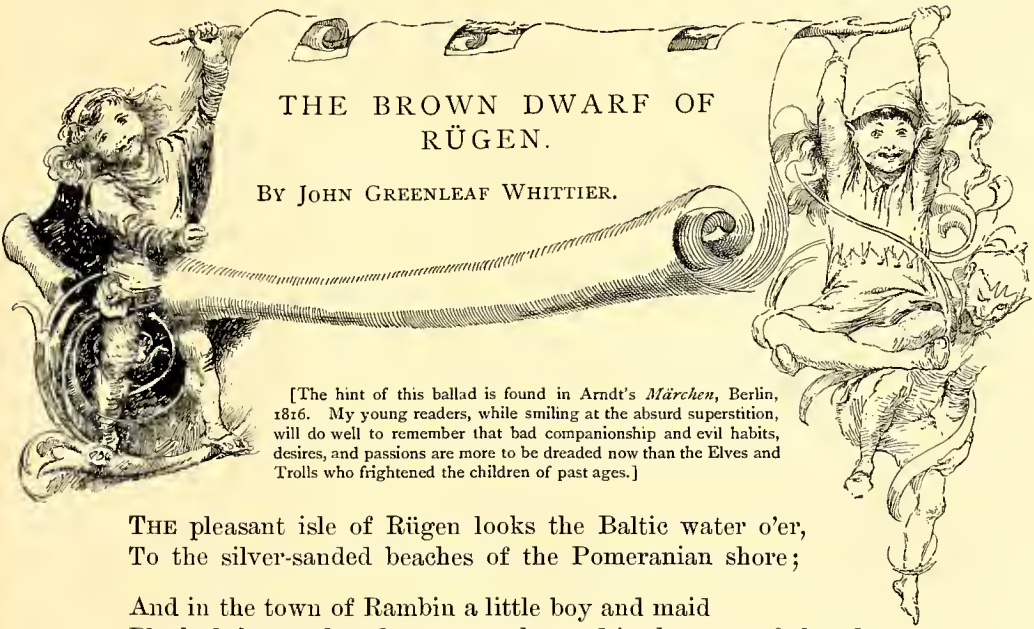
(SEE PAGE 166.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 3.



## THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's *Märchen*, Berlin, 1876. My young readers, while smiling at the absurd superstition, will do well to remember that bad companionship and evil habits, desires, and passions are more to be dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who frightened the children of past ages.]

THE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,  
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:  
He was the Amptman's\* first-born, the miller's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,  
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;

And, for every man and woman in Rügen's island found  
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-ground.

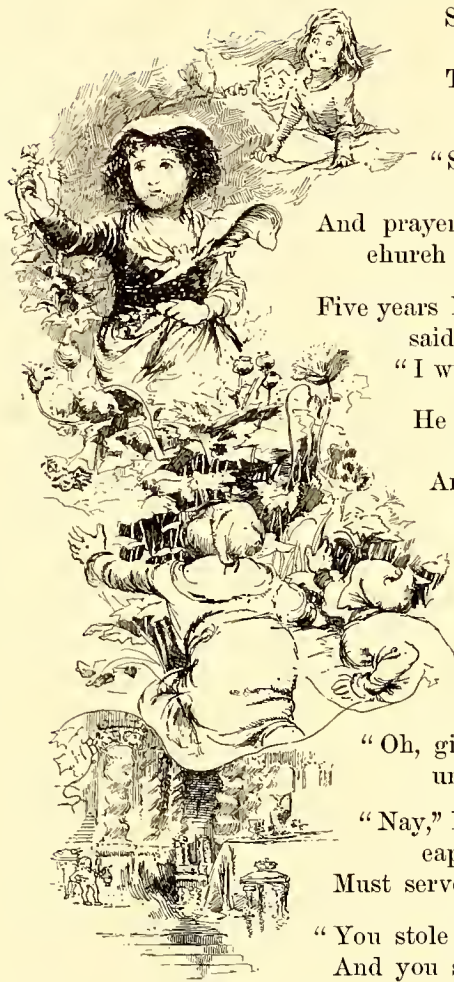
It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away  
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley-fields below, the harvesters had known  
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

\* A German local official, or bailiff.

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She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:

They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

“She’s down among the Brown Dwarfs,” said the dream-wives wise and old.

And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin’s church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrieh said:

“I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead.”

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,  
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his eap of red,  
Young Deitrieh caught it as it fell — and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.

“Oh, give me back my magie eap, for your great head unfit!”

“Nay,” Deitrieh said; “the Dwarf who throws his charmèd eap away,  
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

“You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;  
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth.”

“She will not come; she’s one of us; she’s mine!” the Brown Dwarf said;  
“The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed.”

“The fell fiend fetch thee!” Deitrieh cried, “and keep thy foul tongue still.  
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!”

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stair-way passed,  
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land,—  
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,  
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!  
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown  
hair, her tender blue eyes seemed  
Like something he had seen elsewhere  
or something he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms;  
he knew the long-lost one;

“O Lisbeth! See thy playmate—I am the  
Amptman’s son!”

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and  
through her sobs she spoke:

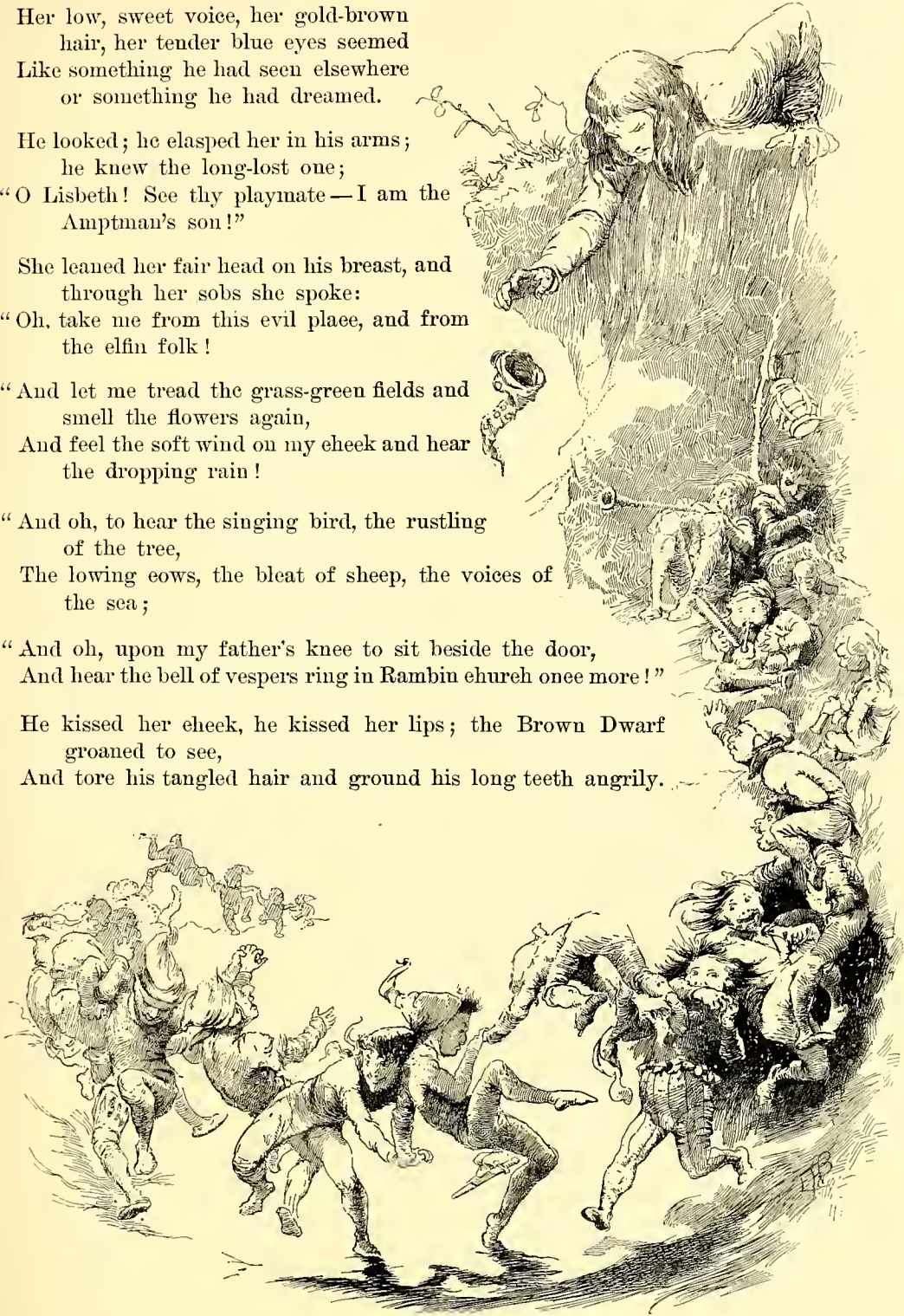
“Oh, take me from this evil place, and from  
the elfin folk!

“And let me tread the grass-green fields and  
smell the flowers again,  
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear  
the dropping rain!

“And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling  
of the tree,  
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of  
the sea;

“And oh, upon my father’s knee to sit beside the door,  
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!”

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf  
groaned to see,  
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.





But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian maid  
Has served you in your evil world and well must she be paid!

"Haste!—hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;  
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed,  
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;  
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown  
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.



Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,  
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Ramin's woods before,  
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltie shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,  
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Ramin's holy church the twain came forth as one,  
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

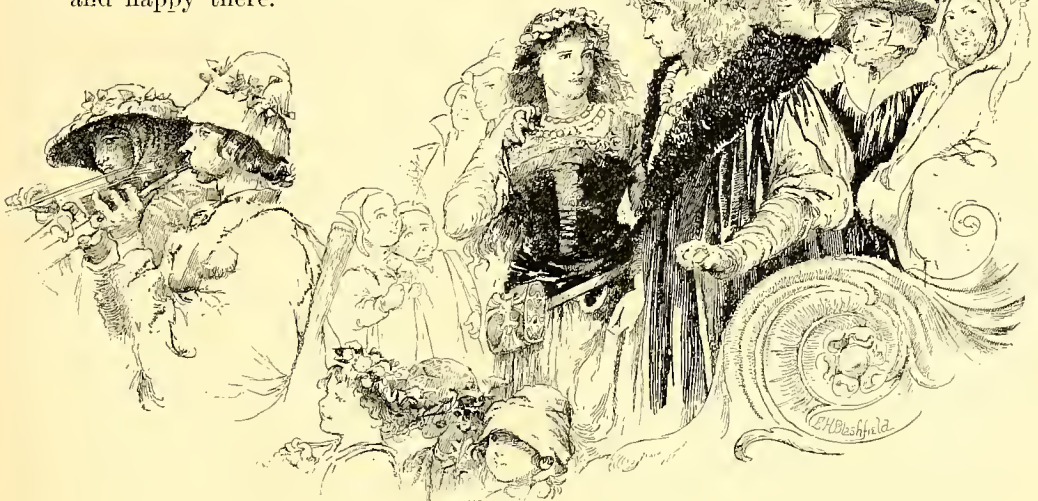
John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned o'er  
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well the Trolls shall come no more!"



For in the haunted Nine  
Hills he set a cross of  
stone;  
An Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door  
where door was none.

The tower he built in Ramin, fair Rügen's pride and  
boast,  
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,  
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long  
and happy there.





# Sara Crewe



## or What Happened at Miss Minchin's

by Frances Hodgson Burnett

### PART II.

THAT very afternoon Sara had an opportunity of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously, the streets were chilly and sloppy; there was mud everywhere—sticky London mud—and over everything a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done,—there always were on days like this,—and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through. The absurd old feathers on her forlorn hat were more dragged and absurd than ever, and her down-trodden shoes were so wet they could not hold any more water. Added to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her. She was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face had

a pinched look, and now and then some kind-hearted person passing her in the crowded street glanced at her with sympathy. But she did not know that. She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer way of hers by pretending and “supposing,”—but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately. “Suppose I had dry clothes on,” she thought. “Suppose I had good shoes and a long thick coat and merino stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose—suppose, just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence—which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns and should eat them all without stopping.”

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing which

happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just as she was saying this to herself—the mud was dreadful—she almost had to wade. She picked her way as carefully as she could, but she could not save herself much; only, in picking her way she had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down—just as she reached the pavement—she saw something shining in the gutter. A piece of silver—a tiny piece trodden upon by many feet, but still with spirit enough left to shine a little. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it—a four-penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little, red and blue hand.

“Oh!” she gasped. “It is true!”

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns,—large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

It almost made Sara feel faint for a few seconds—the shock and the sight of the buns and the delightful odors of warm bread floating up through the baker's cellar-window.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

“But I'll go and ask the baker's woman if she has lost a piece of money,” she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own—a little figure which was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and

muddy feet peeped out—only because the rags with which the wearer was trying to cover them were not long enough. Above the rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and a dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.



“EAT IT,” SAID SARA, “AND YOU WILL NOT BE SO HUNGRY.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

“This,” she said to herself, with a little sigh, “is one of the Populace—and she is hungrier than I am.”

The child—this “one of the Populace”—stared up at Sara, and shuffled herself aside a little, so as to give her more room. She was used to being



made to give room to everybody. She knew that if a policeman chanced to see her, he would tell her to "move on."

Sara clutched her little four-penny piece, and hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little more.

"Ain't I jist!" she said, in a hoarse voice. "Jist ain't I!"

"Have n't you had any dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner," more hoarsely still and with more shuffling, "nor yet no bre'fast — nor yet no supper — nor nothin'."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Dun'no'. Never got nothin' to-day — nowhere. I've axed and axed."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But those queer little thoughts were at work in her brain, and she was talking to herself though she was sick at heart.

"If I'm a princess," she was saying — "if I'm a princess —! When they were poor and driven from their thrones — they always shared — with the Populace — if they met one poorer and hungrier. They always shared. Buns are a penny each. If it had been sixpence! I could have eaten six. It won't be enough for either of us — but it will be better than nothing."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence — a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

The woman looked at it and at her — at her intense little face and draggled, once-fine clothes.

"Bless us — no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. *You* could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance toward the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained.

"I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two for make-weight," said the

woman, with her good-natured look. "I dare say you can eat them some time. Are n't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. She looked frightful in her wet and dirty rags. She was staring with a stupid look of suffering straight before her, and Sara saw her suddenly draw the back of her roughened, black hand across her eyes to rub away the tears which seemed to have surprised her by forcing their way from under her lids. She was muttering to herself.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap, "that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Sara heard her say hoarsely, in wild delight.

"*Oh, my!*"

Sara took out three more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness — which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

When she reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in both hands, and had stopped in the middle of a bite to watch her. Sara gave her a little nod, and the child, after another stare, — a curious, longing stare, — jerked her shaggy head in response, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

At that moment the baker-woman glanced out of her shop-window.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "If that young 'un has n't given her buns to a beggar-child. "It was n't because she did n't want them, either — well, well, she looked hungry enough. I'd give something to know what she did it for."

She stood behind her window for a few moments and pondered. Then her curiosity got the better of her. She went to the door and spoke to the beggar-child.

"Who gave you those buns?" she asked her.

The child nodded her head toward Sara's vanishing figure.

"What did she say?" inquired the woman.

"Axed me if I was 'ungry," replied the hoarse voice.

"What did you say?"

"Said I was jist!"

"And then she came in and got buns and came out and gave them to you, did she?"

The child nodded.

"How many?"

"Five."

The woman thought it over. "Left just one for herself," she said, in a low voice. "And she could have eaten the whole six—I saw it in her eyes."

She looked after the little, draggled, far-away figure, and felt more disturbed in her usually comfortable mind than she had felt for many a day.

"I wish she had n't gone so quick," she said.

"I'm blest if she should n't have had a dozen."

Then she turned to the child.

"Are you hungry, yet?" she asked.

"I'm allus 'ungry," was the answer; "but 't ain't so bad as it was."

"Come in here," said the woman, and she held open the shop-door.

The child got up and shuffled in. To be invited into a warm place full of bread seemed an incredible thing. She did not know what was going to happen; she did not care, even.

"Get yourself warm," said the woman, pointing to a fire in a tiny back room. "And, look here,—when you're hard up for a bit of bread, you can come here and ask for it. I'm blest if I won't give it you for that young 'un's sake."

Sara found some comfort in her remaining bun. It was hot; and it was a great deal better than nothing. She broke off small pieces and ate them slowly to make it last longer.

"Suppose it was a magic bun," she said, "and a bite was as much as a whole dinner. I should be over-eating myself if I went on like this."

It was dark when she reached the square in which Miss Minchin's Select Seminary was situated; the lamps were lighted, and in most of the windows gleams of light were to be seen. It always interested Sara to catch glimpses of the rooms before the shutters were closed. She liked to imagine things about the people who sat before the fires in the houses, or who bent over books at the tables. There was, for instance, the Large Family

opposite. She called these people the Large Family—not because they were large, for indeed most of them were little, but because there were so many of them. There were eight children in the Large Family, and a stout rosy mother, and a stout rosy father, and a stout rosy grandmamma, and any number of servants. The eight children were always either being taken out to walk, or to ride in perambulators, by comfortable nurses; or they were going to drive with their mamma; or they were flying to the door in the evening to kiss their papa and dance around him and drag off his overcoat and look for packages in the pockets of it; or they were crowding about the nursery windows and looking out and pushing each other and laughing,—in fact, they were always doing something which seemed enjoyable and suited to the tastes of a large family. Sara was quite attached to them and had given them all names out of books. She called them the Montmorencys, when she did not call them the Large Family. The fat, fair baby with the lace cap was Ethelberta Beauchamp Montmorency; the next baby was Violet Cholmondely Montmorency; the little boy who could just stagger, and who had such round legs, was Sydney Cecil Vivian Montmorency; and then came Lilian Evangeline, Guy Clarence, Maud Marian, Rosalind Gladys, Veronica Eustacia, and Claude Harold Hector.

Next door to the Large Family lived the Maiden Lady, who had a companion, and two parrots, and a King Charles spaniel; but Sara was not so very fond of her, because she did nothing in particular but talk to the parrots and drive out with the spaniel. The most interesting person of all lived next door to Mrs. Minchin herself. Sara called him the Indian Gentleman. He was an elderly gentleman who was said to have lived in the East Indies, and to be immensely rich and to have something the matter with his liver,—in fact, it had been rumored that he had no liver at all, and was much inconvenienced by the fact. At any rate, he was very yellow and he did not look happy; and when he went out to his carriage, he was almost always wrapped up in shawls and overcoats, as if he were cold. He had a native servant who looked even colder than himself, and he had a monkey who looked colder than the native servant. Sara had seen the monkey sitting on a table, in the sun, in the parlor-window, and he always wore such a mournful expression that she sympathized with him deeply.

"I dare say," she used sometimes to remark to herself, "he is thinking all the time of cocoa-nut trees and of swinging by his tail under a tropical sun. He might have had a family dependent on him, too, poor thing!"





"HE WAS WAITING FOR HIS MASTER TO COME OUT TO THE CARRIAGE, AND SARA STOPPED AND SPOKE A FEW WORDS TO HIM."

The native servant, whom she called the Lascar, looked mournful too, but he was evidently very faithful to his master.

"Perhaps he saved his master's life in the Sepoy rebellion," she thought. "They look as if they might have had all sorts of adventures. I wish I

could speak to the Lascar. I remember a little Hindustani."

And one day she actually did speak to him, and his start at the sound of his own language expressed a great deal of surprise and delight. He was waiting for his master to come out to the car-

riage, and Sara, who was going on an errand as usual, stopped and spoke a few words. She had a special gift for languages and had remembered enough Hindustani to make herself understood by him. When his master came out, the Lasear spoke to him quickly, and the Indian Gentleman turned and looked at her curiously. And afterward the Lasear always greeted her with salaams of the most profound description. And occasionally they exchanged a few words. She learned that it was true that the Sahib was very rich — that he was ill — and also that he had no wife nor children, and that England did not agree with the monkey.

“He must be as lonely as I am,” thought Sara. “Being rich does not seem to make him happy.”

That evening, as she passed the windows, the Lasear was closing the shutters, and she caught a glimpse of the room inside. There was a bright fire glowing in the grate, and the Indian Gentleman was sitting before it, in a luxurious chair. The room was richly furnished and looked delightfully comfortable, but the Indian Gentleman sat with his head resting on his hand and looked as lonely and unhappy as ever.

“Poor man!” said Sara; “I wonder what *you* are ‘supposing’?”

When she went into the house she met Miss Minchin in the hall.

“Where have you wasted your time?” said Miss Minchin. “You have been out for hours!”

“It was so wet and muddy,” Sara answered. “It was hard to walk, because my shoes were so bad and slipped about so.”

“Make no excuses,” said Miss Minchin, “and tell no falsehoods.”

Sara went downstairs to the kitchen.

“Why did n’t you stay all night?” said the cook.

“Here are the things,” said Sara, and laid her purchases on the table.

The cook looked over them, grumbling. She was in a very bad temper indeed.

“May I have something to eat?” Sara asked, rather faintly.

“Tea ’s over and done with,” was the answer. “Did you expect me to keep it hot for you?”

Sara was silent a second.

“I had no dinner,” she said, and her voice was quite low. She made it low, because she was afraid it would tremble.

“There ’s some bread in the pantry,” said the cook. “That ’s all you ’ll get at this time of day.”

Sara went and found the bread. It was old and hard and dry. The cook was in too bad a humor to give her anything to eat with it. She had just been scolded by Miss Minchin, and it was always safe and easy to vent her own spite on Sara.

Really it was hard for the child to climb the three long flights of stairs leading to her garret. She often found them long and steep when she was tired, but to-night it seemed as if she would never reach the top. Several times a lump rose in her throat, and she was obliged to stop to rest.

“I can’t pretend anything more to-night,” she said wearily to herself. “I ’m sure I can’t. I ’ll eat my bread and drink some water and then go to sleep, and perhaps a dream will come and pretend for me. I wonder what dreams are.”

Yes, when she reached the top landing there were tears in her eyes, and she did not feel like a princess — only like a tired, hungry, lonely, lonely child.

“If my papa had lived,” she said, “they would not have treated me like this. If my papa had lived, he would have taken care of me.”

Then she turned the handle and opened the garret-door.

Can you imagine it — can you believe it? I find it hard to believe it myself. And Sara found it impossible; for the first few moments she thought something strange had happened to her eyes — to her mind — that the dream had come before she had had time to fall asleep.

“Oh!” she exclaimed breathlessly. “Oh! It is n’t true! I know, I know it is n’t true!” And she slipped into the room and closed the door and looked it, and stood with her back against it, staring straight before her.

Do you wonder? In the grate, which had been empty and rusty and cold when she left it, but which now was blackened and polished up quite respectably, there was a glowing, blazing fire. On the hob was a little brass kettle, hissing and boiling; spread upon the floor was a warm, thick rug; before the fire was a folding-chair, unfolded and with cushions on it; by the chair was a small folding-table, unfolded, covered with a white cloth, and upon it were spread small covered dishes, a cup and saucer, and a tea-pot; on the bed were new, warm coverings, a curious wadded silk robe and some books. The little, cold, miserable room seemed changed into Fairyland. It was actually warm and glowing.

“It is bewitched!” said Sara. “Or *I* am bewitched. I only *think* I see it all; but if I can only keep on thinking it, I don’t care — I don’t care,—if I can only keep it up!”

She was afraid to move, for fear it would melt away. She stood with her back against the door and looked and looked. But soon she began to feel warm, and then she moved forward.

“A fire that I only *thought* I saw surely would n’t *feel* warm,” she said. “It feels real — real.”

She went to it and knelt before it. She



touched the chair, the table; she lifted the cover of one of the dishes. There was something hot and savory in it—something delicious. The teapot had tea in it, ready for the boiling water from the little kettle; one plate had toast on it, another, muffins.

“It is real,” said Sara. “The fire is real enough to warm me. I can sit in the chair; the things are real enough to eat.”

It was like a fairy story come true—it was heavenly. She went to the bed and touched the blankets and the wrap. They were real too. She opened one book, and on the title-page was written in a strange hand, “The little girl in the attic.”

Suddenly—was it a strange thing for her to do?—Sara put her face down on the queer foreign-looking quilted robe and burst into tears.

“I don’t know who it is,” she said, “but somebody cares about me a little—somebody is my friend.”

Somehow that thought warmed her more than the fire. She had never had a friend since those happy, luxurious days when she had had everything; and those days had seemed such a long way off—so far away as to be only like dreams—during these last years at Miss Minchin’s.

She really cried more at this strange thought of having a friend—even though an unknown one—than she had cried over many of her worst troubles.

But these tears seemed different from the others, for when she had wiped them away they did not

seem to leave her eyes and her heart hot and smarting.

And then imagine, if you can, what the rest of the evening was like. The delicious comfort of taking off the damp clothes and putting on the soft, warm, quilted robe before the glowing fire—of slipping her cold feet into the luscious little wool-lined slippers she found near her chair. And then the hot tea and savory dishes, the cushioned chair and the books!

It was just like Sara, that, once having found the things real, she should give herself up to the enjoyment of them to the very utmost. She had lived such a life of imaginings, and had found her pleasure so long in improbabilities, that she was quite equal to accepting any wonderful thing that happened. After she was quite warm and had eaten her supper and enjoyed herself for an hour or so, it had almost ceased to be surprising to her, that such magical surroundings should be hers. As to finding out who had done all this, she knew that it was out of the question. She did not know a human soul by whom it could seem in the least degree probable that it could have been done.

“There is nobody,” she said to herself, “nobody.” She discussed the matter with Emily, it is true, but more because it was delightful to talk about it than with a view to making any discoveries.

“But we have a friend, Emily,” she said; “we have a friend.”

*(To be concluded.)*

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## THE AMUSEMENTS OF ARAB CHILDREN.

BY HENRY W. JESSUP.

IF the little Arabs are heathen, they are at least picturesque heathen. In their colored clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play, one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, although they treat their elders with a delightful

deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome. When a baby is born, if it be a girl “the threshold mourns forty days.” So, in taking a glimpse at the amusements of the Arab children, we must be prepared to find that they are chiefly boys’ games, in which the girls seldom participate.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria if the boys there ever played baseball; and on learning that they did not, he said, “Well, they can’t have much fun there.” It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries

amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example, the Arab children often play blind-man's-buff (they call it *ghummaida*) and *biz zowaia* or puss-in-the-corner, and a game like "button, button, who has the button?" (which they play with a pebble), and *oval howah* or leap-frog, and *gilleh* or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard — such as *kurd murboot*, *shooha*, *joora*, *taia-ya-taia*, *khâtim*, and the greatest and most exciting of all their games — the national game, it might perhaps be called — *jereed*. I will briefly describe these different games.

One noticeable feature of all these games is that they cost nothing. The Arab boy rarely has any pocket-money, unless he finds it, or gets it as a gift; and when he has any, he is very certain to win or lose with it, if he can find any other boy who also has some.

But in the ordinary games no money is spent. Every one is so poor,—the government is so grasping, and the taxes are so heavy,—that any boy who asked for money to buy something to play with would be likely to "*schkue rutly*"—"get a beating," as their saying goes, from his father's stick. Probably more than a quarter of the children in this bright land have as much money spent on their toys and amusements in one year as would feed and clothe as many Arab children for the same length of time. How happy some little Arab girl is occasionally made when any of the kind-hearted little American or English girls out there give her an old dolly for her own! How she cherishes and treasures it!

But now for the games. *Kurd murboot* means "tied monkey." One boy is chosen to be monkey. He is tied by the hand with a long string to a peg driven in the ground. Then the others tie knots in their handkerchiefs, if they have any, or use little whips, and beat him with them, until he manages to catch one of the boys, who then must change places with him and be tied to the peg in turn. In all the games in which one is hit by the others, the young Arabs are remarkably good-tempered; and fair play—turn and turn about—is the rule. When the Arab boy does lose his temper, he invariably lays hold of a stone; and after cursing his antagonist's great-great-grandfather, he lets the missile fly. But they are not very good throwers, and so, as a rule, little damage is done. They are, however, very revengeful. One Moslem boy once had a spite against a little American boy in Beirut, and he climbed upon the wall of the American boy's garden and dropped a large stone upon his head.

*Shooha* is very similar to *kurd murboot*, but instead of being tied to a peg, the boy hangs in a swing and tries to catch the others without leaving the swing. So he swoops around like a *shooha*, or hawk. *Taia-ya-taia* and *khâtim* are not very popular and are little played. The former is on the same principle as *kurd murboot*, the boy who is "it" hopping on one foot and trying thus to catch the rest. *Khâtim* is played with a ring, and is merely a sort of "toss-up" to determine who shall have the right to pound the others.

"How brutal!" some reader exclaims; "all their games seem to be based upon hitting and fighting!"

Not all; *joora* is a very popular game, and is played a great deal in the spring about the time marbles begin. It is played sometimes with marbles, but more often with apricot-stones. The Syrian apricots are of two varieties,—the *lowsy*, or nut almond, the stone of which contains a delicious kernel, and a smaller variety, the *kelayby*, or "little dog" kind, which is very abundant and cheap, and the stones of which are about the size of an ordinary marble.

*Joora* means almost the same as "hole in the ground." A hole about six inches deep and four inches across is scooped in the earth. Then the players stand about four or six feet away, and as each one's turn comes, he takes as many stones as he cares to venture and tries to throw them into the hole at one toss. His companion, who is not supposed to know how many he throws, calls out "odd" or "even," and if he calls correctly the number of those that do fall into the hole, he wins them; if not, he gives the thrower as many as do go in.

The children who can get the nut almond stones to play with are much envied; for after the game, they can eat their winnings or make beautiful whistles out of them. To do this they wear a hole in one side by rubbing it swiftly on a stone, with a little water to moisten it and make it wear off smoothly.

The Arabs play marbles differently from the American boys. Of course the arrangement of the marbles to be shot at can be varied in many ways; but the young Arabs shoot the marble in a way of their own and much more accurately than American lads. The left hand is laid flat on the ground with the fingers closed together, and the marble is placed in the groove between the middle finger and forefinger. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, and when the middle finger is suddenly pushed aside, the forefinger of the right hand slips out with more or less force and projects the marble very accurately in the direction of the groove on the left hand. Many of the boys become very expert. I knew one boy who was famous for





ARAB BOYS PLAYING JOORA.

shooting his marble into the air and making its range so exact that it would drop on the one he shot at; and he could do this with remarkable accuracy. Perhaps marbles are almost the only playthings for which Arab children pay money—and as a rule only a very small capital is needed.

We come now to the most interesting of the Arab games—*jereed*, or “spears.” Although I have mentioned it as perhaps the only national game, it is not, however, played so much nor so engrossingly as base-ball is in this country. It is hard to gather enough players to make it interesting, for it is an imitation of real warfare, and requires numbers. The establishment of a college like that at Beirut brought together a body of young men, and it was not long before the game was organized. Certain students soon came to be recognized as leaders, and the sport was for a time indulged in; but whether the sudden languishing of the game was due to the interference of the faculty of the college or not, it is certain that some influence was brought to bear and the game was, for the time, stopped.

I remember, one bright spring day, about forty

young Arabs, sinewy and active, gathered on the campus of the Syrian Protestant College on the bluff, or promontory, of Ras Beirut, which stretches westward into the waters of the Mediterranean. The view eastward from that bluff is very fine; and reaching north and south to the horizon were the gray ranges of Lebanon, one peak of which was still covered with snow. The blue-gray of the mountains, outlined against the unclouded blue sky, shades down near the base into the lovely greens and silver of the olive and mulberry orchards which reach for miles over the plain. There, too, was the city,—the Naples of the eastern Mediterranean, rising in a semicircle on the hill from the rocky shore of the bay,—a city of flat-roofed and French-tiled houses showing through the foliage of the trees, with here and there a graceful minaret, a church spire, or the ruins of a mediæval castle tower.

That morning, however, we did not notice the scenery—we would n't have thought much of it, if any one had pointed it out. Many of us were very nervous. I was one of the younger players who

were in for their first game. I was the only *Franjy*, or American, in that game, and I was under the special tutelage of an enormous Arab — one who could throw his wooden spear farther than any other player present; and he was going to show me how to play.

The general plan of the game is as follows:

Sides are chosen by the leaders, and lines marked out, about a spear's-throw apart. This distance varies with the size and strength of the players, thirty yards being a fair average. Each player has

him, as it goes by. This sounds more difficult than it really is. The player dodges as the spear approaches, so that it will shoot past his side,—the right side, if possible,—and then, as it passes him, he sweeps it in with his hand and brings it down to the side, reversing it so as to throw it back again, all in a moment.

Under the big Arab's instruction, it soon became possible for me both to catch my spear and occasionally to cast it very near the fellow opposed to me.



ARAB YOUTHS PLAYING THE GAME JEREED, OR SPEARS.

a blunt wooden spear, about the shape of a billiard cue, only not so small in proportion at the smaller end. It is shaped in such a way that when balanced on the finger and then grasped, it will not be held at the middle, but at a point a little nearer the larger end. A *jereed* player must possess skill in two ways: He must be able to hurl the spear far and true, and also to catch a spear, when thrown at

The object of the game is for one side to drive the other side back and to occupy its line. But it is not so rough a game as this purpose would seem to imply. Not half so many accidents occur as in base-ball, and it is not nearly so rough as foot-ball, since the object of the game can be attained very easily and quickly by throwing the spear over the head of your opponent; for then he has to run back



and pick up his spear,—and that not only weakens the enemies' line, but gives them, for the time, one less spear-thrower.

For so warlike a game, anger is seldom shown by Arab players. There are always some hot-headed fellows in any country who use games as occasions and covers for wreaking petty spites. Fair play is the rule; but in one game that day, two mean fellows combined against a single member of the opposing line, and of course he could n't dodge two spears at once.

The leader of the other side was a handsome, well-built fellow called Muir, or "Leopard." He was jumping to catch a spear that was going over his head, to prevent its falling back of the line, when another spear hit him full in the forehead and laid him out flat.

This stopped the game at once. An Arab could hardly understand the practice of carrying a disabled man off the field and putting in a substitute; and the substitute would probably be superstitious about taking so unlucky a position.

In itself, *jerjed* is a manly game. It brings all the muscles into play, and exercises the eye and the body in quickness and precision of movement. It is hardly, however, a game for Americans to play. It is seen in perfection when played by the Arab horsemen, as they go through the spear movements at full gallop on their beautiful horses,—hurling the long, quivering spears through the air, and catching them, in the midst of their evolutions and while riding at top speed.

Of course an article on Arab children's games can not have so much interest for girls as for boys, because of the sad position of girls in Eastern homes. Their condition is rapidly growing better, however, and many Moslem girls now know how to read and write. They go to the Mission schools, and in their play hours they learn the games that are taken from this country. Besides, they have other games of their own,—a sort of "hop-scotch," and a few of similar nature.

A word about ball-playing. For the boys will, of course, want to know if *any* game of ball is played by the Arabs.

You all have seen a Mandarin orange. Well, their ball is of almost that size and shape, and not a bit harder; and the only game played is hand-ball. We were playing once on the college grounds in Beirut, and the son of the president of the college, an American boy, slyly substituted an American base-ball for the ordinary "*tahby*." But the first player to whom it was thrown took it for a stone, and there was "sudden trouble." Explanations were of little avail; and if the offender had not been the president's son, he might have been hurt.

"Do the *Franjy* play with stones?" they asked in ridicule.

There is a beautiful shade-tree in the east called the *zinzalucht*. It is, I think, the tree known as "the pride of India." It bears a small berry, about the size of a pea. These berries grow in clusters, and when green are very hard. The children, boys and girls together, use them in a game based on the same principle as Jackstraws. A little mound of earth is piled up,—in which there are many layers of these berries,—the whole being carefully shaped into a cone with one berry on the top, and fine earth sifted over. The game consists in removing the berries, one by one, on the end of a pin stuck in a stick, and it is quite difficult; for, as in Jackstraws, if any berry besides the one for which you are trying is moved or rolls down, you lose them both, together with your turn.

Probably the main point that impresses you in reading of these games is their extreme simplicity. They are not intricate, they are absolutely inexpensive, they are nearly all of them what may be called unorganized games. But they are suited to the simple life and habits of the children of Syria. Life is free and open; the sky is almost unclouded for four or five months in the year. What a chance for Sunday-school picnics! No postponements "on account of rain" there, during the summer. Simple food, cooked appetizingly, and delicious fruits in abundance and perfection are amazingly cheap. Oranges for which American boys pay five cents apiece can be bought in Syria at the rate of five, or sometimes six, for a cent. But the money is correspondingly harder to get. In Syria, a boy with two small coins can "treat" to two cups of *haleb ya booz*, or ice-cream, which a turbaned and trousered Arab peddles on the street.

How American children would enjoy the riding in the East! Donkeys, donkeys everywhere — for those who can't ride horses. And such donkeys! So many kinds, and shapes, and sizes—but mostly small. The large, handsome donkeys are expensive, and are almost as fleet as horses. Tripoli, a city north of Beirut, is a mile or so inland, and the *Meena* is the name of its harbor. At that port is a large stable where a great many donkeys, ready saddled, used to be on hire. They were trained as soon as they were mounted by a traveler to start for Tripoli, where there was a similar stand. If a rider dismounted at any part of the city, he merely turned the donkey loose and it would trot to its place. They were so small that one tall man, who had difficulty in riding them by reason of the length of his legs, was in the habit of dismounting by the simple expedient of merely straightening out his legs and letting his feet strike the ground, whereupon the donkey trotted from under its rider and away to its stall.



AN ARAB DONKEY AND HIS MASTER.

But after all, there is no greater fascination for Arab children than a well-told story, and, as a rule, there are in every village one or two persons who tell stories, and who are in great demand at weddings and feasts. Any stories, short or long, superstitious or humorous, true or wildly improbable, are acceptable; and the narrator is soon the center of a circle of intent listeners. Their stories are not, as a rule, involved. They are simple, and it is sometimes remarkable what close attention is paid even to a monotonous tale which has no striking incident or adventure to lighten it.

They enjoy humor, and local hits are quite common. One story has been told in a book on home-life in the East, entitled "Women of the Arabs," which shows this quality.

There was a certain pool or spring to which the whole of a certain village resorted to draw water. But there arose a feud between the northern and southern sections of the village, and they quarreled about the spring. They finally compromised by putting a rail fence through the middle of the pond, beyond which neither side should trespass. But the temporary peace was broken and the feud re-

newed, because one night a southerner was caught in the act of scooping up water in a dipper on the north side and bailing it over to his side—so flagrant a breach of faith that the fighting began again at once.

But the stories told to children are simple and not unamusing by any means.

They have a story to the effect that when the world began and Satan acquired his license to come here, he arrived "with seven bags of lies which he expected to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he reached the earth, he slept in Syria, and opening one of the bags, let the lies loose in the land. But while he was asleep, some one came and opened all the other bags, so that Syria got more than her share."

In conclusion I give an instance of Arab superstition. A boy was one day running swiftly along the street, and turning a corner sharply, he only escaped knocking down a little child by jumping over it. He was stopped by hearing frantic shrieks. Fearing he had hurt the child, he halted and turned, and was implored by the weeping mother to jump back again, as, according to Arab belief, his leaping over the child would stop or stunt its growth.



## LONDON CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

YOU might as well try to imagine a Christmas at home without presents as a Christmas in London without pantomimes. The best of it is that the pantomimes do not, like too many candies or toys, come to an end with Christmas week. They have a delightful way of making the Christmas holidays last until the first spring flowers are out in the woods and fields, and the first Easter eggs in the shop windows. If you can not go to see them before the 1st of January, you need not be troubled as you would if Christmas presents had not come long before New Year's Day. There will be plenty of chances next month, and the month after, and even the month after that.

It is best to explain in the very beginning that they are not pantomimes at all. Englishmen love to call things by the names they have long outgrown, and because once there were really pantomimes in which not a word was spoken, these Christmas entertainments of nowadays, in which there is plenty of talking and even singing, must keep the old name.

And if they are not pantomimes, what are they then, do you ask? It is much easier to say what they are not. Shows so wonderful and gorgeous you might well think were never to be seen this side of Fairyland. They are full of dancing and marching, of joking and tumbling, of gay music and still gayer lights. They take you into all sorts of strange places and introduce you to old friends you have loved ever since you can remember: to Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, to Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, to Blue Beard and Fatima, to Robinson Crusoe and Friday. To be sure, you would never recognize them if their names were not given in the programme, but nevertheless they are as ready to amuse you on the stage as they ever were in the story-book. Besides you learn a great deal about them you never knew before. And then, too, there are beasts or birds or fish straight from Wonderland, and just as you begin to feel that you have seen sights enough for one day, hey, presto! the scene changes and in come Columbine and Harlequin, Clown and Pantaloon, policemen and bad boys, shop-keepers and market-women.

If you lived in London it would not be worth while for me to tell you that the greatest pantomime of all is to be seen at Drury Lane. Every London child, from the Queen's grandson to the little street Arab, knows Drury Lane Theater as well as, if not better than, Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. For three, sometimes four, months it belongs to him in a way; for, though grown-up people go to see the pantomime, every one knows it is meant specially for the children. You would not doubt this for a moment had you been with me one Saturday afternoon early in 1887, when I went to Drury Lane. I thought I had come in good time, but once I was inside the door I heard the loudest, merriest singing, so that a short delay at the ticket-office made me quite impatient. When I was shown to my seat, to my surprise the curtain was still down. The music, however, had begun, and, looking around, I saw that the great theater was packed from top to bottom with children, and all were singing an accompaniment to the orchestra. Box above box, balcony above balcony was lined with little faces; mothers and fathers, older brothers and sisters thoughtfully taking back seats, while I don't know how many schools had emptied their children into the pit. You must know that the part of the theater called the parquet with us, is in England the pit, only a few of the front rows being reserved. "God save the Queen!" struck up the band. "Long may she reign over us!" sang the children. It would have put you into a good humor at once to look up and down and all around at the beaming faces and open mouths.

Bang, bang! went the bass drum, the singing stopped, up went the curtain, and we beheld an earthly paradise where huge lilac-trees made a pretty bower for dancing girls, who, as their loose trousers and clinging skirts showed, had just stepped out of the Arabian Nights. In the midst of their dancing, a hansom, the first, I am sure, that was ever seen in the Mohammedan paradise, drove up and Aladdin jumped out. He had come with a message from Mr. Augustus Harris, the manager of Drury Lane, who wanted a new Eastern story. Aladdin, you must know, was the

hero of the pantomimes the year before; that he remained with Mr. Harris as his messenger is not to be wondered at, since on the Drury Lane stage as strange things happen as in Scheherazade's stories. What could be stranger, for instance, than that forty young Arabian knights should consent to leave paradise and humming-birds' eggs and jasmine wine to become forty thieves! And yet, so willing were they, that when Aladdin suggested it they danced and sang with joy at the very thought of the change. So I found out something the story does not tell me—where the forty thieves came from!

This being pleasantly settled, the next thing was to find Ali Baba, for without him there would have been no story to tell of the thieves. In a moment, houris and knights, Aladdin and lilacs had disappeared and we were in the bazaar of an eastern city with people going and coming. On one side was Ali Baba's shop; on the other, Cassim's. "No connection with the shop opposite!" was posted up on each. You remember, of course, how little friendship there was between the brothers. When Morgiana and Ganem, Ali Baba and Cogia, Cassim Baba and his wife (how familiar were all the names) met in front of the shops,— "Well, I was astonished!" as Joey the clown said afterward in the Harlequinade. Ali Baba was very much shabbier and more disreputable than I expected; Cogia, it was quite plain, was just making believe to be a woman; Morgiana's silks and sashes were not in the least like the clothes I supposed slaves usually wore. And I could only put down to Oriental manners the fact that every few minutes, no matter what they were talking about, they were sure to sing and dance. This was a fine opportunity for the children looking on.

"You're all very fine and large,  
Because you've heaps of cash,"

sang Cogia to the wealthy sister and brother. And then all the children came in with the chorus,

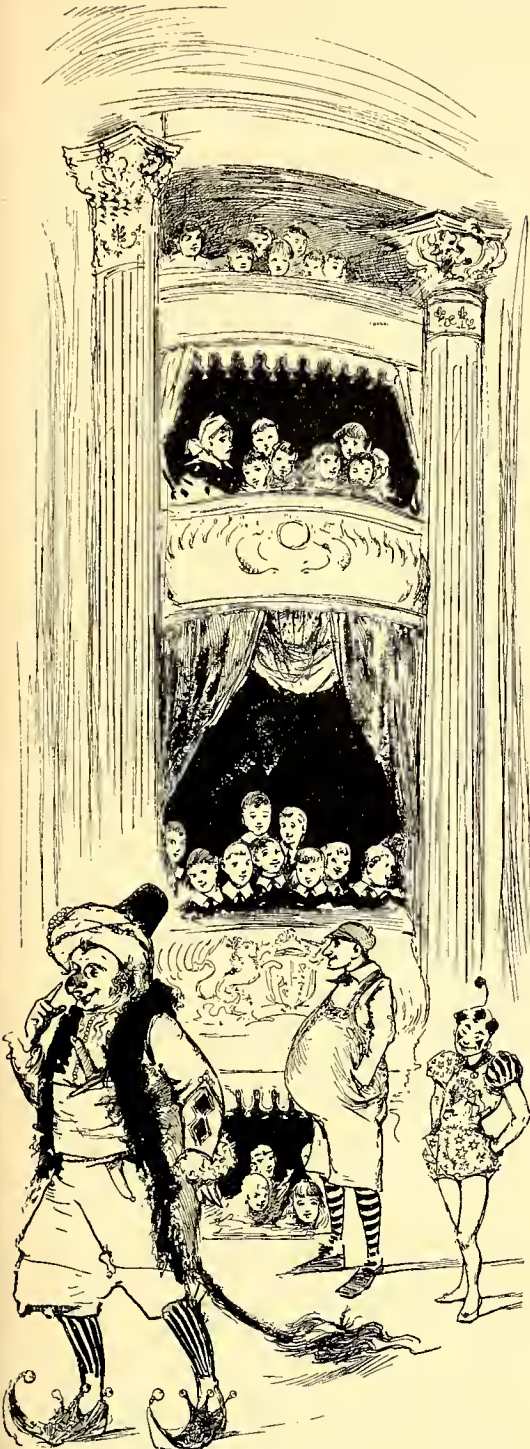
"You're all very fine and large,"

as if they had lived in the same street with Ali and Cassim all their lives, and the leader of the orchestra turned round and kept time for them. It was great fun.

When they were all singing together it seemed as if the Babas must have forgotten the family quarrels. But not a bit of it. "I've an idea," whispered Cassim to his wife,

"The donkey that we've bought  
Has proved more vicious than at first we thought.  
He's almost sure to kill some one or other,  
So I propose to give him to my brother!"

Ganem brought in the donkey. And what was the first thing it did? It knocked over Cassim



"BOX ABOVE BOX, BALCONY ABOVE BALCONY, WAS LINED WITH LITTLE FACES."



with its flying heels; it stood on its head in the corner; it gave Cogia a friendly embrace; it danced, it turned somersaults, and at last stretched itself full length on Cassin's counter. If such a donkey were in the Zoo, the bear-pit and the monkey-house would be deserted.

And now you know what is going to happen. Bazaar and Baba family disappear in their turn, and here we are away in the depths of the forest. Dozens of little monkeys are running and playing



MR. AND MRS. ALI BABA.

and leaping, while two or three swing backward and forward on long ropes all of flowers hanging from the very tallest of trees. Ali Baba and Ganem with hatchets and caskets come to get wood, the faithful donkey just at their heels, and the monkeys vanish; while Cogia and Morgiana bring their luncheon, lobster and tongue, pies and sauces, for all the world as if they were picnicking in an English instead of an "Arabian Nights" forest. A large monkey joins the family circle, and then what a frolic he and the donkey have! They steal the luncheon, put their feet in the basket, upset the pepper and set poor Ali Baba to sneezing; they dance and play leap-frog, they fight and "make up again," the monkey sits on the donkey, the donkey puts his head on the monkey's knees. "But, what's that?" cries Ganem. "What's what?" echoes Ali Baba. There is a sound of trumpets in the distance. It comes nearer and nearer.

"The famous Forty Thieves, I should n't wonder!" Ali declares, and away they all run to hide, monkey and donkey jumping together into a barrel, and the next minute, to the loudest music,—for these are gay robbers and defy the police,—the Forty Thieves march out from under the trees. They are dressed in a style befitting gentlemen late from an Eastern paradise and now engaged in parading through forests at noon with bags of precious stones over their shoulders. The captain,

resplendent in gold-embroidered cloak and waving plumes, leads the way; at his side the Honorary Secretary, Ally Sloper, a hideous creature with bald head and monstrous nose, who got into paradise by mistake, but into his present position by his own free will.

"Open Sesame!" shouts the captain.

With a deep booming and banging, the rock at one side opens, and then emeralds and diamonds and rubies are stored.

"Shut Sesame!" commands the captain.

Another great booming and banging, and soon, singing gayly, the thieves are off to their club.

And now it is Ali Baba's turn to open and shut Sesame, and the treasures that have just been brought to the cave are soon on their way out of the forest, this time on the donkey's back. It is very much more real when you see it all than when you just read about it.

There would be no use for railroads in Drury Lane country. The treasure-finders are scarcely out of sight of the cave when lo, and behold! here they are in Ali Baba's humble home. You know already what a blunder it was to borrow the measure from Cassim's wife. She finds, busy-body that she is, the tell-tale piece of gold sticking to the lard she has put at the bottom. Of course no one can tell where it came from, but just then what should those two troublesome beasts do but dip hoofs and paws into the money-bag and jingle it up and down. There is no help for it. The secret must be shared with Cassim or else he will call the police. But, in the mean time, in comes a man to be shaved, for Ali Baba is a barber by profession. The monkey watches, and no sooner is he left alone in the shop with the donkey than he puts the latter in the chair and himself seizes the razor.



THE HONORARY SECRETARY, ALLY SLOPER.

The white lather comes out of the basin in great stiff patches and foamy flakes. The donkey's eyes, ears, mouth are soon covered and he never moves.

But with the first stroke of the razor, the chair is kicked over and he is in a corner spluttering, and shaking his head angrily. In a moment he catches sight of the monkey grinning at him in derision. And now there is a very interesting fight, I promise you. The looking-glass crashes over the donkey's head, the table breaks into splinters under the monkey's weight. It is a good thing for Ali Baba that he has just come into a fortune, for there will be bills to pay. The monkey tries to escape, but where shall he go? Quick as thought he springs up to the opera-box close to the stage, and off he runs on the very edge of boxes and balcony. Little lookers-on jump back with frightened faces. But the donkey is after the fugitive and soon overtakes him. Down he slips, holding on by his hands, his feet dangling over the heads of the people in the pit. Then both sit and rest, the monkey seizing a programme from the nearest child to fan itself. And then, I hardly know how it happens, they are running a race, one on one side of the house, one on the other. Who will win? Neither. They jump down from the opposite boxes at the same moment, meet in the middle of the stage, embrace, make a great ball of themselves, and roll over and over, off the stage. I don't think I should care to live in Ali Baba's "humble home" with two such pets about.

Have you not always wished to see the inside of that famous cave? Now that we see it, I do not think it is disappointing. Great walls and lofty ceiling of brown rock are lighted by huge brass lamps; mysterious narrow passages glitter with gold and lead to untold treasures. I for my part am not surprised that Cassim will not go, despite the efforts of Ali Baba and Cogia.

Boom, boom! bang, bang! and not only the door at the mouth of the cave high above his head, but all those opening into the glittering passages are shut. It is too late. In vain does he shout, "Open Sausages! Open Sardines!" In vain does he weep and wail. But some one outside gives the true pass-word, and bang, boom! boom, bang! the doors are open again.

Yet even now there is no escape. In march

not forty, but four hundred and more thieves, all in silks and satins, in velvet and plush of every color, with gold and silver armor and jeweled spears and swords. There is no doubt of the industry of these gentlemen robbers. They carry the proof on their backs. Forward comes the captain, out-shining all in the glory of his black and silver brocade, his jewels sparkling from arms



THE DONKEY AND THE MONKEY MAKE A VISIT.

and neck and waist, and his cloak so long that it must be borne by a dozen tiny pages. Above, at the entrance of the cave, stands Ally Sloper, his vermilion cloak held out by his arms so that he looks like a great red bat.

So gay are the thieves that their meeting is always the signal for song. But I don't think any one pays much attention to the singing. I suppose the upshot of their visit to the cave is the death of Cassim, for not long after he is brought home, in four pieces, by Ali Baba and Cogia.



Everything now happens very much as it does in the story-book, only the Baba family are more cheerful in their mourning than you might have expected. Ali's and Cogia's new clothes are in worse taste than even their previous inexperience would warrant; while Cogia, now that she has no work to do, brings home all the stray children she finds in the street.

She is not pretty to look at, in her fine new blue-spangled trousers, short yellow-spangled skirts, and red-spangled bodice, two long pigtailed dangling down her back, a little blue fan in her hand. But, to make up for it, nothing could be prettier than the screaming, laughing children who gather around her. I fancy it is because they are little Eastern children that they wear such queer long sage-green gowns, with broad belts and jaunty caps.

Now they must go to bed, says their adopted mother. Will they be good children? "Yes, indeed! as good as good can be." But once her back is turned, the fun begins. Off come gowns and belts, blue petticoats and caps, and there they are in long white night-gowns and tasseled night-caps. In another minute they are sitting on the floor pulling off their shoes, and all the time they are singing, and whenever they have the opportunity, dancing in time to the music.

Clothes are carefully folded, each seizes her pile, too big for some tiny arms, and a shoe drops here, a cap there, but the little ones dance bravely in and out; not to bed, however, for here they are again, now armed with pillows. Our pillow-fights at school, as I remember them, were very rough and ugly compared with this fairy game, in which white figures dance to and fro, and white pillows wave up and down as yellow curly heads and dangling tassels dodge them.

How the children in pit and boxes applaud! While they are still clapping, the children on the stage run out and bring back a lady in black, and there is more applause, for she it is who has taught them to go singing and dancing to bed. Whenever the children are applauded at Drury Lane, and you may be sure they always are, they bring forward their dancing-mistress, as if to remind you that to her must be given all the praise for what they do.

While they have been pillow-fighting, Abdallah, the captain of the thieves, has placed his jars in Ali Baba's court. There they stand in two rows, great tall jars with heads peeping out of them. The plot is laid. Ali Baba and his household must be slain this night. But Morgiana by herself is a fair match for Abdallah with all his followers. To tell the truth, I always thought the thieves in the story sad cowards to let themselves

be scalded to death by one slave girl without a struggle. And now that I have looked on at their last moments I have a still poorer opinion of them. For forty young robbers, boldly defiant in the daytime, well armed and wide awake too,—for they had their heads out of the jar but a minute before,—to be thus cowed by a girl with a tiny watering-pot and a boy with a dagger quite as tiny! Well, it is shameful, and I am not in the least sorry for them.

Abdallah, nothing daunted, comes back to Ali Baba with some story about his jars. Morgiana is called upon to dance and she does so, to the captain's sorrow. He leans forward to applaud; in goes the dagger; he falls in Cogia's arms. Now no story is a story unless in the end every one marries and lives happy ever afterward. Mrs. Cassim, the widow, marries that ugly thief Ally Sloper—the sly one, he knew better than to put himself like oil into a jar! Morgiana and Ganem join hands. And immediately the captain (no doctors needed here!) comes to life without any difficulty. His services will be in demand to-morrow night, he fears, and so he really could not remain dead.—Now, I protest that 's all wrong. The next thing we know, Cinderella won't marry the prince, Jack won't kill the giant, Robinson Crusoe won't find his man Friday. But it's no use protesting. Ali Baba, and what is more, Morgiana is satisfied; and with their victim and Ally Sloper and the donkey and Ganem, and Cogia and Mrs. Cassim, they sing and dance good-bye to us.

Do you think this is the end? Far from it; we're only at the beginning, you might say. It's a good deal to see in one afternoon, I must admit, and I notice that the children before me and on every side of me no longer join in the chorus.

Soon after Ali Baba and his friends have disappeared, we find ourselves in the Temple of Fame,—a huge statue of Queen Victoria in the center, women in silken robes and men in glittering armor surrounding it. Red, green, golden lights burn from every side. Whatever it may mean, I am quite sure this meeting in the Temple of Fame is well worth looking at.

And now surely this is the end? Not yet; patience a minute. From the Temple of Fame we are carried to a London street, where we find those best of all old friends, Columbine, twirling and pirouetting, Harlequin waving his magic wand. The clown plays his tricks, turns his somersaults, poor Pantaloon is fooled; the policeman gets the worst of it; the bad boys escape. It is the same old story you know so well, but which somehow always makes you laugh as if it were brand-new.

But the best fun of all is when Joey, having

dressed a little squealing black pig in baby clothes, puts it in the baby carriage, and the pig gets loose and jumps from the stage down upon the big drum. The drummer does not like it; but the children do, and, amid shouts of laughter, the pig is caught and handed to the clown and wheeled out in the carriage. Then Joey gets rid of the policeman for a moment and brings from the nearest shop a small barrel, from which he takes handfuls of toy crackers and flings them to the nearest children in the audience. A little girl in white is perched up on the front seat of a box. "There 's my little

always may be sure there will be dancing and singing, gay dresses, and crowds of men and women to wear them.

Last year, however, there was one Christmas entertainment not in the least like the others, but which I thought the best of all. It was a performance of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales' Theater. It seemed too good to be true, to have the opportunity of beholding Alice and the extraordinary and delightful "creatures" which she met in her two famous journeys. A few of these creatures, the Lizard, the Mouse, and the



"THERE THEY STAND IN TWO ROWS, GREAT TALL JARS WITH HEADS PEEPING OUT OF THEM."

sweetheart!" he cries in his cracked voice, and throws her one. In the box above, a boy leans far over with hand outstretched. The clown holds up a cracker, but just as the little fingers are about to close on it, he pulls it away. He must always have his joke, you see. What a laugh there is on every side! But the next minute, half a dozen pretty gay-colored crackers are thrown into the same box. No matter what changes there may be, each new year, at Drury Lane, the clown never forgets his barrel of crackers.

Now I hope you have some idea of what London Christmas pantomimes are like. There are three or four theaters besides Drury Lane where you can go to see them. A different story is presented in each, but whether the hero is Ali Baba or Aladdin, Blue Beard or Robinson Crusoe, you

Puppy, for example, were missing; and on the stage Alice did not meet with some adventures recorded in the book. Her head did not go wandering among the topmost branches of trees to be mistaken for a serpent, neither did she shrink until her chin and feet met with a violent blow. But most of the entertaining dwellers in Wonderland and Looking-glass country — the Rabbit and the Caterpillar, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Dormouse, the Cards and Chessmen and their Kings and Queens, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Humpty Dumpty, and the Knights — were there; and as for adventures, if several were left out, there were still many presented — enough for one afternoon.

Alice was, just as you would suppose, a pretty little girl in a simple white frock, and with long hair hanging down her back. She had fallen asleep, it





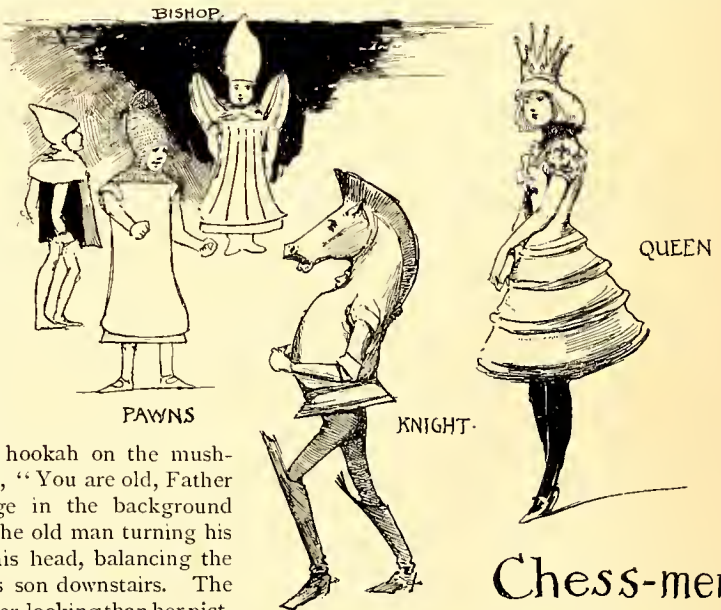
ALICE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP UNDER A LARGE TREE.

seemed, under a large tree with wide-spreading branches, and when the curtain went up we saw the kind fairies—they were not any older than Alice—who brought her strange dreams. It is pleasant traveling in Wonderland. Alice had scarcely started when she met the White Rabbit “splendidly dressed” in a jaunty jacket, as you see him in the picture, and in woolly rabbit-skin trousers, a high collar and bright red necktie. In his waistcoat-pocket he wore his watch, like any other gentleman. He was a very timid rabbit, and the first word sent him scurrying away. The green

Caterpillar sat smoking its hookah on the mushroom and made Alice recite, “You are old, Father William,” while the foliage in the background opened, and there we saw the old man turning his somersaults, standing on his head, balancing the eel on his nose, kicking his son downstairs. The Duchess, who was much better-looking than her pictures, though ugly enough, came in with the baby; the cook, neat and pretty, her sleeves rolled up, a fresh white cap on her curly hair, followed with her pepper-pot and the Cheshire Cat, with his grin. The latter was as accomplished as the

donkey at Drury Lane, and sang and danced with Alice, grinning all the time.

I take it for granted you have read the two books



about Alice. Indeed, I believe there are few young people who can read English who do not know them both by heart. You remember, then, the tea-party? Of all her adventures, it was always my favorite, and I could have clapped my hands



THE TEA-PARTY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

with the children when I saw the Mad Hatter and the March Hare bring in the table with the tea-things on it. Among the cups and saucers and

and put it on a chair between himself and the March Hare. It was the Dormouse — the tiniest, sweetest, sleepest Dormouse you can imagine.



THE CHESHIRE CAT AND THE WHITE RABBIT.



ALICE AND THE DORMOUSE.  
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, LONDON.)

bread and butter was a soft gray something, curled up like a pussy-cat. The Mad Hatter picked it up,

Its little gray head was down on the table at once, and it was having its own dreams. The March





"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT!"  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

Hare wore a staring red waistcoat, and around his left ear was a wreath of roses. He looked very mad. So did the Hatter, in blue and white plaid trousers and an enormous gray hat placarded with its price. As you know, it was always tea-time with them, and, drinking and eating, they began at once their talk — mad as themselves. Every now and then the Dormouse woke up for a minute, to join in, with the prettiest little voice. I wish you could have heard the story of Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie who lived at the bottom of a well on treacle, and the solemn way in which, when Alice said they must have been very ill, it answered,

"So they were! very ill!"

But what a sleepy Dormouse! Down went the little gray head after every few words, and the March Hare had to push and push it to keep it awake till the end of the story. But then it was such a very young Dormouse; not more than six years old certainly.

When the Mad Hatter and the March Hare had carried out the table and the sleeping Dormouse, I was sorry to see they did not play croquet with flamingoes and hedgehogs. However, the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon danced the Lobster Quadrille, and that is a sight only to be seen in dreams, I can assure you. The two "creatures" looked exactly as they do in the pictures in Mr.

Carroll's book. When little Alice stood between the tall green Gryphon, whose brilliant wings flapped with every movement, and the awkward Mock Turtle, whose long tail dragged on the floor, I thought of Beauty and the Beast. Only here were two Beasts to one Beauty.

It would be simply impossible to describe all the things I dreamed with Alice that afternoon. For her dream did not end with the trial of the Knave of Hearts, who stole those tarts and took them quite away; or when the little Dormouse slept in the very face of the court, and the White Rabbit as Herald blew many blasts on his trumpet, and the Mad Hatter, tea-cup in hand, gave his evidence, and Alice herself pronounced the verdict — "Not guilty."

Without once waking up, she went straight from Wonderland into Looking-Glass Country, where white and red chessmen sang and danced. Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall and had his great fall, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee fought their great battle. If you only could have seen Tweedledum and Tweedledee, fat over-grown boys with tiny caps on their heads, when they and Alice played



ALICE, THE MOCK TURTLE, AND THE GRYPHON.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

“Here we go round the mulberry bush”! Why, such great fun they seemed to be having that it made one feel like jumping up, joining hands, and going round the mulberry bush with them. And the way Tweedledum cried over his rattle! I know a little girl who, when she is angry, screams so loud her father calls her “the Tuscaroarer”; but her screams could not compare with Tweedledum’s. And then the battle! To see those two big boys who ought to have known better, tying blankets and bolsters around their waists, and sticking coal-scuttles on their heads,—well, if it had not all happened in a dream, certainly it would have shocked a careful housewife.

After the Carpenter and the Walrus had eaten up the oysters, and the Lion and the Unicorn had fought for the crown, Alice was made Queen, and gave her party, to which all the Chessmen came. The Cook brought in the Leg of Mutton on a big dish, and up it jumped and made a bow; the Plum Pudding walked in, and when Alice cut out a great slice, a little wee voice, very like that of the Dormouse, cried from the inside:

“I wonder how you would like it if I were to cut a slice out of you!”

Almost at once the banquet hall, the new queen, and all her guests disappeared, and Alice was again sleeping in the big chair under the tree. Once more the fairies waved their wands, and this time Alice rubbed her eyes.

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” she said when she awoke. “And a pleasant dream, too,” I think all those who woke up with her said to themselves.

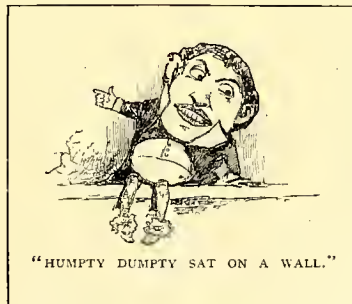
Just let me say a few more words, to tell you that one of the charms of the performance was the pleasure of the children who took part in it—and all but two of the performers were children. You



TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEOLEDEE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

forgot that they were not playing merely to amuse themselves. That they were working seemed as unlikely as that birds are practicing their scales when they sing.

Alice’s dream ended in due time; but that is no reason why she may not dream again. The pantomimes of last winter came to an end; but this season new ones will take their place, and may you and I be in London to see!



“HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL.”



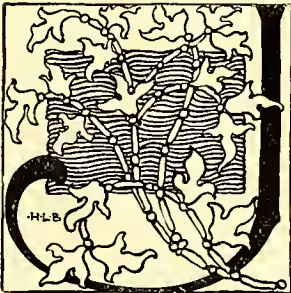


"IS EVERYBODY AT HOME? WE 'VE COME TO WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

## CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

### NO. II. "FELIX HOLT."



JOB TUDGE was a little boy whose father and mother were dead; and, as his grandfather was old and poor, one of the neighbors, whose name was Felix Holt, had taken Job home, where he and his mother could care for the child.

"Job was a small fellow about five, with a germinal nose; large, round, blue eyes, and red hair, that curled close to his head like the wool on the back of an infantine lamb."

One day little Job cut his finger and came to Mr. Holt to have it bound up. Mr. Holt was a watch-

maker, but also had a class of small boys whom he used to teach as he sat in front of a table covered with his watch-making tools. He was sitting in his place when Job came to have his finger doctored. "Two benches stood at right angles on the sanded floor, and six or seven boys, of various ages up to twelve, were getting their caps and preparing to go home." As Mr. Holt took Job on his knee and began to tie up his tiny finger, a young lady came into the room. Job had never seen her, although she was a friend of Mr. Holt's. She looked sad and was really in trouble; for she felt very much afraid that Mr. Holt was angry with her because of some words she had said the last time they had met; and she had come, under pretext of having her watch examined, to say that she was sorry and to ask his forgiveness. Mr. Holt went on with his task, saying to the young lady, whose name was Esther Lyon:

"This is a hero, Miss Lyon. This is Job Tudge,

a bold Briton whose finger hurts him, but who does n't mean to cry.'

Miss Lyon seated herself on the end of a bench and waited until the bandaging was completed, when Mr. Holt said:

" 'There, Job, — thou patient man, — sit still, if thou wilt; and now we can look at Miss Lyon.'

" Esther had taken off her watch, and was holding it in her hand; but he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, 'You want me to doctor your watch?'

Whereupon Miss Lyon told him what she most wanted to see him about, and, as she went on, she become so much in earnest that the tears ran down her cheeks. Suddenly little Job, who had been making his own reflections upon all that took place, called out, impatiently:

" 'She 's tut her finger!'

Mr. Holt and Miss Lyon laughed; and, as the latter raised her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said:

" 'You see, Job, I 'm a naughty coward. I can't help crying when I 've hurt myself.'

" 'Zoo sood n't kuy,' said Job, energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

" 'Where does Job Tudge live?' said Miss Lyon, still sitting and looking at the droll little figure, set off by a ragged jacket with a tail about two inches deep, sticking out above the funniest of corduroys.

" 'Job has two mansions. He lives here chiefly, but he has another home, where his grandfather, the stone-breaker, lives. My mother is very good to Job, Miss Lyon. She has made him a little bed in a cupboard, and she gives him sweetened porridge.'

" 'Well, why should n't I be motherly to the child, Miss Lyon,' said Mrs. Holt, who had come in. 'I never was hard-hearted, and I never will be. It was Felix picked the child up and took to him.'

" 'Oh, they grow out of it very fast. Here 's Job Tudge, now,' said Felix, turning the little one around on his knee, and holding his head by the back. 'Job's limbs will get lanky, this little fist, that looks like a puff-ball, and can hide nothing bigger than a gooseberry, will get large and bony, and perhaps want to clutch more than its share; these wide blue eyes, that tell me more truth than Job knows, will narrow and narrow, and try to hide truth that Job would be better without knowing; this little negative nose will become long and self-asserting, and this little tongue — put out thy tongue, Job.' Job, awe-struck, under this ceremony, put out a little red tongue, very timidly. 'This tongue, hardly bigger than a rose-leaf, will get large, and thick, wag out of season, do mischief, brag and cant for gain or vanity, and cut as cruelly for all its clumsiness, as if it were a sharp-edged blade. Big Job will perhaps be naughty —'

" As Felix, speaking with the loud, emphatic distinctness habitual to him, brought out this terribly familiar word, Job's sense of mystification became too painful, he hung his lips and began to cry.

" 'Look here, Job, my man,' said Felix, setting the boy down, and turning him toward Esther; 'go to Miss Lyon, ask her to smile at you, and that will dry up your tears like sunshine.'

" Job put his two brown fists on Esther's lap, and she stooped to kiss him. Then holding his face between her hands she said, 'Tell Mr. Holt we don't mean to be naughty, Job. He should believe in us more. — But now, I must really go home.' "





## THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE.

(Concluded.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ARLA now walked on until she came to a street corner where a cobbler had a little shop. In the angle of the wall of the house, at the height of the second story, was a clock. This cobbler did not like the confined air and poor light of his shop, and whenever the weather allowed, he always worked outside on the sidewalk. To-day, although it was winter, the sun shone brightly on this side of the street, and he had put his bench outside, close to his door, and was sitting there, hard at work. When Arla stopped before him, he looked up and said, cheerfully :

“ Good-morning, Mistress Arla. Do you want them half-soled, or heeled, or a patch put on the toes ? ”

“ My shoes do not need mending,” said Arla. “ I came to ask you if you could tell me who has charge of the clock at this corner ? ”

“ I can easily do that,” he said, “ for I am the man. I am paid by the year, for winding it up and keeping it in order, as much as I should get for putting the soles, heels, tops, linings, and buckles on a pair of shoes. ”

“ Which means making them out and out,” said Arla.

“ You are right,” said he, “ and the pay is not great ; but if it were larger, more people might want it and I might lose it ; and if it were less, how could I afford to do it at all ? So I am satisfied. ”

“ But you ought not to be entirely satisfied,” said Arla, “ for the clock does not keep good time. I know when it is striking, for it has a very jangling sound, and it is the most irregular clock in Rondaïne. Sometimes it strikes as much as twenty-five minutes after the hour, and very often it does not strike at all. ”

The cobbler looked up at her with a smile. “ I am sorry,” he said, “ that it has a jangling stroke, but the fashioning of clocks is not my trade, and I could not mend its sound with awl, hammer, or waxed-end. But it seems to me, my good maiden, that you never mended a pair of shoes. ”

“ No, indeed ! ” said Arla ; “ I should do that even worse than you would make clocks. ”

“ Never having mended shoes, then,” said the cobbler, “ you do not know what a grievous thing it is to have twelve o'clock, or six o'clock, or any

other hour, in fact, come before you are ready for it. Now I don't mind telling you, because I know you are too good to spoil the trade of a hard-working cobbler,—and shoemaker too, whenever he gets the chance to be one,—that when I have promised a customer that he shall have his shoes or his boots at a certain time of day, and that time is drawing near, and the end of the job is still somewhat distant, then do I skip up the stair-way and set back the hands of the clock according to the work that has to be done. And when my customer comes I look up to the clock-face and I say to him, ‘ Glad to see you ! ’ and then he will look up at the clock and will say, ‘ Yes, I am a little too soon ’ ; and then, as likely as not, he will sit down on the doorstep here by me and talk entertainingly ; and it may happen that he will sit there without grumbling, for many minutes after the clock has pointed out the hour at which the shoes were promised. Sometimes, when I have been much belated in beginning a job, I stop the clock altogether, for you can well see for yourself that it would not do to have it strike eleven when it is truly twelve. And so, if my man be willing to sit down, and our talk be very entertaining, the clock being above him where he can not see it without stepping outward from the house, he may not notice that it is stopped. This expedient once served me very well, for an old gentleman, over-testy and over-punctual, once came to me for his shoes, and looking up at the clock, which I had prepared for him, exclaimed, ‘ Bless me ! I am much too early ! ’ And he sat down by me for three-quarters of an hour, in which time I persuaded him that his shoes were far too much worn to be worth mending any more, and that he should have a new pair, which, afterward, I made. ”

“ I do not believe it is right for you to do that,” said Arla ; “ but even if you think so, there is no reason why your clock should go wrong at night when so many people can hear it because of the stillness. ”

“ Ah, me ! ” said the cobbler, “ I do not object to the clock being as right as you please in the night ; but when my day's work is done, I so desire to go home to my supper, that I often forget to put the clock right, or to set it going if it is stopped. ”





"SO MANY THINGS STOP AT NIGHT—SUCH AS THE DAY ITSELF—THAT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO PARDON MY POOR CLOCK."



But so many things stop at night—such as the day itself—and so many things then go wrong—such as the ways of evil-minded people—that I think you truly ought to pardon my poor clock.”

“Then you will not consent,” said Arla, “to make it go right?”

“I will do that with all cheerfulness,” answered the cobbler, pulling out a pair of waxed-ends with a great jerk, “as soon as I can make myself go right. The most important thing should always be done first; and, surely, I am more important than a clock!” And he smiled with great good humor.

Arla knew that it would of no use to stand there any longer and talk with this cobbler. Turning to go, she said:

“When I bring your shoes to mend, you shall finish them by my clock, and not by yours.”

“That will I, my good little Arla,” said the cobbler, heartily. “They shall be finished by any clock in town, and five minutes before the hour, or no payment.”

Arla now walked on until she came to the bridge over the river. It was a long, covered structure, and by the entrance sat the bridge-keeper.

“Do you know, sir,” said she, “that the clock at this end of your bridge does not keep the same time as the one at the other end? They are not so very different, but I have noticed that this one is always done striking at least two minutes before the other begins.”

The bridge-keeper looked at her with one eye, which was all he had.

“You are as wrong as anybody can be,” said he. “I do not say anything about the striking, because my ears are not now good enough to hear the clock at the other end when I am near this one; but I know they both keep the same time. I have often looked at this clock and have then walked to the other end of the bridge, and have found that the clock there was exactly like it.”

Arla looked at the poor old man, whose legs were warmly swaddled on account of his rheumatism, and said:

“But it must take you a good while to walk to the other end of the bridge!”

“Out upon you!” cried the bridge-keeper. “I am not so old as that yet! I can walk there in no time!”

Arla now crossed the bridge and went a short distance along a country road until she came to the great stone house known as Vongereau. This belonged to a rich family who seldom came there, and the place was in charge of an elderly man who was the brother of Arla’s mother. When his niece was shown into a room on the ground floor, which served for his parlor and his office, he was very glad to see her; and while Arla was having some-

thing to eat and drink after her walk, the two had a pleasant chat.

“I came this time, Uncle Anton,” she said, “not only to see you, but to tell you that the great clock in your tower does not keep good time.”

Uncle Anton looked at her a little surprised.

“How do you know that, my dear?” he said.

Then Arla told him how she had lain awake in the early morning and had heard the striking of the different clocks. “If you wish to make it right,” said she, “I can give you the proper time, for I have brought my own little clock with me.”

She was about to take her rose-clock out of her basket, when her uncle motioned to her not to do so.

“Let me tell you something,” said he. “The altering of the time of day, which you speak of so lightly, is a very serious matter, which should be considered with all gravity. If you set back a clock, even as little as ten minutes, you add that much to the time that has passed. The hour which has just gone by has been made seventy minutes long. Now, no human being has the right to add anything to the past, nor to make hours longer than they were originally made. And, on the other hand, if you set a clock forward even so little as ten minutes, you take away that much from the future, and you make the coming hour only fifty minutes long. Now, no human being has a right to take anything away from the future or to make the hours shorter than they were originally intended to be. I desire, my dear niece, that you will earnestly think over what I have said, and I am sure that you will then see for yourself how unwise and even culpable it would be to trifle with the length of the hours which make up our day. And now, Arla, let us talk of other things.”

And so they talked of other things until Arla thought it was time to go. She saw there was something wrong in her uncle’s reasoning, although she could not tell exactly what it was, and thinking about it, she slowly returned to the town. As she approached the house of the little old lady with white hair, she concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. “She will surely be willing to alter that,” said Arla, “for it is so very much out of the way.”

The old lady knew who Arla was, and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

“Never, since I was born,” she said, “have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house; have always lived in it;

and expect to die in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child; I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, and the clock of my whole life, I would cut off that hand!"

Some tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. "I hope you will pardon me, good madam," she said, "for, truly, I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think that your clock is not a good one. I only meant that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady with white hair. "Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And, kissing Arla, she bade her good-bye.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

"People don't seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself, "and if they don't care, I am sure it is of no use for me to tell them about it. If even one clock could be made to go properly, it might help to make the people of Rondaire care to know exactly what time it is. Now, there is that iron donkey; if he would but kick at the right hour, it would be an excellent thing, for he kicks so hard that he is heard all over the town."

Determined to make this one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town-building at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum; it had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of a very ingenious man who was learned and skillful in various ways.

When Arla had informed the superintendent of the museum why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her, nor did he get angry. He was accustomed to giving earnest consideration to matters of this sort, and he listened attentively to all that Arla had to say.

"You must know," he said, "that our iron donkey is a very complicated piece of mechanism. Not only must he kick out the hours, but five minutes before doing so he must turn his head around and look at the bell behind him; and then when he has done kicking he must put his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs

and levers, and these can not be made to move with absolute regularity. When it is cold, some of his works contract; and when it is warm, they expand, and there are other reasons why he is very likely to lose or gain time. At noon on every bright day I set him right, being able to get the correct time from a sun-dial which stands in the court-yard. But his works, which I am sorry to say are not well made, are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again."

"Then, if there are several cloudy or rainy days together, he goes very wrong indeed," said Arla.

"Yes, he truly does," replied the superintendent, "and I am sorry for it. But there is no way to remedy his irregularities except for me to make him all over again at my own expense, and that is something I can not afford to do. The clock belongs to the town, and I am sure the citizens will not be willing to spend the money necessary for a new donkey-clock; for, so far as I know, every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with this one."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh; "but it really is a great pity that every striking-clock in Rondaire should be wrong!"

"But how do you know they all are wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla. "When I lie awake in the early morning, when all else is very still, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose-clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose-clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked at it attentively, both outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the court-yard. When in a few moments he returned, he said:

"I have compared your clock with my sundial, and find that it is ten minutes slow. I also see that, like the donkey-clock, its works are not adjusted in such a way as to be unaffected by heat and cold."

"My — clock — ten — minutes — slow!" exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "that is the case to-day, and on some days it is, probably, a great deal too fast. Such a clock as this — which is a very ingenious and beautiful one — ought frequently to be compared with a sun-dial or other correct time-keeper, and set to the proper hour. I see it requires a peculiar key with which to set it. Have you brought this with you?"

"No, sir," said Arla; "I did not suppose it would be needed."

"Well, then," said the superintendent, "you



can set it forward ten minutes when you reach home; and if to-morrow morning you compare the other clocks with it, I think you will find that not all of them are wrong."

Arla sat quiet for a moment, and then she said: "I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose-clock. If the people are satisfied with their own clocks, whether they are fast or slow, and do not desire to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock with a night-lamp by it."

"Especially," said the superintendent, with a smile, "when you are not sure that your rose-clock is right. But if you will bring here your little clock and your key on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sun-dial, or show you how to do it yourself."

"Thank you very much," said Arla; and she took her leave.

As she walked home, she lifted the lid of her basket and looked at her little rose-clock. "To think of it!" she said. "That you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And, worse than that, to think that some of the other

clocks have been right and you have been wrong! But I do not feel like altering you to-day. If you go fast sometimes and slow sometimes, you must be right sometimes, and one of these days when I take you to be compared with the sun-dial, perhaps you will not have to be altered so much."

Arla went to bed that night quite tired with her long walks, and when she awoke it was broad daylight. "I do not know," she said to herself, "exactly when Christmas began, but I am very sure that the happy day is here."

"Do you lie awake in the morning as much as you used to?" asked Arla's mother a few weeks after the Christmas holidays.

"No, mother dear," said Arla; "I now sleep with one of my windows shut, and I am no longer awakened by that chilly feeling which used to come to me in the early morning, when I would draw the bed-covers close about me, and think how wrong were the clocks of Rondaine."

And the little rose-clock never went to be compared with the sun-dial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."





PICTURES FOR LITTLE  
GERMAN READERS.—No. 2.

Ich  
denke daß  
ich die  
Zeitung  
lesen  
muß.

### TICK TOCK.

BY MARIA I. HAMMOND.

“TICK TOCK! tick tock!”  
Says the clock — “half-past three.”  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”  
“Half-past three” still we see!  
It must be the hands are caught,  
That is why it tells us naught,  
Tho’ it ticks and ticks along  
As if there were nothing wrong!  
“Tick tock!”

“Tick tock! tick tock!”  
Many a word, many a word,—  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”—  
Just as useless, I have heard.  
These—the folks who tell us naught—  
Ah! perhaps their hands are caught!  
’T is the busy ones that know  
Something worth the telling.— So  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”



## POOR MR. BROWN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

MR. TEMPLETON resided about four miles from the village, near the great wagon thoroughfare leading eastward to Augusta, the market town of middle Georgia, situated on the Savannah River.

At this time he had an only son, Baldwin, about whose education he was becoming somewhat solicitous, as the boy, being only seven years old, was too young to go alone to the country school, a mile and a half distant. After due consideration of several other plans, it was understood that he should be taught in books by his mother during what leisure she might get from house affairs, and outside become more than hitherto a companion of his father, in the hope of getting occasional oral instruction that might be wholesome.

The boy ever afterward looked back to this period, not only with much fondness, but with much gratitude that such had been his first tuition and that it had begun so early.

His mother, more pious than her husband, possessed a lower gift of instruction. She taught mainly by rote and the rules of schools and books; while the father gave not set lessons or lectures, and often when he taught the best, it was not understood by his son, perhaps not always by himself, that he was intending to teach. One instance of this I learned, and the recollection of it has done me, I believe, good service.

In those times no railroads were in middle Georgia, and the roads in that region, with its red, stiff soil, were often rough, even in summer-time; so much so, that between the villages were occasionally country taverns. Besides these, most country gentlemen who dwelt near the public road were accustomed to entertain over night belated travelers and their beasts. I can well remember when it was considered uncharitable to refuse shelter to a wayfaring man, unless it was not too late for him to reach before nightfall the village or the nearest inn. Mr. Templeton, although it was generally disagreeable, because interfering with the privacy of his family, never refused admittance to such comers, except when a denial seemed necessary. Country children liked such visitors, having so few opportunities to see new faces and hear new voices. Besides, they had a relish for riding travelers' horses to the spring for water.

Among those who usually stopped with the

Templetons was a middle-aged man named Brown. He resided, so he said, near the Savannah River, and he claimed to have a brother in good circumstances in one of the counties about three days' travel westward, his own home being at about that distance east. To this brother he had been paying semi-annual visits for several years, always stopping for a night, going and returning, with the Templetons. He was poor and rheumatic. He rode a poor horse, which slowly and with much difficulty bore him, and carried a pair of coarse cotton saddle-bags, always much soiled. Baldwin used to wonder how it could be that so poor a man and so poor a horse managed to travel so many miles forth and back twice a year.

Mr. Brown was so uninteresting a companion that it was difficult to hold any conversation with him, even upon the subject of his infirmities. He usually sat with the family for an hour or two after supper, listening with moderate interest to their chatterings; and then — yet never until after the suggestion had been made by one or the other of his hosts — retired to bed. Poor Mr. Brown, as he was called by the family, had become as well known there as such a man could be, and it is probable that in the visits of no other traveler was there ever less variety. The scene after breakfast next morning had been nearly the very same for years. When his horse was brought from the lot and hitched by the gate, the following dialogue took place:

MR. BROWN.—I think I'll be a-travelin'. What's my bill?

MR. TEMPLETON.—One dollar, Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN.—I'll pay you when I come by this way ag'in. Will that suit you?

MR. TEMPLETON.—That will do just as well; I can wait.

MR. BROWN.—Well, a good-mornin' to you.

MR. TEMPLETON.—Good-morning, Mr. Brown. I hope you'll have a safe journey.

They shook hands, a ceremony Mr. Brown omitted with the others, slightly nodding a goodbye to them as he turned to depart.

Baldwin had been present at several of these leave-takings. After the departure, one day, he asked his father if Mr. Brown had ever paid him for a night's entertainment.

"No, he never has," answered Mr. Templeton.

"Do you believe he ever will, Father?"

"I do not."

"He is a very poor man, is n't he?"

"He must be; and he is sickly besides."

After musing some moments, Baldwin asked:

"Well, Father, if he is so poor and sickly, what makes you charge him for staying all night. Do you *want* him to pay you?"

The father looked down upon his son, smiled, and said:

"Let us take a walk."

They went into the orchard; for it was in the spring. Walking slowly along, Mr. Templeton said:

"Baldwin, why did you ask if I wanted Mr. Brown to pay for his night's lodging?"

"Because he looks like such a poor man, as you said he was, and sickly too."

"I did, and he shows for himself."

"Well, Father, if he is so poor, and sickly besides, I—" but Baldwin could not elaborate the idea that was in his mind.

"You mean to say," suggested Mr. Templeton, "that if you were in my place, such a man as Mr. Brown might stay the night at your house without paying or being asked to pay anything. Is that it?"

Baldwin answered yes.

"Ah, ha! Now I see, my boy, that I ought, before now, to have explained to you my conduct with Mr. Brown. I am glad that you are beginning to notice such things. No, I did not, and never did wish him to pay me anything. He has been coming by to spend a night with us four times a year for several years. He always asks me for his bill, and I always answer that it is a dollar. He never pays, and I never wish him to pay. He always promises to pay, and he probably believes, every time he is here, that perhaps he will be able to pay the next time he comes. At least he hopes so, I doubt not. Now, this hope that he will be less poor some day is a good, a great thing for him. But for that hope, sickly as he is, the probabilities are that he would have died before now; whereas, having that hope makes him feel that he is able to get upon his poor horse and travel about like other persons who are strong and well. And, as you see, he actually does so, not so fast, and not so far as many others; but fast enough, he thinks, and indeed a great distance even for men in good health. This hope, and the exercise he takes, and the change, perhaps, tend to make him forget sometimes that he is poor and sickly. Don't you see what a great thing such a hope is to such a man?"

Baldwin thought he did, and he said so.

"Well," resumed his father, "no person ought to deprive him of it, if he can help it. Now, if you had a house, and Mr. Brown were to come to it and lodge for a night, and on leaving it the next morning were to ask what he must pay, I suppose you would answer, 'Nothing.' Is it not so? Yes. But do you not perceive that such an answer would be showing him that you had *noticed* how poor he was, that you had no thought that he ever would be in better condition? And so you might weaken this hope which is now such a support to him. I do not say it would, but it might. This is one thing that we should not do if we can avoid it, and at the same time not be guilty of deceit. I never say to Mr. Brown that I believe that he will ever be any other sort of man than a poor one. That would be wrong, because it would be false. But as I believe that he hopes, and that he may expect, to be in a better way sometime; and as this hope does him good; and moreover, as I can not foresee what Providence, who gives and who takes away, may do for him before he dies, I simply try to show, when he is under my roof, that I respect him as I respect any other man, who, when he is here, does nothing that is wrong. And I *do* respect him as much as I respect any man who is not better than he is. When he is about to go away, and asks for his bill, I answer him as I answer others. With one like him this is the best way, it seems to me, in which I can show to him that he has the respect which I feel. Although he does not pay the bill, I have little doubt that he intends and hopes to do so some time or other. He sees that I am satisfied with his promise, and this may serve to make him still more hopeful. Do you see, sir, do you see?" and he laid his hand heavily yet fondly on the boy's shoulder.

Baldwin was satisfied, even pleased, and he supposed that the subject was now dismissed. They walked among the apple-trees, the elder occasionally subduing a redundant bud, or placing a prop to a young tree that the March winds had bent. After a few minutes, he turned suddenly and said:

"Baldwin, suppose *you* were Mr. Brown." Baldwin shuddered, but only momentarily.

"Yes," continued his father, "suppose you were a poor, sickly man, named Mr. Brown. Suppose you, like this one, were to be traveling in order to visit a brother who was well to do. For the poor, as a general thing, are proud of their wealthy relatives. It is often no matter how they are treated by them, and I rather suspect that this poor man gets little help from his relatives; for I think that I have noticed that he is usually more sad on the returning than on the outgoing journey. But suppose you hoped some day to be in as easy fortune as your brother, or at least in bet-



ter fortune than now. Suppose then that you had spent a night at a gentleman's house, and that, when you were about to proceed on your travels, he were to say to you:

" 'Mr. Brown, your bill is nothing, sir; you need not pay me anything. You are so poor that I know you can not afford to pay. You are too sickly to work, and of course there is no probability that you will ever be in better circumstances than you now are. Therefore you need never ask me what your bill is, or let the thought of it trouble you. I never charge such a man as you anything. Come always to my house when you are traveling this way (that is, if you should ever find yourself able to make the trip again) and you will always find a welcome for yourself and your poor horse. But please do not ask to pay what I could not feel, as a conscientious and charitable man, it was right to accept.'

"How would that sound in your ears, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Templeton looked down upon his son's face, and was pleased to notice his indignation against his imaginary host. Then, before the boy could put into words the feeling which was sufficiently shown by his expression, the father resumed:

"But suppose the gentleman was not quite so rude as that—though some good, kind-hearted men talk in just that style, without having any notion of its rudeness. Suppose he were to say nothing about your poverty or your poor health, but you could see that he noticed both, and your torn and soiled clothes, your stiff, slow-moving limbs and the wearing sadness upon your face. Suppose then that the fact that he saw all this made you lose a part of the hope you had been indulging for better times to come to you, because it was plain to you that, in his opinion, such a hope was utterly vain.

"Suppose, again, that when you should ask him for your bill, and get for answer that there was none, you were sure that this answer was given because of your poverty which showed for itself in your every look and action. Once more. Suppose, when you should promise to pay on your next visit, you were made by the gentleman's manner to feel that he believed not only that you would never pay the bill but probably would not live to come there any more. What then, Mr. Brown?"

Tears were now in the boy's eyes. When his father saw them, some came into his own. After a pause, he thus concluded:

"You see, dear Baldwin, that although it is our duty to be kind to the poor, yet we should take some pains in learning *how* to be so. The kindness of some men to the poor tends to make them better,

as well as happier. That of others tends to make them evil-disposed and to add to the bitterness of their sufferings. The difference is this: some men have another feeling in addition to pity. This feeling is—*Delicacy*. Remember that word, my boy, and study it, and try to find out for yourself all that it means."

After a brief pause, during which the boy walked thoughtfully and in silence beside his father, Mr. Templeton said:

"Now there's another side to this case, Baldwin. I dare say you don't think it exactly right in Mr. Brown to be going more and more into debt, especially to strangers, when the chances seem so little that he can ever pay; or at least you think he might behave as if he were thankful for being so treated. It doesn't look quite honest, eh? Aha! I thought so.

"But we must suppose that he hopes, and even expects, to be able at some time, perhaps far in the future, to pay all he owes. I have not a doubt of this; for poor as he is, and silent, I think I have seen in him a great deal of the sort of character that makes an upright man. As for thanks, I've come to believe that not always do those *feel* them the most who are the quickest and the freest to *say* them. Besides, we must not expect always to find among the poor and the suffering the delicacy that I've just told you about.

"Our good Lord, who loves the poor so much, does not demand of them the same delicate sense of propriety as of those in more favored circumstances. He knows how much pain and how much failure of many sorts this would cause. My acquaintance with the Bible, I am ashamed to say, is much less familiar than your mother's. But my recollection is that not many instances of the saying of thanks by the poor occur in it. For example, there is no record that the traveler who had fallen among thieves thanked the good Samaritan who relieved him; and of the ten lepers who were healed, only one, and he a stranger, returned to thank our Savior.

"Yet He did not chide the others, but said merely,—'Where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger.'

"Indeed, the good Lord often keeps from His poor the delicacy that would make their lot harder to bear. As for poor Mr. Brown, I am satisfied that he is more thankful than he seems, not only for the very small favors that I have shown him, but for my confidence that he honestly intends and expects to repay me. Come, now; let us go back to your mother."

Mr. Brown did not come again.

Late in the fall they heard that he was dead.

Some weeks after, one of the neighbors on returning from Augusta, whither he had gone with a load of cotton, left at the Templetons' a tiny sleigh, and a shuttle for Mrs. Templeton, and a hickory-cane, rudely but elaborately wrought. These had been handed to him by one of Mr. Brown's family, who said that on his death-bed Mr. Brown had requested that they should be sent with the message

that he had always expected to be able some day to repay all the kindness of the family to him; but, that as he was disappointed, he hoped the good Lord would make it up to them in some way.

"My parents shed tears," said Baldwin, many years afterward, "on receiving these bequests, which they kept as long as they lived. I have the three gifts yet."



"WE AND OUR DOLLIES." (PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.)



## BALBOA.

BY NORA PERRY.



WITH restless step of discontent,  
Day after day he fretting went  
Along the old accustomed ways  
That led to easeful length of days.

But far beyond the fragrant shade  
Of orange-groves his glances strayed  
To where the white horizon line  
Caught from the sea its silvery shine.

He knew the taste of the salt spray,  
He knew the wind that blew that way:  
Ah, once again to mount and ride  
Upon that pulsing ocean tide —

To find new lands of virgin gold,  
To wrest them from the savage hold,  
To conquer with the sword and brain  
Fresh fields and fair for royal Spain!

This was the dream of wild desire  
That set his gallant heart on fire,  
And stirred with feverish discontent  
That soul for nobler issues meant.

Sometimes his children's laughter brought  
A thrill that checked his restless thought;  
Sometimes a voice more tender yet  
Would soothe the fever and the fret.

Thus day by day, until one day  
Came news that in the harbor lay  
A ship bound outward to explore  
The treasures of that western shore,

Which bold adventurers as yet  
Had failed to conquer or forget:  
"Yet where they failed, and failing died,  
My will shall conquer!" Balboa cried.

But when on Darien's shore he stept,  
And fast and far his vision swept,  
He saw before him, white and still,  
The Andes mocking at his will.

Then like a flint he set his face :  
Let others falter from their place,  
His hand and foot, his sturdy soul  
Should seek and gain that distant goal !

With speech like this he fired the land,  
And gathered to his bold command  
A troop of twenty score or more,  
To follow where he led before.

They followed him day after day  
O'er burning lands where ambushed lay  
The waiting savage in his lair ;  
And fever poisoned all the air.

But like a sweeping wind of flame  
A conqueror through all he came :  
The savage fell beneath his hand,  
Or led him on to seek the land

That richer yet for golden gain  
Stretched out beyond the mountain chain.  
Step after steep of rough ascent  
They followed, followed, worn and spent,

Until at length they came to where  
The last peak lifted near and fair ;  
Then Balboa turned and waved aside  
His panting troops : " Rest here," he cried ;

" And wait for me." And with a tread  
Of trembling haste, he quickly sped

Along the trackless height, alone  
To seek, to reach, his mountain throne.

Step after step he mounted swift ;  
The wind blew down a cloudy drift ;  
From some strange source he seemed to hear  
The music of another sphere.

Step after step ; the cloud-winds blew  
Their blinding mists, then through and through  
Sun-cleft, they broke, and all alone  
He stood upon his mountain throne.

Before him spread no paltry lands,  
To wrest with spoils from savage hands ;  
But, fresh and fair, an unknown world  
Of mighty sea and shore unfurled

Its wondrous scroll beneath the skies.  
Ah, what to this the flimsy prize  
Of gold and lands for which he came  
With hot ambition's sordid aim !

Silent he stood with streaming eyes  
In that first moment of surprise,  
Then on the mountain-top he bent,  
This conqueror of a continent,

In wordless ecstasy of prayer,—  
Forgetting in that moment there,  
With Nature's God brought face to face,  
All vainer dreams of pomp and place.

Thus to the world a world was given.  
Where lesser men had vainly striven,  
And striving died,— this gallant soul,  
Divinely guided, reached the goal.





# An Affluent Aztec

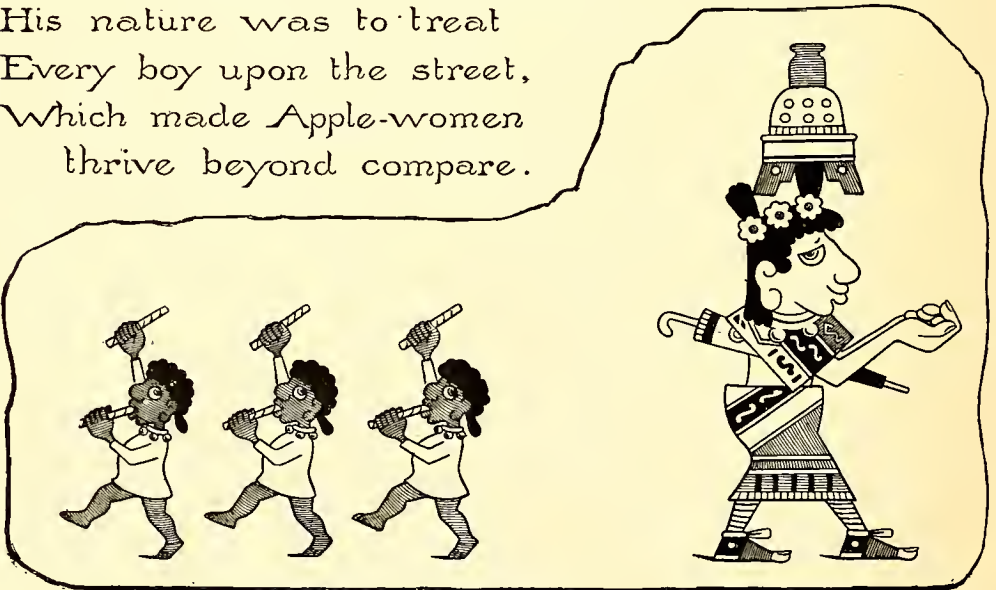
## A Hieroglyphic Fragment

by J. Francis.



He was a generous, grand and gorgeous Millionaire  
With a heart as overflowing as his hair.

His nature was to treat  
Every boy upon the street,  
Which made Apple-women  
thrive beyond compare.





# Where the Christmas-tree grew.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

It was afternoon recess at No. 4 District School, in Warner. There was a heavy snowstorm; so every one was in the warm schoolroom, except a few adventurous spirits who were tumbling about in the snowdrifts out in the yard, getting their clothes wet and preparing themselves for chidings at home. Their shrill cries and shouts of laughter floated into the schoolroom, but the small group near the stove did not heed them at all. There were five or six little girls and one boy. The girls, with the exception of Jenny Brown, were trim and sweet in their winter dresses and neat school-aprons; they perched on the desks and the arms of the settee with careless grace, like birds. Some of them had their arms linked. The one boy lounged against the blackboard. His dark, straight-profiled face was all aglow as he talked. His big brown eyes gazed now soberly and impressively at Jenny, then gave a gay dance in the direction of the other girls.

"Yes, it does—*honest!*" said he.

The other girls nudged one another softly; but Jenny Brown stood with her innocent, solemn eyes fixed upon Earl Munroe's face, drinking in every word.

"You ask anybody who knows," continued Earl; "ask Judge Barker, ask—the minister—"

"Oh!" cried the little girls; but the boy shook his head impatiently at them.

"Yes," said he; "you just go and ask Mr. Fisher to-morrow, and you'll see what he'll tell you. Why, look here,"—Earl straightened himself and stretched out an arm like an orator,—"*it's* nothing more than *reasonable* that Christmas-trees grow wild with the presents all on 'em! What sense would there be in 'em if they did n't, I'd like to know? They grow in different places, of course; but these around here grow mostly on the mountain over there. They come up every spring, and they all blossom out about Christmas-time, and folks go hunting for them to give to the

children. Father and Ben are over on the mountain to-day —"

"Oh, oh!" cried the little girls.

"I mean, I guess they are," amended Earl, trying to put his feet on the boundary-line of truth. "I hope they'll find a full one."

Jenny Brown had a little, round, simple face; her thin brown hair was combed back and braided tightly in one tiny braid tied with a bit of shoestring. She wore a nondescript gown, which nearly trailed behind, and showed in front her little, coarsely shod feet, which toed-in helplessly. The gown was of a faded green color; it was scalloped and bound around the bottom, and had some green ribbons-bows down the front. It was, in fact, the discarded polonaise of a benevolent woman, who aided the poor substantially but not tastefully.

Jenny Brown was eight, and small for her age,—a strange, gentle, ignorant little creature, never doubting the truth of what she was told, which sorely tempted the other children to impose upon her. Standing there in the schoolroom that stormy recess, in the midst of that group of wiser, richer, mostly older girls, and that one handsome, mischievous boy, she believed every word she heard.

This was her first term at school, and she had never before seen much of other children. She had lived her eight years all alone at home with her mother, and she had never been told about Christmas. Her mother had other things to think about. She was a dull, spiritless, reticent woman, who had lived through much trouble. She worked, doing washings and cleanings, like a poor feeble machine that still moves but has no interest in its motion. Sometimes the Browns had almost enough to eat, at other times they half starved. It was half-starving time just then; Jenny had not had enough to eat that day.

There was a pinched look on the little face upturned toward Earl Munroe's.



Earl's words gained authority by coming from himself. Jenny had always regarded him with awe and admiration. It was much that he should speak at all to her.

Earl Munroe was quite the king of this little district school. He was the son of the wealthiest man in town. No other boy was so well dressed, so gently bred, so luxuriously lodged and fed. Earl himself realized his importance, and had at times the loftiness of a young prince in his manner. Occasionally, some independent urchin would bristle with democratic spirit, and tell him to his face that he was "stuck up," and he had n't so much more to be proud of than other folks; that his grandfather was n't anything but an old ragman!

Then Earl would wilt. Arrogance in a free country is likely to have an unstable foundation. Earl's tottered at the mention of his paternal grandfather, who had given the first impetus to the family fortune by driving a tin-cart about the country. Moreover, the boy was really pleasant and generous-hearted, and had no mind, in the long run, for lonely state and disagreeable haughtiness. He enjoyed being lordly once in a while, that was all.

He did now, with Jenny—he eyed her with a gay condescension, which would have greatly amused his tin-peddler grandfather.

Soon the bell rung, and they all filed to their seats, and the lessons were begun.

After school was done that night, Earl stood in the door when Jenny passed out.

"Say, Jenny," he called, "when are you going over on the mountain to find the Christmas-tree? You'd better go pretty soon, or they'll be gone."

"That's so!" chimed in one of the girls. "You'd better go right off, Jenny."

She passed along, her face shyly dimpling with her little innocent smile, and said nothing. She would never talk much.

She had quite a long walk to her home. Presently, as she was pushing weakly through the new snow, Earl went flying past her in his father's sleigh, with the black horses and the fur-capped coachman. He never thought of asking her to ride. If he had, he would not have hesitated a second before doing so.

Jenny, as she waded along, could see the mountain always before her. This road led straight to it, then turned and wound around its base. It had stopped snowing, and the sun was setting clear. The great white mountain was all rosy. It stood opposite the red western sky. Jenny kept her eyes fixed upon the mountain. Down in the valley-shadows, her little simple face, pale and colorless, gathered another kind of radiance.

There was no school the next day, which was the

one before Christmas. It was pleasant, and not very cold. Everybody was out; the little village stores were crowded; sleds trailing Christmas-greens went flying, people were hastening with parcels under their arms, their hands full.

Jenny Brown also was out. She was climbing Franklin Mountain. The snowy pine-boughs bent so low that they brushed her head; she stepped deeply into the untrodden snow, the train of her green polonaise dipped into it, and swept it along. And all the time she was peering through those white fairy columns and arches for—a Christmas-tree.

That night, the mountain had turned rosy, and faded, and the stars were coming out, when a frantic woman, panting, crying out now and then in her distress, went running down the road to the Munroe house. It was the only one between her own and the mountain. The woman rained some clattering knocks on the door—she could not stop for the bell. Then she burst into the house, and threw open the dining-room door, crying out in gasps:

"Hev you seen her? Oh, hev you? My Jenny's lost! She's lost! Oh, oh, oh! They said they saw her comin' up this way, this mornin'. Hev you seen her, hev you?"

Earl and his father and mother were having tea there in the handsome oak-paneled dining-room. Mr. Munroe rose at once, and went forward, Mrs. Munroe looked with a pale face around her silver tea-urn, and Earl sat as if frozen. He heard his father's soothing questions, and the mother's answers. She had been out at work all day; when she returned, Jenny was gone. Some one had seen her going up the road to the Munroes' that morning about ten o'clock. That was her only clew.

Earl sat there, and saw his mother draw the poor woman into the room and try to comfort her; he heard, with a vague understanding, his father order the horses to be harnessed immediately; he watched him putting on his coat and hat out in the hall.

When he heard the horses trot up the drive, he sprang to his feet. When Mr. Munroe opened the door, Earl, with his coat and cap on, was at his heels.

"Why, you can't go, Earl!" said his father, when he saw him. "Go back at once."

Earl was white and trembling. He half sobbed. "Oh, Father, I must go!" said he.

"Earl, be reasonable. You want to help, don't you, and not hinder?" his mother called out of the dining-room.

Earl caught hold of his father's coat. "Father—look here—I—*I believe I know where she is!*"

Then his father faced sharply around, his mother

and Jenny's stood listening in bewilderment, and Earl told his ridiculous, childish, and cruel little story. "I—did n't dream—she 'd really be—such a little—goose as to—go," he choked out; "but she must have, for"—with brave candor—"I know she believed every word I told her."

It seemed a fantastic theory, yet a likely one. It would give method to the search, yet more alarm to the searchers. The mountain was a wide region in which to find one little child.

Jenny's mother screamed out, "Oh, if she's

crawled downstairs and into the parlor. In the bay-window stood, like a gay mockery, the Christmas-tree. It was a quite small one that year, only for the family,—some expected guests had failed to come,—but it was well laden. After tea, the presents were to have been distributed. There were some for his father and mother, and some for the servants, but the bulk of them were for Earl.

By and by, his mother, who had heard him come downstairs, peeped into the room, and saw



"THIS LITTLE GIRL CAME FLYING OUT WITH HER CONTRIBUTION; THEN THERE WERE MORE." [SEE PAGE 209.]

lost on the mountain, they'll never find her! They never will, they never will! O Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!"

Earl gave a despairing glance at her, and bolted upstairs to his own room. His mother called pityingly after him; but he only sobbed back, "Don't, Mother,—please!" and kept on.

The boy, lying face downward on his bed, crying as if his heart would break, heard presently the church-bell clang out fast and furious. Then he heard loud voices down in the road, and the flury of sleigh-bells. His father had raised the alarm, and the search was organized.

After a while, Earl arose, and crept over to the window. It looked toward the mountain, which towered up, cold and white and relentless, like one of the ice-hearted giants of the old Indian tales. Earl shuddered, as he looked at it. Presently, he

him busily taking his presents from the tree. Her heart sank with sad displeasure and amazement. She would not have believed that her boy could be so utterly selfish as to think of Christmas-presents *then*.

But she said nothing. She stole away, and returned to poor Mrs. Brown, whom she was keeping with her; still she continued to think of it, all that long, terrible night, when they sat there waiting, listening to the signal-horns over on the mountain.

Morning came at last, and Mr. Munroe with it. No success so far. He drank some coffee and was off again. That was quite early. An hour or two later, the breakfast-bell rung. Earl did not respond to it, so his mother went to the foot of the stairs and called him. There was a stern ring in her soft voice. All the time she had in mind his heartlessness and greediness over the presents. When Earl



did not answer, she went upstairs, and found that he was not in his room. Then she looked in the parlor, and stood staring in bewilderment. Earl was not there, but neither were the Christmas-tree and his presents,—they had vanished bodily!

Just at that moment Earl Munroe was hurrying down the road, and he was dragging his big sled, on which were loaded his Christmas-presents and the Christmas-tree. The top of the tree trailed in the snow, its branches spread over the sled on either side, and rustled. It was a heavy load, but Earl tugged manfully in an enthusiasm of remorse and atonement,—a fantastic, extravagant atonement, planned by that same fertile fancy which had invented that story for poor little Jenny, but instigated by all the good, repentant impulses in the boy's nature.

On every one of those neat parcels, above his own name, was written in his big, crooked, childish hand, "Jenny Brown, from—" Earl Munroe had not saved one Christmas-present for himself.

Pulling along, his cheeks brilliant, his eyes glowing, he met Maud Barker. She was Judge Barker's daughter, and the girl who had joined him in advising Jenny to hunt on the mountain for the Christmas-tree.

Maud stepped along, placing her trim little feet with dainty precision; she wore some new high-buttoned over-shoes. She also carried a new beaver muff, but in one hand only. The other dangled mittenless at her side; it was pink with cold, but on its third finger sparkled a new gold ring with a blue stone in it.

"Oh, Earl!" she called out, "have they found Jenny Brown? I was going up to your house to—Why, Earl Munroe, what have you got there?"

"I'm carrying my Christmas-presents and the tree up to Jenny's—so she'll find 'em when she comes back," said the boy, flushing red. There was a little defiant choke in his voice.

"Why, what for?"

"I rather think they belong to her, more 'n they do to me, after what 's happened."

"Does your mother know?"

"No; she would n't care. She'd think I was only doing what I ought."

"All of 'em?" queried Maud, feebly.

"You don't s'pose I'd keep any back?"

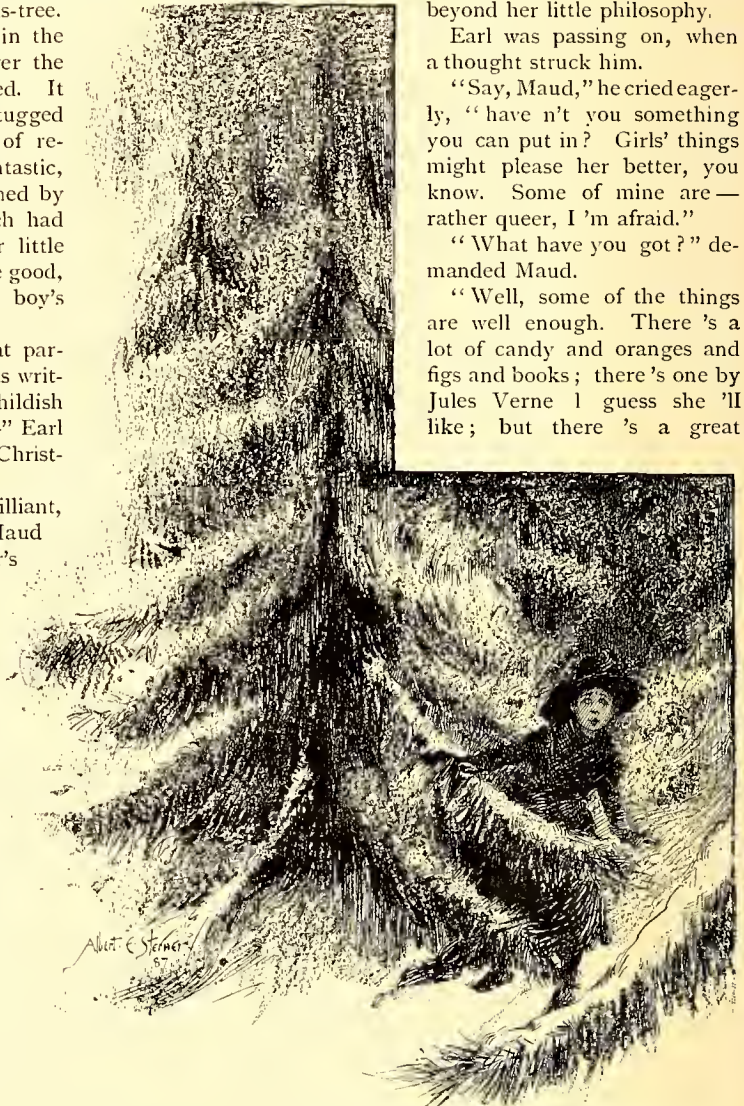
Maud stood staring. It was beyond her little philosophy.

Earl was passing on, when a thought struck him.

"Say, Maud," he cried eagerly, "have n't you something you can put in? Girls' things might please her better, you know. Some of mine are—rather queer, I'm afraid."

"What have you got?" demanded Maud.

"Well, some of the things are well enough. There's a lot of candy and oranges and figs and books; there's one by Jules Verne I guess she'll like; but there's a great



"ALL TOO FAR AWAY HAD SHE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TREE."

big jack-knife, and—a brown velvet bicycle suit."

"Why, Earl Munroe! what could she do with a bicycle suit?"

"I thought, maybe, she could rip the seams to

'em, an' sew 'em some way, an' get a basque cut, or something. Don't you s'pose she could?" Earl asked, anxiously.

"I don't know; her mother could tell," said Maud.

"Well, I'll hang it on, anyhow. Maud, have n't you anything to give her?"

"I—don't know."

Earl eyed her sharply. "Is n't that muff new?"

"Yes."

"And that ring?"

Maud nodded. "She 'd be delighted with 'em. Oh, Maud, put 'em in!"

Maud looked at him. Her pretty mouth quivered a little, some tears twinkled in her blue eyes.

"I don't believe my mother would let me," faltered she. "You—come with me, and I'll ask her."

"All right," said Earl, with a tug at his sled-ropes.

He waited with his load in front of Maud's house until she came forth radiant, lugging a big basket. She had her last winter's red cashmere dress, a hood, some mittens, cake and biscuit, and nice slices of cold meat.

"Mother said these would be much more *suitable* for her," said Maud, with a funny little imitation of her mother's manner.

Over across the street, another girl stood at the gate, waiting for news.

"Have they found her?" she cried; "where are you going with all those things?"

Somehow, Earl's generous, romantic impulse spread like an epidemic. This little girl soon came flying out with her contribution; then there were more—quite a little procession filed finally down the road to Jenny Brown's house.

The terrible possibilities of the case never occurred to them. The idea never entered their heads that little, innocent, trustful Jenny might never come home to see that Christmas-tree which they set up in her poor home.

It was with no surprise whatever that they saw, about noon, Mr. Munroe's sleigh, containing Jenny and her mother and Mrs. Munroe, drive up to the door.

Afterward, they heard how a wood-cutter had found Jenny crying, over on the east side of the mountain, at sunset, and had taken her home with him. He lived five miles from the village, and was an old man, not able to walk so far that night to tell them of her safety. His wife had been very good to the child. About eleven o'clock, some of the searchers had met the old man plodding along the mountain-road with the news.

They did not stop for this now. They shouted to Jenny to "come in, quick!" They pulled her with soft violence into the room where they had been at work. Then the child stood with her hands clasped, staring at the Christmas-tree. All too far away had she been searching for it. The Christmas-tree grew not on the wild mountain-side, in the lonely woods, but at home, close to warm, loving hearts; and that was where she found it.

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## MORNING COMPLIMENTS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

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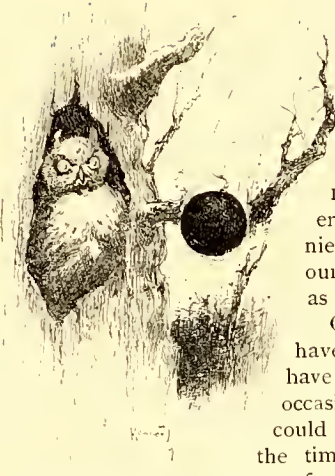
A LIGHT little zephyr came flitting,  
 Just breaking the morning repose.  
 The rose made a bow to the lily,  
 The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper,  
 As faint as a perfume that blows:  
 "You are brighter than I," said the lily;  
 "You are fairer than I," said the rose.



## HOW THE YANKEES CAME TO BLACKWOOD.

BY LOUISE HERRICK.



THE country station of Blackwood might not have seemed an attractive place, to grown-up folk, in the spring of 1865; but my brother Bruce and I, Nannie Burton, thought our quarters as good as any in Virginia.

Of course it would have been pleasanter to have had enough to eat occasionally; but then we could scarcely remember the time when our single pone of corn-bread had not been cut into three as equal parts as though it were to illustrate an example in simple fractions,—one for each of us, Mother, Bruce, and me. And though some appetite might be left over, corn-bread never was.

This was the time during the war when Confederate money had become so worthless that, as some one remarked, “you went to market with your money in a wheelbarrow, and brought some provisions back in your pocket-book.” However, as we had little money and less market up here in the Blue Ridge mountains, we were saved this harrowing experience. In fact, Bruce and I had no harrowing experiences. We scampered about from morning until night on our tireless bare legs, always hungry,—which enabled us to relish not only our meals, but any articles of an eatable nature that fell into our hands.

There was a tradition in the family that we once had white loaf-sugar every day of our lives; and I could distinctly remember the time when sorghum, or “long sweetening,”—its army name,—was an every-day affair. All this, however, in the spring of 1865, was a thing of the past—only a sweet memory. Our sorghum was so low in the barrel, that, when mother turned the spigot, only the faintest line of black syrup responded and dripped slowly, reluctantly, into the little brown jug beneath.

It amuses me to look back on my old self as I was in those days, and I think what an odd figure I must have been in my clothes of strictly home manufacture. My dress of homespun cotton had been woven by an old negro woman on our place; it was buttoned up behind, when buttoned at all, by a row of persimmon-seeds with holes drilled in them for eyelets. I had a hat (which at that time I conceived to be very beautiful) of plaited corn-shucks, just the shape of a rather deep bowl. The shape, however, was a matter of the smallest consequence, as it hung down my back by means of a leathern shoestring, except when mother was pleading with me about my complexion. My very short, very light hair hung in a frayed plait, down my back.

Bruce's costume was, if anything, simpler than mine. It consisted of a shirt and trousers, made in one, of a piece of striped bed-ticking; a row of persimmon-seed buttons followed the curve of his spine, and a small cap knitted of carpet-ravelings adorned his jolly little head. We wore neither shoes nor stockings,—my last pair of shoes, worth two hundred dollars in Confederate money, had frizzled up from being left too near the kitchen fire.

The greatest excitement we had in those days was the coming of the daily trains. I felt that my day was very incomplete if by any chance I missed being on the platform when the great mountain engines came thundering up the heavy grade past our house, and stopped at the Blackwood Station, a few hundred yards above. Our interest was increased when the trains began to bring provisions and ammunition up from along the railroad, to be stored for safe-keeping in the freight depot. I did not know there were so many barrels of sorghum or so many bolts of cloth in the whole world as were packed into that depot. I think the buttons impressed me most. It was with a sense of bitterness and shame that I remembered the time when I had felt proud of my persimmon-seeds. Then came barrels and barrels of gunpowder, and then bomb-shells. I was conscious of my bravery when I stood by, clutching my skirts with both hands, and saw these stores rolled up the inclined plane of logs into the depot. The men who brought the stores were mostly disabled Confederates, a gloomy, untalkative set; but one big

fellow, in a shirt made of an old plaid shawl, grumbled all the while he worked, and threw out such dark hints as to the nearness and terrors of the Yankee raiders, that a quick succession of creeps went down to the very soles of my bare feet.

"It 's nothin' but foolishness, cartin' up all this truck here," he said. "The Yankees are comin' here as fast as they kin, and we 'll have to burn it up to keep them from gettin' it."

However, the work went steadily on until the depot seemed likely to burst with fullness; and then the trains came less often. A few men were left to guard the stores; and a misty, rainy spell of weather drove us into the house for amusement.

I had almost forgotten to mention the house, as it was where we were least apt to be,—and no wonder, for a more cheerless house it were hard to find. My father had built it before the war for a boys' school. It faced the track, which was so near that the windows rattled in their casements and the whole house quaked sympathetically with every passing train. It also showed interest in the freight depot, for it reared itself on its white front pillars and stared across the track at its neighbor planted there firm and stolid on four clumsy legs. The kitchen was much cozier than any other part of the house. Like most Virginia kitchens, it was a small log-cabin at the back of the house, where the cook lived and reigned supreme. Its low smoke-stained rafters and uneven earthen floor were lighted more by the great fire-place, where a whole tree burned as a single sacrifice, than by the small square window.

One raw, rainy afternoon in March, I drew my stool back into one corner of the fire-place, buried my feet in the warm, caressing ashes, and, with the black pot-hooks hanging over my head on their sooty bar and the fire smoldering lazily in the opposite corner, felt myself ready for a good long afternoon with my rag doll,—a dear creature whose head had been re-covered and whose smile had been renewed at Christmas for the last three years. The last Christmas, a fine woolly wig of tanned sheepskin had been added to her many other charms. The only thing I would have altered about Peggy was her profile, which, to tell the truth, was a little disappointing. I was sitting thinking rather sadly of this, with Peggy grasped firmly between my knees, when the kitchen door opened, moving heavily inward on the earthen floor where it had worn for itself a smooth black groove, and Aunt Patsy, our cook, came in with her arms full of chips from the wood-pile. My heart sunk when I saw her, for she looked so glum that I was sure she would tell me to "g' long in de house." To my relief, however, she took no notice of me,

but throwing her load into a corner near the fire-place, drew an old splint-bottom chair up to the fire. I watched her anxiously from my retired corner and ventured at last, very cautiously:

"Is your rheumatism worse, Aunt Patsy?"

She looked up sternly from the fire where she had been gazing fixedly, and said:

"Don' pester me, chile — I 'se stedyin'."

I relapsed into silent contemplation of Peggy.

After a long silence, and without moving, Aunt Patsy said in a deep, awe-inspiring tone:

"Nannie, did you ever see a Yankee?"

"No-o," I said reluctantly; Aunt Patsy so seldom gave me a chance to tell her anything.

"Wull," still gazing in the fire as if she were reading there what she said, "you 're gwine to see some mighty soon. Dey suttinly is tur'ble, dat dey is. Folks say dey 's got hoofs and horns." Then rocking herself back and forward in her chair, she continued, "I hear 'em comin' now" — raising her hand in solemn adjuration — "I hear de hoofs a-clatterin'!"

I sat very still and listened, very much frightened; but as I could hear nothing, my courage returned. I longed to ask Aunt Patsy more about the Yankees, but she was "studying" again, and I did not dare interrupt her. As I sat pondering over her remarks, the door opened vehemently and Bruce ran in, the rain dripping from a shawl he wore over his head.

"Nannie," he shouted, "Mother says she wants you, this minute!"

I jumped up, dropping Peggy in the ashes at my feet, and he and I ran out together, sharing the shawl.

"What does she want, Bruce?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said tantalizingly; then, wagging his head significantly, "She says she wants you."

What had I last done that was naughty? I tried hard to conjecture. I felt a wretched premonition of the gentle, grieved look with which Mother would soon meet me. I have often wondered, since, how any child who so hated to be scolded could have deserved it as often as I did. Mother was not in her room when I entered, and did not come in for several minutes. My heart beat fast with a vague apprehension as I sat there with a queer sense of guilt upon me; the big old clock on the mantel-piece tick-tacked; and the green log on the andirons simmered and sent forth a sappy froth at its ends. At last Mother came in, looking very anxious and knitting as she came,—her gray knitting was never out of her hands in those days.

"Nannie," she said very gravely, "I have



heard that the Yankees are coming. They may be here before night."

Then it was n't a "talking to"; it was only the Yankees. My spirits went up many degrees.

"We must hide our things at once," she went on; "and you and Bruce must help."

We were all alert in a moment; nothing could

to the rescue; and as he was carried by his yellow legs through the bare house, the empty halls resounded with his squawks. We finally locked him in an unoccupied room. He shook himself and strutting about, uttered so loud and pompous a "gobble-gobble," that we were sure he would attract the Yankees from miles around.



KRABLE  
OF '37

"AUNT PATSY CAME TO THE RESCUE."

have suited our tastes or capacities better. What a confusing scuffle it was, as we packed the little silver we had left into a bandbox and dug a grave for it under the June apple-tree in the garden. Then we tried to catch Don Quixote, the big turkey we had been saving for father's home-coming. His great wings were so strong that he nearly beat us to pieces when we ran him into a fence corner and tried to catch him. Aunt Patsy came

"Put him in a dark closet, and then he'll be good," said Bruce, with the air of one who knew.

Aunt Patsy took the suggestion; and Don Quixote was so scared by the dark, that by the time Bruce had shut the door and turned the wooden button upon it, he was awed into silence.

When we went downstairs to Mother's room, a few minutes later, we could not think what had happened to her, she looked so queer; she told

us that she had put on all the clothes she had in the world, for fear that Sheridan's raiders would burn the house. As she had done it rather hastily, she looked very humpy, and stuck out in the most unexpected places. With every step she took, she jingled noisily, as she had a bundle of forks, which had been forgotten when the other silver was buried, strung around her waist under her skirt. Then we were hustled into all our clothes, even my frizzled two-hundred-dollar shoes were brought out and put on, and I can remember now just how uncomfortable and stuffy I felt.

It was growing dark, and our work was over. Mother seated herself stiffly by the fire, like the stuffed figure that she was, and took out her knitting. As the night grew blacker, I began to feel more serious about the coming of the Yankees. In the afternoon, it had seemed like a big romp, in which the grown people had consented to share; but now dim visions of hooped Yankees clouded my serenity. I brought my cricket close up to Mother's chair, and Bruce cuddled on the other side and laid his head in her lap. The winds were carousing in the mountains that night, wrestling together until one mighty wind would overthrow another and send it rolling down the sheer mountain-sides to fall heavily against the house—then came a hush, and the contest again began. Except for this, everything was very quiet as we three sat there, listening.

"Why, Mother," said Bruce, suddenly raising his head from her lap; "where is your watch gone?"

Mother laughed, and taking up her ball of yarn, held it to his ear.

"Oh, Nannie," he cried; "listen! It's ticking!"

"Sh!" said Mother, in a mysterious whisper, looking about her suspiciously. "I have wound my last hank of yarn around my watch, and I think the keenest-eared raider will never suspect it."

We sat up late that night, starting if the wind struck the house a harder blow than usual or banged a loose shutter. We went to bed at last,—Bruce, in my trundle-bed, which groaned mournfully as it was rolled out from under Mother's high four-poster, and I in Mother's bed. To keep our courage up, I remember, Mother lighted the best of our precious home-made candles,—a long coil of cloth soaked in tallow, with the lighted end held up from the rest of the coil by means of a pin.

The night passed quietly, and, with it, our fears. The first thing next morning when I looked out of the window I noticed that, in spite of the heavy sleet which covered the bare trees with beautiful

armor, the crowd of negroes and neighbors that had been lounging about the station and freight depot for the last few days had greatly increased. Even while I looked, several men straggled up in ragged uniforms, with as much of the Federal blue as of Confederate gray in them; but I knew they were our men by the hearty greeting of the crowd. Bruce and I raced in dressing, and he beat me, because he just touched his hair with the brush,—mine had to be plaited. But I overtook him on his way to the depot to find out what the news was.

There was no definite news. The people were only hovering about with a general sense that something would happen presently, and that they would rather not be alone when it did happen. At least that was the way I felt about it. The impression of danger was increased by the vague rumors brought from time to time by the Confederate stragglers. They had become separated from General Early's command, and assured us that Blackwood lay in the direct line of Sheridan's raid. The men who were guarding the stores marched up and down before the freight depot, looking as if they knew more than any one else, just because General Early had told them to bring the stores there and guard them.

The sun at last thawed the sleet, and the cold, raw day lost its only beauty. Somehow the fascination of lingering about the depot was stronger than the sense of discomfort. As we stood thus, listening to any one who took the trouble to talk, we were suddenly silenced. A rumbling, jarring sound shook earth and air, and quavered away, seeming more a movement than a sound. The whole crowd stood still. Then came a distinct *boom! boom!* A man who stood near me, one of the stragglers, stopped talking and threw up his head. And over his face came an expression I shall never forget,—so fierce and yet so hopeless a look. He caught my eye, and said gently:

"Fightin' over the mountain, near Waynesboro', I reckon."

It was very terrible to stand helplessly there, as shock after shock of the cannon reached us,—to know that with every boom our men were falling so near us, and yet to gaze stupidly at the blank mountain-side and know nothing more. After the first surprise, there was talk among the crowd; but Bruce and I seemed to be the only listeners. The men all agreed that the engagement must be between our men under General Early, and General Sheridan's army. We did not wait to hear more than this, but ran home to tell Mother; and we were so cowed by the sound of the battle, that we did not venture out for a long while.

At last the cannonading became less violent, and we found that the crowd had been steadily growing.





"I SURRENDER, IF YOU PROMISE TO PROTECT THIS YOUNG LADY."

Several hundred people were huddled together,—men, women, and children, black and white. Men who had been hiding in the mountains crept forth, glad of any kind of companionship, and joined the motley group. The sound of fighting came fainter and fainter, until at last all was quiet again. Then there was a movement in the crowd,—something definite was being planned. Aunt Patsy ran in and told us that the men were about to try to get away on the empty trains, which had been standing on the track for several days, before the Yankees came over the mountains and caught them. My interest was naturally aroused, and I ran to see what was being done. Yes, the men were working at the engines to get up the steam. Even the guards had left their posts and were helping to kindle the fires under the boilers. As I stood looking on at the unprotected stores, a guard,

who was passing with a bucket of water in each hand, shouted out:

"Go in and help yourself, sissy; for the Yankees will burn them."

"And all those buttons!" I thought, with a fearful pang. Then, with a sudden impulse of indignation, I rushed in, filling my dress and arms with cloth, buttons, darning-thread, anything and everything I could reach,—wretched all the while with a desperate sense of my lack of arms and general storage capacity. As I was tugging at a large bolt of cloth, I was startled by a great shout. Loaded up to my very chin, I ran to the door and saw that two of the trains, packed with our men, were gliding down the track.

Was that why they were shouting?

In answer came a second mighty shout from the hill-top.

The Yankees!

It was a body of cavalry coming at a swinging gallop down the steep, muddy incline, shooting as they came. There was a wild panic in the crowd,—the negroes screaming and scattering in every direction, one huge colored woman climbing a fence, with a twin baby under each arm.

Some of our men ran after the retreating trains, to overtake them; while others labored frantically to get the third train in motion. It breathed heavily and stirred; but on came the Yankees, concentrating their fire on the lessening crowd. Bullets and shouts filled the air. With a crazy impulse I rushed out into the thick of it, still clinging with desperation to my booty. The Yankees were upon us now, shooting or capturing as their tastes dictated. A bullet whizzed past my ear, and then another. The next moment, I was lifted off my feet and placed in the shelter of the depot.

“Stay there!” roared my protector. At that instant, a man in blue galloped up and demanded the surrender of my friend.

“I surrender, if you promise to protect this young lady.” With the bullets singing about me, I felt my heart, under its load of dry goods, swell with pride when I heard myself called a young lady for the first time in my life.

From my shelter I could see all that was going on. I can see it now. The train is well under way, and slides down the track. Our men pack in, pile in, and cling to the platforms. The Yankees shout wild orders, gallop abreast of the train, now quickly gathering headway, and pour a steady fire into the windows. Again I hear the hollow ring of their hoof-beats upon the wooden platform, and the crash of the splintering glass as it falls in. A cry from the train, now and again, records a telling shot. On, on they go,—a mad race! The Yankees, standing in their stirrups, pour a fierce fire in upon our men. The whole body sweeps on. The plunging, galloping horses answer to their

spurs. Past our house, down the track, on—when suddenly the whole body of horse bring up upon their haunches. A culvert! With a derisive yell from our men, the train sweeps around the graceful curve, and is gone!

There is nothing left for the blue-coats but to ride back. Their prisoners have already been marched off by a detachment of their men.

We were huddled together in the front hall expecting to receive some of their wrath when, suddenly, there came an awful roar and crack. The freight depot was in flames! Crash after crash split the air, as the fire reached the bombs which had been stored there, and they exploded and were thrown up and out in all directions. Mother seized us, and rushing through the hall, we fairly rolled and tumbled down into the cellar. Even there the frightful explosions shook us. This din lasted in all its fury for hours and hours. It seemed to my childish imagination like a demoniacal battle of unseen spirits.

At last the noise became less constant, and we crawled out and found that most of the bombs had gone over the house. It had escaped, by some miraculous chance, although the front door was burst in by a shell and every pane of glass was shattered by the concussion. The yard, however, was riddled with them; and the bombs were still exploding. In fact, the last bomb did not explode until a week later.

When we found that we still had a house over us, we were glad enough to creep back to the cellar, where our privacy was not molested. When we ventured out again, there was not a blue-coat in sight. The bombs had been too indiscriminating for them, and so what we thought to be our greatest danger proved to be our safeguard. Many houses in the neighborhood were raided; but I never saw another Yankee until a few years ago, when I came to New-York and discovered that they had neither hoofs nor horns.



Keagle



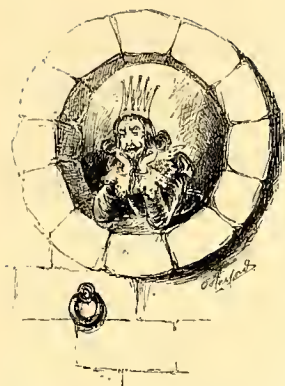


"HE BARKS EVERY TIME I TRY TO TASTE IT."

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## THE PEASANT KING.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



NE day a certain king grew weary of the luxurious life he was leading, for one by one his every pleasure became monotonous, and at last he knew not what to do to make his life endurable.

So he concluded that a sure way out of the trouble would be to find out how

other kings had lived before him, and to ascertain what they did to gain happiness and peace of mind. Accordingly, he ordered a courtier to collect all the books concerning kings, both in history and fiction, and to read them aloud to him that he might collect useful information on the subject.

The courtier gathered a great number of these books and read them aloud to the King, who still seemed to be at a loss for information regarding the details of royal happiness. When the King had about given up in despair, the courtier came to an Eastern story of a ruler who had found happiness by changing places with a peasant.

"That will do," said the King to the courtier; "I have tried almost every other plan to be happy, but without success. I shall now try to find some peasant in my realm who would like to be King. In all my travels I have noticed how contented the peasants are. They seem to lack no requirement of earthly happiness; they are always singing, even at their work, and I would give anything to be as happy as a peasant."

As the courtier attempted to go on with the story, the King held his hand up for him to stop.

"Close the book," said he; "I shall follow the example of the king in the story. There may be a peasant in my realm who thinks true happiness comes to those in power, and who could be induced to exchange his position in life for mine."

The courtier protested against such an experiment, until he thought the safety of his head was involved — and then desisted.

On the following day, the King started out behind four white horses, in his best purple and

golden crown, to exchange places with the happiest man he could find.

On an almost deserted road, he espied a little cabin under some large trees that almost screened it from view. As the carriage drew nearer, the King saw the occupant of the cabin digging in a patch. He seemed as happy as the birds that were singing on every limb; and he himself sung, while he pushed the spade into the ground and turned up the soft earth.

When the carriage stopped, the man dropped his spade, and came to the fence to see what was wanted.

The King stepped down and asked him some questions regarding the prospect of good crops in the country, and then said:

"I should be very well contented if I were as happy as you are."

"And I," replied the peasant, "should be very happy if I were a king."

"You are one," replied the King, as he threw his robes about the man's shoulders, and placed the golden crown upon his head. "That is your carriage, and these are your servants, who will bear witness that we have changed places, and that I am the peasant."

The joy of the new-made king knew no bounds. He sat up in the carriage, with all the dignity of an old king. In his heart he fancied that he must be dreaming, and pinched his arms, and asked his attendants to stick pins in him that he might be sure he was awake. He thought of his great power with absolute glee, and felt supremely happy in the knowledge that he could make the country go to war, and cut off the heads of people who in any way displeased him. What puzzled him most was the fact that he had ever been happy before, and he was at a loss to understand it.

"Whip up the horses," he said; "I wish to reach the palace before sundown."

But, in reality, he feared that the old king might have changed his mind, and might be running along the road to overtake them.

When he reached the palace, there was little excitement, as all the inmates knew they were to have a new king, having been informed of the nature of the old king's mission in the morning.

That night he made up his mind to have a grand banquet, such as a king should have. So he ate



a most inordinate quantity of the richest dishes he could think of, and he did not stop until almost midnight, when he retired.

He was awakened several times before morning with nightmare, and passed so miserable a night, that he was tired and sleepy when it was time to

that it was a common thing for kings to have their food poisoned. Perhaps his food had been insufficiently poisoned the night before. In that case the servants would make sure to put enough in his coffee to kill him at breakfast.

This was a terrible reflection, and it harrowed the King's feelings in a way that they had never been harrowed before. But he went to his breakfast, determining that he would not touch the coffee. Then he concluded that they might deceive him by putting the poison where he would least suspect it.

When he was a peasant, he never knew such fear as this. He finished his breakfast in great alarm. His agitation had been so great that it gave him a worried, pale look.

"Is your majesty well?" asked one of the courtiers.

"Why?" said the King.

"Your majesty certainly looks very ill," replied the courtier.

Then the King was satisfied that he was poisoned. So he threw himself upon a lounge, clasped his hands to his forehead, declared he had been poisoned, and ordered all the servants to be beheaded if he should die.

Shortly after, he was satisfied that nothing serious was the matter, and he went out in the garden to take a breath of fresh air. He had not proceeded far, when he noticed some one following him. His follower was between him and the palace, and he could do nothing but depend upon himself in case of an attack. No matter where he walked, this man followed him, so he sat down to see if the straggler

would venture nearer. But the man did not; he stood still and watched.

The King thought that he could never be attacked if he allowed his prospective assailant to know that he was watched. So he shouted for help, and in an instant a dozen servants were at his side.

"That man yonder is following me to kill me!" he cried, pointing at the man, who stood near.



"THE KING THREW HIS ROBE ABOUT THE MAN'S SHOULDERS AND PLACED THE GOLDEN CROWN UPON HIS HEAD."

arise for the day. While he was a peasant and worked hard year in and year out, he had never known any but nights of refreshing sleep.

But this did not trouble him much. He concluded that he would soon become accustomed to royal banquets, and that would be the end of sleepless nights. No sooner had he disposed of this trouble, than it occurred to him that he had heard

"No, your majesty, he is not," replied the spokesman of the servants. "He is the man who follows you as a guard, to prevent others from killing or molesting you."

"Is it then so common a thing for kings to be killed in this way, that it is necessary to have a constant guard?"

His servants assured him that such was the case.

This disturbed his peace of mind to such an extent, that he began immediately to question the absolute happiness of being a king.

When he returned to the palace, there were hundreds of people waiting to see him, on all kinds of business,—people to have petitions signed, ministers with schemes of every description, so that the King's head spun, and he did not have time to think.

After he had been a king two weeks, he was so completely undone, physically and mentally, that he regretted the day he had given up his hovel for a palace.

"Perhaps the old king," he thought, "is as tired of my lowly habitation as I am of his crown. I shall go and see if he will exchange places with me." So the King put on his finest robe and his crown, as the old king had previously done, and drove away in his grandest carriage.

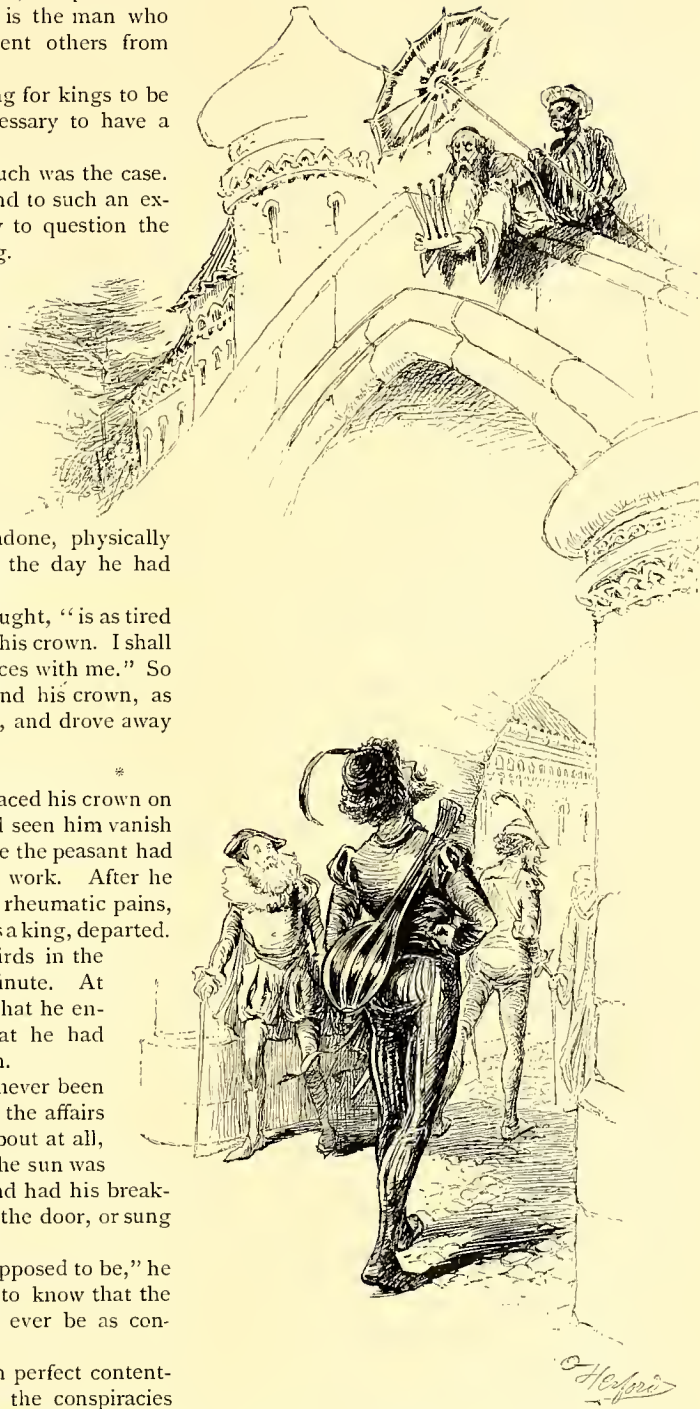
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As soon as the old king had placed his crown on the head of the peasant, and had seen him vanish in the distance, he went out where the peasant had been digging, and continued the work. After he had worked half an hour, all the rheumatic pains, of which he could not rid himself as a king, departed. And he sang as merrily as the birds in the trees, and felt happier every minute. At dinner he had such an appetite that he enjoyed every morsel in a way that he had never done during his entire reign.

That night he slept as he had never been able to sleep while burdened with the affairs of his country. He did not toss about at all, and he did not wake up until the sun was high. Then he hurried down and had his breakfast while the birds hopped about the door, or sung in the rose-bush by the window.

"I am as happy as a king is supposed to be," he cried, "and I should be happy to know that the present king, poor fellow, would ever be as contented as I am now."

And the old king worked on in perfect contentment for days, feeling safe from the conspiracies of enemies, and on the best of terms with his own conscience, so that he was indeed a happy man.



THE PEASANT KING IN HIS OLD AGE OFFERS HIS CROWN TO EVERY PASSER-BY.



The garden was progressing finely; and the new occupant grew happier every day, and saw nothing but sunshine. This continual flow of happiness was never disturbed until one night when the king peasant had a terrible nightmare. He awoke fearfully agitated and in a cold perspiration —

He had dreamed that he was a king again!

He hastily arose and lighted a candle to take a look at the surroundings, to make sure that he was not in a palace and was not a king. He was afraid to go to sleep for fear the dream might be repeated.

That very day, when he was working and singing in the garden, he saw a great dust down the road; and in a few moments, the carriage of the King stopped at the gate.

"How is the garden getting on?" said the new king.

"Splendidly."

"Would you not like to give me my hovel back in exchange for your palace and crown?"

"I could not think of it!" said the old king. "You must go to some one who has never been a king, if you want to make such an exchange. If you go on a little farther down the road, you may find some man who would be glad to wear a crown."

So the new king drove down the road, and asked

the first laborer he met, if he would like to be a king.

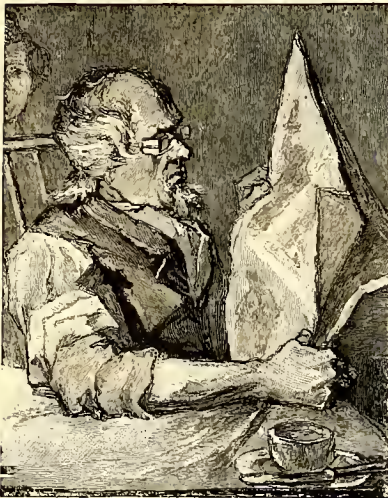
"No," replied the laborer; "I was a king for a few days, and that was enough for me; I traded off my crown for this shovel and pickax, because the king who had given it to me for a small hut refused to trade back."

The King rode on; and much to his surprise, every man he met refused the unhappy monarch's offer to make him a king, each one stating as his reason that he had already been a king for a greater or less period.

It seems that every man in the kingdom had worn the crown at one time or another, and that the King, who was trying to exchange places with the humblest being in the realm, was simply the last man in the land to get it.

Thus it was that the nation was filled with people who found the greatest happiness in the humblest spheres of life, and learned to be contented without nursing an ambition to be great or powerful.

The Peasant King had to rule all his life, for no one would exchange with him. And when he was bent and tottering with age, he would go to the bridge that commanded the main avenue of his domain, with an umbrella held over him to keep off the sun and rain, and persistently offer his crown to every passer-by. But no one would accept it!



## A SYMPATHETIC READER.

BY A. R. WELLS.

OLD Mr. Solomon Reeder has a philosophic mind,  
Which is to reading newspapers most wondrously inclined.  
"They broaden one's intelligence," he says, with conscious pride,  
"And bring us into sympathy with all the world outside;  
And make us feel the universal brotherhood of man,  
Which knits America to Greece and Chili to Japan."  
So every evening after tea he sends "the brats" to bed,  
That in philosophic silence the paper may be read;  
And lonely Mrs. Reeder, as she mutely knits, can see  
His every feature glowing with a widening sympathy,  
Until, at half-past ten o'clock, he lays the paper by,  
With universal brotherhood a-glimmering in his eye.



WHEN GRANDPAPA WAS A BABY.

## THE LETTER CAKE.

(A Tiny Christmas Tale.)

BY SOPHIE MAY.

BETTY is deaf and I am blind. Betty is my maid, and we live on the river-bank in a white house — they say it is white — and are as happy together as two bees in a rose.

There is this difference between Betty and me: I know I am blind, but she does n't know she is deaf. I have to ring a very large bell, and half the time she does n't hear it; and once when it thundered, she said: "Did you speak, ma'am?"

I pity Betty, and would n't for the world have her know how deaf she is.

My name is Mrs. Polly Pope; but I am "Aunt

Polly" to all the good children in town. Perhaps the one I hold closest and kiss oftenest is little Lena Paul. I knit worsted stockings for half the village, but for Lena I knit nothing but silk. She is very dear and sweet, and has set me in her prayers, all of her own accord. Her mother says that sometimes after her little head is on the pillow, she exclaims: "O, I fe-got to bless Aunt Polly!"

Then she springs out of bed, kneels down again, and says: "Please bless Aunt Polly — knits my stockings — can't see."



God has always blessed me, and surely He always will, when a loving child is asking Him.

One day—it was the day before Christmas—Lena came to my house just as Betty and I were starting for the chapel with a basket of clothes for the poor children. I did not quite like to take her with us, for she is as frisky as a squirrel and chatters quite as much; but go she would.

When we arrived she wanted all the little frocks, hoods and petticoats, and everything else she saw. Mrs. Hay called the poor children to the platform to get some shoes; and Lena whispered:

“I want a pair of shoes, Aunt Polly.”

“Fie!” said I, “you don’t need them any more than a fly needs a pair of spectacles.”

“My shoes is all wore-d,” said she. We were glad to get her home, Betty and I. She took my hand and prattled to me all the way.

Lena is only three years old, and she was uncommonly full of mischief that day.

“What will I do for a pudding?” said Betty, after we had been at home about five minutes. “I had mixed onc, ready to bake, and the baby has thrown it into the ash-barrel.”

Little rogue! She set the water running in the kitchen, and I had to go out and stop it, for Betty did n’t hear. And soon Betty was saying:

“Naughty Lena, to pull the needles out of Aunt Polly’s knitting-work, when poor Auntie can’t see.”

I brought out the colored picture-books, and then Lena was happy for a few minutes.

“I know every letter there is in this world!” she declared; and she began to read some surprising stories aloud to me, in a little, high, squealing tone: “‘Once there was a little boy and the wind blowed him, and bime-by it blowed his hair right off.’ ‘Once there was a wec, wee girlie and she had thou-sands dollies. Could n’t hear and could n’t see. Cow came, ate ’em all up.’”

“There, now, guess I ’ll go out see Betty.”

She shut the door behind her so softly that I suspected mischief. So I went out and told Betty to give the child some soapsuds and let her blow bubbles, for I wanted to keep her a good while—I knew her mother was busy.

“Yes, ma’am,” said Betty.

I went back to the parlor, expecting soon to hear Lena screaming with delight over the bubbles. But Betty made such a clatter, beating eggs for a fresh pudding and slamming the oven door, that Lena’s little voice was quite drowned.

“Betty is a noisy woman,” thought I. A whole hour passed, and I did not hear a sound from Lena. I rang the bell twice for Betty, and asked what the child was doing. “I thought she was with you, ma’am,” replied Betty.

“With me!” I cried. “Why, I thought she was in the kitchen, blowing bubbles.”

“Pebbles?” says Betty. “There’s no pebbles in the house, ma’am,—nothing but fine white sand.”

It seemed not a word about bubbles had ever reached Betty’s ears. She had been busy every minute, and had not thought of the child. Dinner was ready, now; but I would not sit down till we had found Lena.

“She must be upstairs,” I said.

Betty thought not. “Don’t you remember I was in your chamber, ma’am, half an hour ago, to get you a spool of silk out of your ivory box, and would n’t I have seen her, if she had been there?”

“Never mind, Betty. You go again, and I ’ll go with you.” We went from room to room upstairs, calling “Lena!” but no answer came. Then we searched the attic in every corner, then the cellar—no Lena was to be found. She could not have left the house, for we keep every door locked and bolted. She could not have gone out, unless somebody from outside had picked a lock and come in and stolen her! That was n’t at all likely. Somebody *might* have done it while poor, deaf Betty was down cellar getting potatoes. I knew this was not so; still—where was the child? We hunted the house over and over, till I was ready to drop; and then I had to send for Mrs. Paul, and ask what was to be done. She came in, quite out of breath and sadly frightened, with a policeman close at her heels. The policeman insisted on searching the house again. This would make the sixth time; but Betty said not a word, nor did I; we merely followed him.

“I suppose you ’ve looked in all the closets?” said he.

“In every one but mine,” I answered; “that is always locked, and she can’t have got in there; but here ’s the key, if you like—here in my pocket.”

He took the key, opened the door—and there, if you ’ll believe it, was that missing baby curled up on a shelf, sound asleep! She must have slipped in when Betty went up after the silk, and Betty had locked the door upon her without knowing it. You may fancy how the child was hugged and kissed, and how her mother cried over her.

“I speaked to Betty two times,” said Lena; “but she did n’t let me out, and did n’t let me out!”

After dinner, when everybody was gone, and I had taken my nap, Betty came into the parlor, and I knew by the way she cleared her throat that she had something to say.

“There ’s new coal on in the range, ma’am, and if you don’t object, where ’s the harm in just

making a Christmas cake for the baby, seeing as I shut her up, and scared folks so?"

"Not the least harm, Betty. Only be sure you stuff it as full as it will hold with raisins and citron and currants and everything nice."

Betty laughed at that. I knew the cake would be a wonder, and so it was. The very odor of it put me in high spirits at once.

"And now, ma'am, I'm thinking," added Betty, clearing her throat again, "would it do to frost it?"

"Frost it as white as the driven snow, Betty. And trace her name on the top with little red candy drops."

Betty was in raptures; but I might have known she could n't spell. When she brought the cake to me with great pride, I ran my fingers over the name, and found it was L-E-A-N-E-R.

"Beautiful," said I, and did n't tell her there were too many letters in it. I dare say she thought the darling deserved them all and a dozen more. Lena was overjoyed with the cake. It outshone for her the costliest gifts on the Christmas-tree, they said. Dear baby! That night she added to her prayers another "blessing," which warmed Betty Fay's old heart through and through:

"Please bless Betty — can't hear — made me a boo-ful Kismas fwosted letter-cake!"

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## WHAT DID THE BUTCHER BOY SAY?

BY JULIAN RALPH.

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SIX or eight pigeons were resting and sunning themselves one morning on the corner of the barn across the street from my house in Brooklyn. The pigeons and the barn belong to a rich gentleman, who leaves them in charge of a gardener, a very faithful man and known to be the relentless foe of the enterprising boys of the neighborhood, who can not always resist their desire to cross the fence that incloses this man's great garden, with its fruit trees, flowers, and household pets.

As the pigeons sunned themselves, a butcher boy came along, on my side of the street, lugging a heavy market-basket. He saw the pigeons, and stopped and put down his burden. He took from one of his pockets a bean-shooter, loaded its leather pouch with a tiny stone, took aim at the pigeons, drew the elastic as far as it would stretch, and let fly. All the pigeons spread their wings, and all but one rose high in the air in rapid flight. That one fell fluttering head foremost to the ground.

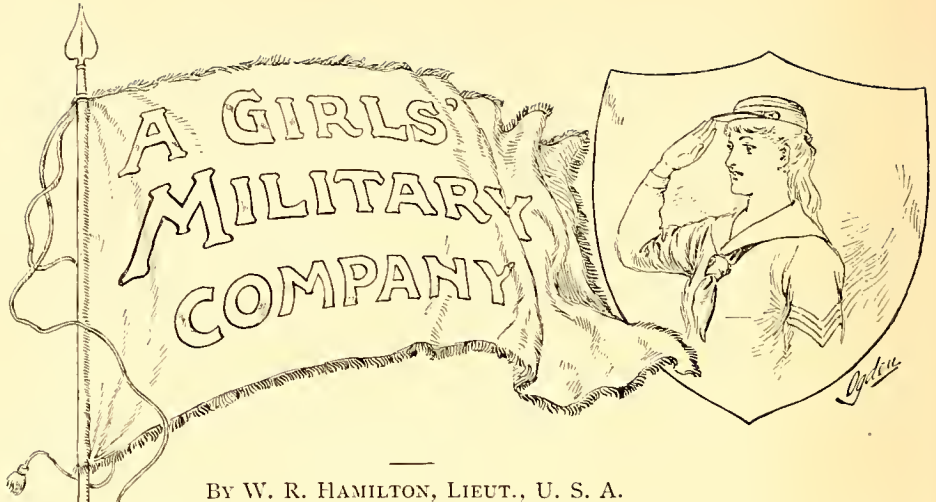
Up to this point the only fact remarkable was, that the boy should have succeeded in hitting one of the pigeons. But, after that, everything that followed was astonishing. In the first place, the boy did not run; instead, he picked up his basket, crossed the street, and rattled on the gate until the

gardener came. Could it have been that he did not know how faithful the gardener was, and how likely he would be to fly into a passion and beat the offender, or call the police?

The boy said something to the gardener, and the gardener went away leaving the boy standing at the gate. Presently he returned with the limp, soft body of the poor pigeon in his hand. He stroked the dead bird fondly a moment. Then he handed it to the boy, who threw it into the basket and went away whistling.

Now I want to know what the boy said to the gardener. I have tried again and again to imagine what he could have said that caused the gardener to act as he did. I could ask the gardener, and perhaps I shall have to do so; but, first, I propose to ask the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who read this to guess what he said. Many solutions will suggest themselves, and I wish to ask as many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS as hit upon any wise explanation to send it to the editor for the Letter-Box. It seems to me that some strange and perhaps hidden principle of human nature may thus be laid bare. It will be all the more interesting to ask the gardener later on exactly what the butcher boy said.





BY W. R. HAMILTON, LIEUT., U. S. A.



SOME years ago I was on duty, as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, at one of the best and most noted of our Western universities. The first year of my stay there was full of uphill work; but in the second year the good results that I knew must come from the thorough administration of my department appeared in numbers.

The Cadet Corps, which on my arrival numbered eighty boys, had increased to over two hundred young students, who proved themselves, under proper teaching, capable of doing the finest kind of military work. The regular drill, as a gymnastic exercise, developed the muscles and maintained their health; it gave them a graceful

address and easy carriage; while the military habits of promptness, neatness, and instant obedience to orders, and respect for all superior authority, turned in a useful direction the animal spirits which usually show themselves in the innumerable foolish pranks to which college boys are given. The Cadets'

neat uniforms and soldierly appearance seemed to fill the hearts of the young lady students with a gnawing envy, at the same time that their eyes gazed in veiled admiration at the wearers of the brass buttons.

The college was one attended by both young men and young women, and no difference was made in favor of either in any department, excepting in mine. As a rule, the girls equaled and often excelled the boys in their studies and in the practical work of the laboratory. But in the military department the boys ruled supreme and, when beaten by the girls in other directions, often taunted them with such remarks as, "Why don't you join the military department?" or "Perhaps you can drill as well as you study!" The exultant soldiers little thought that their words, like good seed, might fall on soil only too ready to receive it, and in time bring forth fruit little to their taste.

One day after drill was over, several young ladies of the senior and junior classes came to me as I was leaving the hall, and one of them said:

"Lieutenant, if you have a few moments to spare, we should like to talk to you."

"Certainly," I replied, and led the way into my office. After we were seated, the young lady who had addressed me first, and who had evidently been delegated by her companions for that duty, spoke again:

"Lieutenant, we girls want to have a military company."

"Well," I replied, after a second or two of surprise, "do you wish to form a broom brigade?"

"No, indeed!" she answered indignantly; "we want a real military company just like the boys',

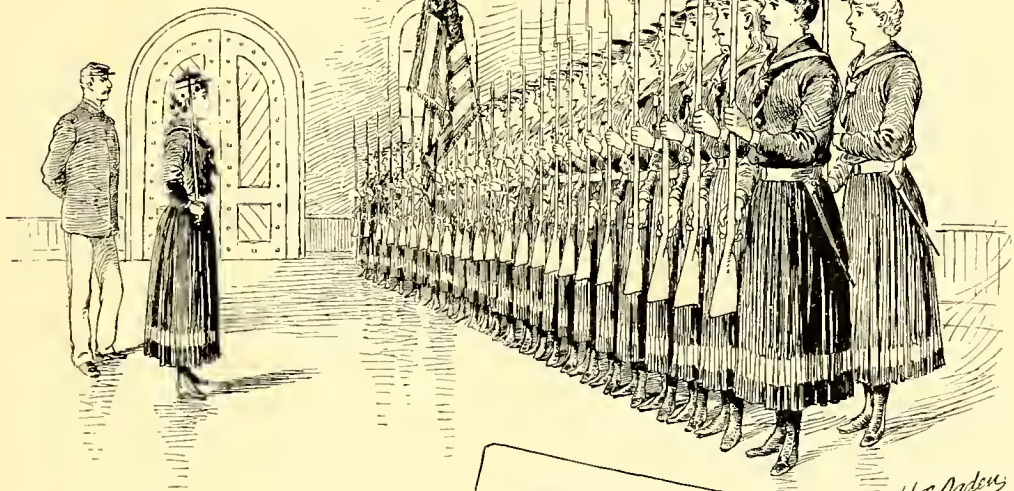
and we resolved to ask you to help us and drill us."

"Are you really in earnest, young ladies?" I inquired.

saying that I would take the matter into consideration and would give them my answer the next day.

Upon reaching home, I related the conversation to my wife, and spoke of the project in a jesting way; but, much to my surprise, she, instead of laughing at it, replied:

"Well, I see no reason why you should not do what they wish. I have often heard you say that the 'setting-up' exercises and 'marching' were admirable gymnastic work, and I'm sure they would be as good for girls as for boys."



"Yes, indeed! We are, we are!" they replied in chorus.

"You see," continued the fair young speaker, "we are on the same terms as the boys in every department excepting the military, and we think we can do as well as the boys in that. There are about forty girls who wish to join the company, and we have been talking over the plan for some time. We can not see why we should n't try it. And we once heard you say that you believed military drill would be a good thing for girls."

I saw that they were thoroughly in earnest, and so, not to disappoint them too abruptly, I stated many objections to the experiment, and ended by



"But," I answered, "girls can't drill. Why, their dresses prevent."

"Oh, as for that," she replied, "it is easy



enough to devise a uniform which will be pretty and no hindrance to them."

We fully discussed the suggestion; and the more I thought of the scheme, the more I liked it.

So the next afternoon, I was ready with an answer; and when the girls had come in, I made a little speech to them, beginning:

"Young ladies, I have thought over your plan of organizing a girls' military company, and I believe that if you enter into it with proper spirit, it can be carried out, and that it will please and benefit all of you." Here they clapped their hands. I went on: "I am willing to undertake the work, but only upon two conditions, which must be fulfilled on your part. The first of these is that every one of you must bring me the written consent of her parents or guardians for her to become a member of the company. The second is that every member of the company must sign this paper," and I then read the following agreement:

"We, the undersigned, students of the — University, do hereby agree to join the Young Ladies' Military Company of said University, and to continue therein for the college term ending —, 188—, unless officially excused. And we do further agree to attend all drills, and to abide by such rules and regulations as shall be made for our discipline and drill, and to obey the orders given us by proper military authority."

"Now," I continued, "if you can get thirty young ladies to sign that paper, and to bring me the necessary written consent, I will obtain the Faculty's permission, and next week we can begin work. But I wish it understood that our project does not mean play, but faithful effort. I shall rely upon your promises."

The girls agreed that the conditions were not hard, and they went away, all smiling and happy. Before the close of the following day, thirty-seven young ladies from fifteen to twenty years old had brought me the written consent required, and had signed the paper; and at their meeting I laid the matter before the Faculty that night. There was some criticism at first, but after a full discussion of reasons and objections, I received cordial support, and the consent was soon obtained.

My intention was to make the drill a gymnastic exercise for the girls. As with all students, their daily work and lack of exercise tended to make them round-shouldered and to give them an ungraceful carriage.

I had often noticed how little real or lasting benefit the so-called calisthenics brought to young women—often, indeed, doing more harm than good. Either the exercise is too hard at first, and some muscles are overworked and others neglected, or else there is not enough exercise, and little good is done. Often the loose dress worn is removed as soon as the exercise is over, and a tight dress put

on again. I believed that a system of military gymnastics, properly applied, would remedy all these defects.

I allowed two or three days to pass by before I called a meeting of the girls. Then I told them the programme of work. First of all the uniform was to be procured, and with the assistance of my wife the following dress was designed: a kilt-skirt made full and short, reaching below the tops of the boots; a blouse-waist with a wide, open sailor collar; skirt and waist of navy-blue cloth, stitched with gold thread, and waist trimmed with brass military buttons; a large necktie, tied sailor fashion; a naval officer's cap, with a gold cord and laurel-wreath. The boots were broad-soled, with low heels. No garment was to be tight about the body, corsets were forbidden, and all clothing was to be suspended from the shoulders. The belt around the waist was of broad white canvas, with a pretty brass clasp.

After the uniform was decided upon, the first regulation I made was that it should be worn from the time of going to morning prayer until after drill-hour in the afternoon. All the members of the company were delighted with the uniform. They ordered cloth by the bale, and held two or three "sewing-bees" with their mothers and sisters. I had the caps and belts made to order by a military furnisher, who also supplied the brass buttons; and in three weeks the company was equipped. The cost of each uniform was about seventeen dollars.

The uniform was so becoming to all, and so comfortable, that the young ladies seemed to be proud of it, and they soon began to wear it even at the reception given by the college societies. There were forty-three girls in the company by this time; and, taken together, I never saw healthier and prettier young women than these same forty-three at the end of three months' drill.

I held the drill every day but Sunday, at first for a half hour only, but soon increasing the time to an hour. For the first month spectators were rigorously excluded. The boys were very curious to know how well the girls could drill; but they were compelled to wait for the public exhibition.

The exercises first taught were the "setting-up" drills as used in the United States Army; then followed the various "marchings," "salutes," and "facings." I found that the girls seemed to show better natural capacity for the drill than the boys. This was perhaps due to a keener sense of time and cadence, and a greater liking for symmetry and harmony. Certain it is, I have never seen wheelings and alignments so well executed by boys as by those girls after three months' drilling. I exhorted them to practice the "setting-up" exercises for at

least fifteen minutes every morning and night, after rising and before retiring; and I think the good results obtained were largely due to this habit.

After the first month of drill, I advised the election of a captain, a lieutenant, a first sergeant, two duty sergeants, a color-sergeant, and four corporals. The sergeants and corporals wore the regular gold chevron on the arm, indicating their rank; and the captain and lieutenant wore the gold bars upon

very mildly. They had absolutely nothing to say, except to admit the perfection of the drill. And it is not surprising, for I never saw prettier drilling in my life, more beautiful marching, nor more accurate execution of the manual of arms. The girls were encored time and time again, until the pretty senior who was captain, blushing with pride, was compelled to say to the applauding spectators that the company was too tired to repeat the evolutions.



THE EXHIBITION DRILL.

their collars, and also carried trim small swords made expressly for them. After a while, I gave the company sticks, or wands; but these were not military enough to satisfy them. As the boys' rifles would have been too heavy, I had wooden muskets made of the same size as the rifles, but only four and a half pounds in weight. Then I taught the company the manual of arms; and in this, also, they excelled the boys.

At the close of the term, the girls gave an exhibition drill. Then the boys were invited to witness the drill; and as there was much curiosity to see what the girl-soldiers could do, the hall where the drill took place was crowded.

To say that the boys were surprised is putting it

It was a lesson to the boys which they did not forget; for the next term they went to work with a will, and to such purpose that during the year they added lasting honors to their Alma Mater by taking first prize in artillery and second in infantry, at the greatest drill since the war, in competition with the crack militia organizations from all over the country.

But to me the greatest pleasure was the success of the girls' experiment, and many and hearty were the thanks and congratulations I received from the fathers and mothers of the girls, and from the girls themselves, for bringing the healthy color to their cheeks and the clear look to their eyes. And how those girls would walk! Straight, and dignified,



and graceful as young queens — it was a pleasure to see them move. The newspapers which at the beginning had made fun of the experiment, with jesting allusions to the “future Grants” and “Shermans” to come from the “gentler sex,” now completely changed their tone and praised the system, — some even claiming they had always advocated it.

They had learned to give prompt, implicit obedience to orders from all proper authority, to combine courtesy and firmness in speech with decision and quickness in action. During the drill-hour

they were as military in their behavior as the regular army, scrupulously saluting and addressing one another by the proper military titles. The girls, too, had learned other lessons as valuable as any they had taught.

The next term the company continued and it recruited many new members; and it was gratifying to hear these exclaim, a few weeks after being mustered in, that the old aches and pains had ceased to exist. And during that term we got up a famous exhibition drill, to raise funds to furnish an armory.



## HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. I.

Words by MARY J. JACQUES.  
*Con anima.*

Music by THERESA M. HOLMES.

*f*

1. Hey - did - dle, Ho - did - dle, house-clean-ing time! Rub - bing and scrubbing to

*f* *dim*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*cresc.*

jin - gle and rhyme; Buck - ets and scour - ing sand, pol - ish and rags,

*cresc.*

Woe to the house-maid that loi-ters and lags! Hey-did - dle ho! Ho - did-dle hey!

*f*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

## II.

Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, silver and brass,  
 Rubbed till they shine like a new looking-glass;  
 Andirons, candlesticks, shovels and tongs,  
 Elbows and marrow-bones, sighings and songs:  
 Hey-diddle ho! Ho-diddle hey!

## III.

Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, Betty's scoured floor,  
 White as the foam on the sandy sea-shore;  
 Clean as a custard-pie, sweet as a pink,  
 Is there a home like this anywhere, think?  
 Hey-diddle ho! Ho-diddle hey!

NOTE.—This is intended for a motion song; the words suggest the appropriate action.





## FOUR FOOLISH PERSONS.

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ONCE a little boy named Herbert sat down and cried on his birthday, because he was afraid he would not have a birthday present. And at that very moment a beautiful horse was going to him as fast as it could! It was of just the right size for a little boy, and it was said to be a very fast horse, too; and Herbert was very fond of riding lively horses.

ONCE there was a big girl named Nancy. She liked to go to the Central Park, in New York, and look at the lions, tigers, panthers, and other

savage animals; but one day, when she was at home, a pretty little four-footed creature, not nearly so big as her shoe, ran across the room, and Nancy jumped up on a chair and screamed. The little creature did not



wish to harm her, and it ran and hid itself in a hole—but Nancy screamed, just the same, till some one came to see who was trying to kill her.

ONCE there was a little girl who had a lovely doll and a pretty live kitten. One day the pretty kitten lay down on the doll's lap and took a nap. This crushed the doll's fine new dress. Then the little girl was very angry at the kitten for doing this, and she would not give the poor kitten any supper. The kitten cried, but he did not know what he had done. He was only a kitten.



ONE day a foolish farmer started to take a bag of corn to the mill. As he had strong arms he held the bag so very tightly that he burst a big hole in one corner of the bag, and the corn began to spill out. It spilled out slowly all the way to the mill; but the man did not see it, and he was much puzzled. "My bag grows very light," he said — "and why do so many geese follow me? They cackle for me to give them some of my corn, but I can not spare any. Geese are the foolishest things I ever did see. Heigh-ho! It's a long way to the mill."







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all, to-day!  
 Though winds are blowing and skies are gray,  
 And snow and icicles fill the air,  
 While mercury stands — I'll not say where —  
 And each one's thinking, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!  
 A *pretty* way to begin the year!"

But I'll change that if you'll kindly wait,  
 For, if you please, I am '88.

I promise you sun and skies of blue  
 (And rain and snow-storm and tempest, too).

But it lies with you, I'll whisper here,  
 To make me a sad or a merry year;  
 For all the sunshine that's in the sky  
 Will not bring smiles if you choose to cry,  
 Nor all the rain that the clouds can hold  
 Will tarnish a soul that's bright as gold.  
 And so, whatever your score may be,  
 Just please remember, and *don't blame me* —  
 For once again, as I close, I'll state  
 I am

Yours submissively, '88.

A hearty welcome to you, Master '88, from Jack and the children! and our thanks likewise to Lillian Dynevor Rice, who has sent your spirited message to our meadow.

Now I will proceed to mention

#### A GOOD OLD CUSTOM.

HAVE my hearers ever heard of St. Cross Hospital? It is two and a half miles from Westminster, in London, I am told. The other day three gentlemen from New York walked up to it and rang the bell of the front door. The upper half of the door swung open, and a woman handed them each a slice of bread and something in a horn cup

to wash it down with. This mark of attention has been shown to every traveler who has called since the year 1136; but, of course, not by the same old lady,— dear me, no, for that would make her seven hundred and fifty-one years old. Henry of Blois, they say, left money by his will for the express purpose of carrying out this custom. The bread given to our modern travelers was fresh and good; and they had a merry time over it.

By the way, who was Henry of Blois?

#### ANOTHER JACK.

"HOW many of our Jack's congregation know what a 'Jack-screw' is?" writes R. P. G., of Philadelphia. "Everybody knows what 'Jack-straws' and 'Jack-stones' are, but 'Jack-screws' are not so well known, even by the grown people. There are still other curious 'Jacks' besides boot-jacks and Jack-o'-lanterns; perhaps some one will find them out in trying to place this loose screw."

#### "CAT-BIRD" PARENTS.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS I notice an inquiry about mocking-birds poisoning their young when caged.

That is beyond my knowledge, but I do know by sad experience that cat-birds will poison their young,— for I have vainly tried to raise within five years over twenty baby cat-birds. The longest time I could keep them was ten days. When they were a few days old the mother-bird always would find them, no matter where placed, and would bravely enter a room where two or three persons were sitting, and, though repeatedly driven away, invariably manage to give poison to the little birds. The last one I had I carried around with me faithfully for nine days, never letting the cage out of my hands or off my lap. The side of the cage farthest from me was covered, so that by no possible means could Mrs. Cat-Bird reach her baby, who was fed from my hands. The tenth day I was invited to dine with some friends, and was reluctant to go, fearing harm to the little one; but after much chaffing, I finally took the bird-cage up to a third-floor back-room, closed the window-sash, shut and locked the door, taking the key with me, so that by no possible means could harm come to the little bird. On my return I hastened to get the cage, and as I opened the door, behold!— poor birdie lay on his back, stiff in death. As usual, I cried and blamed everybody, and would not be comforted, though reminded that I had taken with me the only key in the house which could unlock that door. Of course every one was puzzled. At last we found some glass on the floor under the window; then the sash was examined. A window-pane (that was known to be cracked across) was found broken, and sticking to the rather small hole were some breast-feathers, showing the devoted persistence of the parent who would not allow her young bird to live if it must pine in a cage.

That a poisonous berry was given, I am certain; but what it was I never found out, as all my "scientific subjects," as the family called them, were carefully entombed under a hedgerow, and I foolishly would not let the graceless medical students of my step-father hold *post-mortems* over them, thinking death was bad enough for the poor birds, without being cut into bits.

MISS TORBERT.

Ho! Cat-birds! what say you to this? It evidently is a true account. It is hard to see one's children raised only to be prisoners, but are you knowing enough and bad enough to murder them rather than allow them to live in captivity? Let me hear from you or your friends as soon as possible.

#### YOU DO NOT SEE THEM ALL.

IF I were to ask the children of the Red School-house: "Who can see at night all the stars shin-

ing in the sky overhead?" every little hand would go up, and every pair of bright eyes would be quite sure that it could see every star visible from their part of the world; is n't it so? would n't it?

Well, the fact is, no human eye could see them all without the help of a telescope, or something of that sort. I am led to make this remark because of a scrap from a scientific paper, that the birds have brought to my pulpit. Here it is:

"According to a celebrated French astronomer, the total number of stars visible to the average naked eye does not exceed six thousand. An ordinary opera-glass will bring out twenty thousand; a small telescope will bring out nearly two hundred thousand, and the most powerful telescopes one hundred million."

Yet every star, never mind how long it may remain unknown and unnoticed, is ready to shine a welcome to every human eye that is helped to see it. That strikes me pleasantly.

Some eyes, of course, can see further than others. There are near-sighted and far-sighted folk, you know; and some who try to see, and some who don't try; but all need, sometimes, the aid of a good telescope.

The Deacon requests me to remark, here, that our blessings are like stars. Some folk can count them more readily than others, but one and all seem to need considerable help before they can discover any blessing that is n't of the first magnitude.

#### THE PORCUPINE'S FIRST COUSIN.

YOUR friend, Mr. John R. Coryell, has written for you this month an account of a certain little animal whose fur very often is used to make tippets and muffs for little girls. He sends, also, a picture of the tiny creature for you to look at.

By the way, have you ever observed, my hearers, that to the eye there is apt to be a stronger family likeness among human-kind relations than between "cousins" in the rest of the animal world? However, that is no reason why you should doubt the fact that your furry little friend is, as Mr. Coryell says, "the porcupine's first cousin."

TELL the children, Mr. Jack, that there is just this difference between the porcupine and his first cousin: the one is a very spiny, touch-me-not, "fretful" sort of chap, and the other is a soft, fluffy, dainty, little bit of a fellow. No sensible person would ever think of wearing the porcupine's coat about his neck for a "comforter," while it takes the coats of nearly half a million of his first cousins to meet the demand made for them each year.

This first cousin is called the chinchilla, and has its home on the slopes of the Andes mountains. For hundreds and hundreds of years

it has been doing the best it could to add to the comfort of its human neighbors; for they do say that when Pizarro, the Spanish soldier, went to Peru and stole its accumulated treasures, he found among other things most beautiful blankets woven from the long, silky wool of the little chinchilla.

No doubt a blanket of such wool would be exquisitely soft and delightfully warm; but as it would require the wool from about a thousand chinchillas to make it, it is unlikely that we ever will give up our sheep's-wool blankets in order to do as the Incas did.

Like its second cousin, the rabbit, the chinchilla lives in burrows which it makes in the ground; and like still another cousin, the prairie-dog, it sometimes shares its home with a little owl. Perhaps the owl is an unbidden guest; but the chinchilla is too gentle and timid a little creature to be rude to its visitor, and so the companionship goes on for life.

The chinchilla is so very gentle that it requires none of the taming customary for animals caught wild, but submits at once and, without the least show of resistance, to the will of its captor; taking up its home in his bosom or pocket, and eating readily from his hand. As



A CHINCHILLA.

it is not much over six inches long, not including the tail, it makes a pretty little pet; and so it is no wonder if the children of Chili and Peru are often seen with them clinging lovingly to their necks like so many animated tippets.

#### A SOFT SPOT.

I AM informed on pretty good authority that, near a place called Mackinaw, in Illinois, there is a large patch of ground—about an acre, they say—composed of a very dry soil (so dry that it is like the finest powder), and a strange gas that issues from the place shatters any vessel in which it is confined. Snow falling upon this spot, I am told, melts instantly, however it may drift and heap itself on the surrounding land.

Now, my girls and boys of Illinois, have any of you seen this queer acre—and have I been told the truth about it?



# THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A GAME.

BY FRANK BELLEV.

You all have read the melancholy tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood." But here is a game in which a skillful player can save the Babes, and

figures to represent the Ruffians, two to represent the Wolves, two Babes, and two Robins. By bending back the lower part of each figure, you can



make it no tragedy after all. Two or more persons can easily play the game.

First draw on card-board, and then cut out, two

make a sort of pedestal for it to stand upon, as indicated in the diagrams above.

Perhaps you will criticise the Robins as being



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FIGURES.

rather large in proportion to the other figures; but you must excuse their size by what is sometimes called "artistic" license.

Stand the figures so that they will form a row at one end of a table, about two inches apart, in the order here shown. In front of them, about three inches from the row of figures, place a saucer; and at eighteen inches from the saucer place a paper-weight or book.

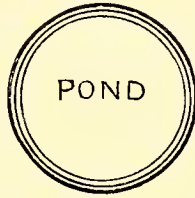
Each player now takes a strip of stiff writing paper, about an inch wide, and rolls it up into what is commonly called a spill. An ordinary steel pen slipped into the small end of a spill, between the folds of the paper, will make it shoot with a more accurate aim. All draw lots to determine which shall begin.

The first player takes his spill (which is called his arrow) between his finger and thumb, and, planting one end on the table against the paper-weight, presses it down, so that it will shut up, after the manner of a telescope; then, if suddenly released, it will spring off in the direction of the row of figures.

Now, the object of each player is to knock over with his arrow one of the Ruffians, or one of the Wolves, and to avoid touching either the Babes or the Robins.

If he knocks one of the Ruffians or Wolves over backward, he counts two points; if it falls forward, he only counts one.

If he knocks either of the Babes or Robins over



18 INCHES

BASE



backward, two are either taken from his score, or, if he prefers, added to that of his opponent,—or of every one of his opponents, if more than two are playing.

If the Babe or Robin falls forward, it takes off only one point.

If the arrow falls into the saucer, or pond, the player is said to be "drowned," and his entire score is wiped out, and he must begin again.

Each player takes three shots in succession,—picking up his arrow, and shooting from the paper-weight as at first, but leaving any of the figures he may have knocked over lying where they fell until the next player's turn.

If he knocks a Babe or a Robin down before he has made any score, then of course every one of his opponents scores.

If he is drowned before he has made any score, then every opponent counts six.

The player who first counts twenty wins the game, unless one of the players has so far avoided knocking down either of the Babes or Robins.

In that case the game goes on, and if that player can count twenty, without knocking down either of the Babes or Robins, before any one of his adversaries counts thirty, then he is said to have saved the Babes, and wins the game.

If, however, every player knocks down a Babe or a Robin, the player first making twenty of course wins the game.



THE PAPER SPILL, OR ARROW.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa and I have been very much interested in the articles that came out in the August and September St. NICHOLAS about folding paper. By reading them carefully, we easily found out how to make everything described, except the long sink. We tried a good many times to make that, but did not succeed until last Thursday. We thought you would be interested to know how we finally succeeded. It was in this way. First, by making a square sink, of good paper, we found we could open and make it again, without folding it all at once; that is, we could finish one leg before beginning another. Then we undid the square sink, and taking an oblong piece of paper, folded it so as to make creases like those in the paper which had been made into a square sink. After that was done, we made a long sink by making each leg separately. Still, we could not easily make a long sink, because this way was very awkward, to say the least; and so we tried to learn how to make it by folding in the usual way. This we learned by first making the long sink backward,—I mean, unfolding it, and in the opposite order from that in which it should have been made. Then it was easy enough to make it in the usual way.

Your constant reader, WINSLOW H.—

P. S.—Papa says that the above is a very good example of the flowsers of analysis and of synthesis.

Winslow's father adds, "Winslow can now make the oblong sinks in two ways: with the handles on the short ends, or with the handles on the long sides."

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As soon as I received the September number I tried the paper canoe and made it after a little trouble. A great many have tried it and nearly all have succeeded. This is my first letter, though I have taken you for four years. You were a birthday present to

AN AMERICAN BOY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought as I had never written to you before, that I would write and tell you about a very funny experience we had, last summer, on the beach beyond Fort Point. We are our lunch on the hills, and then took our things down to the beach, and while Papa was reading a book, my sister and I went in wading. We had no sooner gone in than a large wave came dashing around us, carrying our coats, shawls, shoes and stockings, and lunch-basket out to sea; and we were left to get home the best way that we could. We were very much frightened, but were thankful for our lives. Since then we have heard of two other people who went through the same experience as ours.

I hope this letter is not too long nor uninteresting to be printed as a warning to all other little boys and girls who visit the beach as frequently as we do.

Your friend and faithful reader,  
E. S. B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, and one little boy, four years old. We all love St. NICHOLAS. "Juan and Juanita" is the best story we ever read. We love "The Brownies," especially the Dude. We can not write very well, so Papa writes this for us. We wish we could have the St. NICHOLAS every day; it has such good stories.

We are your little friends, LULU, SOPHIE, AND JULIUS.

CHETOPA, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How many happy hours I have spent perusing your interesting pages!

How I have laughed "till I cried" at the antics of the "Brownies"; mourned or rejoiced, as the case might be, over the adventures of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and others of your heroes and heroines!

I tried to make one of those "crystalized glasses," but it got broken.

I have made many of the "Nantucket Sinks," described in your last number. I wish you long life and much happiness.

L. M.—

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Fort Worth, Texas. But I spent the summer with my aunt and cousin, in Missouri; they live in a big brick house, on a farm. My cousin and I rode horse-back very often, and nearly every night we rode up to the pasture after the cows, and drove them home, which I thought great fun.

I liked "Juan and Juanita" very much, and was glad they got home all right. And I also liked "Jenny's Boarding-house"; and the funniest of all are the "Brownies."

I have taken you two years, and like you better than any magazine. I will now say good-bye.

Your constant reader, ETTA B.—

CARTHAGE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time since I wrote you a letter, and in it I spoke of my red-bird, and said I would tell any one who would write to me how to rear and educate a red-bird. So many have written to me that after writing to some, I have decided to tell the rest through you as a medium.

Get the birds when about two weeks old. A little bread moistened with water, with occasionally a berry, is the best food. Drop a drop or two of water from the end of your finger into their mouths after feeding. They should be fed every two hours until old enough to eat by themselves. After they are six weeks old a little scraped-apple is good for them. When they can pick up their food readily, or perhaps later, you can feed them all sorts of fruit, berries, and many kinds of seeds. They relish plantain seed, melon seed, pepper-grass, and a few hard-shelled beetles. They should be handled from the first. Be tender with them, and do not scare them. You will find them very tractable, gentle, and knowing (for birds). When you wish them to do anything, show them through the whole performance at once, and make them do it (with your aid) before you stop. Then repeat it at will, and they will very soon learn what you wish them to do, and do it in such a manner that you will probably exclaim: "Oh, how clever!" After you think they are sufficiently tame, they can be loosed in a room and even outdoors.

Your friend, JOSIE M.—

POCOFSON, CHESTER CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made some verses about day-fairies which Mamma said you might perhaps put in the Letter-box. I made them all myself.

"Juan and Juanita" is very nice, but I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better.

I am eleven, and Papa calls me a Centennial baby.

TINA H. G.—

WE FAIRY FOLK.

We fairy folk are happy;  
We play in the sun all day,  
And then at night, under curtains white,  
We sleep till the sun's first ray.

Some sleep in the laps of the lilies,  
And some in the wild-rose tree,  
And some in the tall oak branches,  
Higher than one can see.

In the day we do not slumber,  
For we have work to do;  
And the flowers, that grow without number,  
Need our help, and the brooklet, too.

For we have to make the water run,  
Which makes the mill-wheel turn;  
And we have to paint the flowers  
And the tiny mountain fern.

"You say you sleep at evening,  
Under your curtains of white;  
I thought you had your dances  
When the moon was shining bright."

No! no! you mistake, little maiden,  
It is not we who dance;—  
We would very gladly do it,  
If we only had a chance.

But, you see, we are so weary  
When the night begins to fall,  
We do not feel like reveling  
In any greenwood hall.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I first made your acquaintance three years ago, when I was twelve years old, and have read every number since then, from cover to cover, except the riddles and advertisements, with much amusement and instruction to myself. For instance, an article in ST. NICHOLAS some years ago launched me on amateur photography. I carefully preserve and bind each volume. I often wonder how you manage to think of something new for every new number to interest us boys with.

The other day my father told me about what he called "Paper-shadows," which he used to know when a boy. They are made with paper cut out in such a manner that if you hold them between a bright light and a white wall, the shadows look like the figures of animals and of men, like copies of paintings and portraits of celebrated persons. If you know how to make them, perhaps more boys would be glad to read a description in the ST. NICHOLAS. Such paper work would be pleasant for long winter evenings.

Last summer I went to swimming-school. I saw a great many boys learning how to swim. Perhaps you have some useful hints to offer us about the art of swimming and other aquatic performances.

Truly an admirer of yours,  
HENRY W. A.—

ARTICLES concerning both the subjects suggested by our young correspondent have already been printed in ST. NICHOLAS. See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1883, "Shadow Pictures and Silhouettes," and also for July, 1877, "A Talk about Swimming."

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away from America fifteen months, most of the time in Germany and Switzerland.

I like ST. NICHOLAS better than anything that I have seen over here. My favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "The Brownies," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

We are on Lake Geneva. Sometimes when there is a storm the waves come over the sea-wall.

I have learned to row, and am now learning to swim.

I remain your affectionate reader,  
DUDLEY H.—

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not help telling you how beautiful "Juan and Juanita" was. My name is Juanita in Spanish also.

While I was spending the summer with my grandmother, one day an organ-grinder came and played on our steps, and he had a monkey; it was great fun to watch him. My cousins would hold up a penny, and the monkey would jump for it and put it in a little pocket in his coat; then my cousin would put a cent in his pocket, and the monkey would put his hand into the pocket and bring out the cent. He was very much afraid of our dog, and he would cry just like a human being whenever the dog came near him.

I must stop, for my letter is getting long. I am a little girl eleven years old, and my name is

JENNIE D. H.—

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your Letter-box, and I thought I would write; I wrote a letter to you once before, but I guess it was too long to print, so I will try and not have this one so long, because I want it printed so that "H. E." (who wrote about "Paper Canoes," on the 874th page of the September number) can see that there are three American children who can make these little boats. It is rainy to-day, but the next pleasant day we are going to have a boat-race in the canal with these little boats. My letter is getting too long, so I will stop.

Remaining your delighted reader,  
IRENE T. S.—

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from White Sulphur, I will write you one.

I have three sisters,—one is twenty-two years old, one is nine, and the baby is five. The baby says such funny things. One day she was speaking for one hand, and then for the other. She spoke for her left hand, and said: "Where are you going?" Then she spoke for her right hand and answered, "To heaven." Her nurse asked her where she learned that word. She said, "In my prayers." She is such a funny little chap.

I have taken your delightful magazine for two years, and my favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Jenny's Boarding-house," "Fiddle-John's Family," and "Winning a Commission."

I am afraid my letter is getting too long for you to print.

Your interested reader,  
EDWARD E. I.—  
(Eleven years old.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The C. C. C. is the name of a cooking-club, of which I am treasurer. This club consists of six little girls, who meet at my house every Friday afternoon. I have a model

range, complete in every respect. Our badges are little kettles, tied with *bebé* ribbon. We cook biscuit and fried potatoes, chocolate, coffee, tea, and broiled chops. This is our usual *menu*. Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye.

Your affectionate reader,  
CORALIE N. K.—

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, fourteen years old, and have taken you for seven years, but have never written to you before. I think my favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Donald and Dorothy." I am studying French and go to a French school, and am going to begin Latin soon. I have but one pet, a little canary, named "Chico," after Mrs. Carlyle's bird. He is very tame, and also cunning. His cage is at the window, and whenever he hears a car coming he gives a little chirp. I hope this letter is not too long to print soon. Yours devotedly,

SARA T. N.—

MANSFIELD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the September number Miss Elsie S.—'s letter. I think she is right about the comparison between England and America. I have often wished to see Westminster and the Tower, and the mountains of the West, and the "Golden California." But I think that America's greatness does not consist in great armies, old towers, and stately buildings, but in the good things she does,—homes for homeless children, benevolent institutions for the unfortunate, which she has built all over the land.

I hope we shall hear some of Miss Alcott's stories soon, and hear more of "The Dalzells of Daysidown." I like you, ST. NICHOLAS, very, very much.

Yours truly,  
GRACE S.—

WESTGATE-ON-SEA, THANET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little New Brunswick girl, living in England. I like your magazine ever so much. I have a little brother Dentin; we liked "Juan and Juanita" best of all the stories.

Mr. Stockton has made a slight mistake in his article, "The Low Countries and the Rhine." I went from England to Holland last summer with my papa; we did not take the steamer at Harwich but at Parkstone Quay, and Harwich is pronounced by English people as if spelled "Harrich," not "Harridge."

I think your pictures are lovely; we are going to have you bound in volumes.

I remain, your affectionate friend,  
ADLE R.—  
(aged 9 years.)

GENÈVE, SWITZERLAND, "VILLA CLAIRMONT."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written you many letters, but none having been printed; I write again, thinking you will publish one from European shores. I left America last April, and was living on Lake Constance all summer. I am now with my three sisters at school in Geneva, and we are learning the French language. We are all infatuated with Geneva. We were sailing on the lake one day, when all at once I looked up and remarked how white the clouds were, when my friend answered, "They are not the clouds but the three peaks of Mt. Blanc." At present the Jura and Savoyan mountains are covered with snow, and one can hardly distinguish them from Mt. Blanc.

Geneva itself is a lovely city, but not very lively; it has but one theater, but none, either in New York or Philadelphia, surpasses it; it is decorated by magnificent statues and portraits. I have been twice to the theater; once I saw "Mignon," and the other time saw Coquelin in two of Molière's plays.

We study very hard at school, and every time I have a few minutes to spare I employ them in reading my favorite ST. NICHOLAS.

We all enjoyed "Juan and Juanita" very much, and thought "The Ivy Spray" one of the prettiest stories ST. NICHOLAS ever published.

Your interested reader,  
CECELIA L.—

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

As you will be fifteen years old in November,

I send you a letter (I am an old member).

I pity all children who don't see your pages,

You are charming to all; you suit all the ages.

Even Grandpa and Grandma, as they sit by the fire,

Your stories read over, your pictures admire;

And Baby, who sits at their feet on the mat,

Crows over the likeness of a dear little cat,

Which he sees in the volume of ST. NICK for March;

And all of the children, who in the fire perch

Their chestnuts so crisp, soon leave them to cool

As they look at the pictures of the Brownies at school.

ST. NICHOLAS, please put this in the Letter-box,

And thank for the Brownies good Mr. Palmer Cox,



And all other authors who have long helped to make  
St. NICHOLAS a treasure. But now I must take  
My leave of them all, with a loving good-bye,  
And hope that St. NICHOLAS never will die.

SARAH C. (age 12 years).

FLORENCE, WILLIAMSON CO., TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On page 767, in the tale "Juan and Juanita," the writer has made a serious mistake with regard to the "Northers" in Texas. The "Northers" do not come in the summer times as stated, but only in the winter months. The temperature ranges high, generally for two or three days previously, and then comes the wind which "all Texans know," but do not particularly dread. Although we would certainly not choose to have them if we could avoid it, at the same time they are of great benefit to the State; for were it not for these "Northers," we would generally be unable to preserve our meats for the ensuing year; they also purify the air, and are of great value on this account also, as our winters are mild.

I would also wish to state that we read with interest your various articles on English life and scenery, and that they are always written with general accuracy and impartiality. As I am an Englishman, it is pleasing to be able to state this; some publications are so far from coming up to this standard.

Yours respectfully,

O. BARNES.

LONDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are much harder on English school-boys than are their masters. "To compose in Latin, strictly according to the rules of versification," is not a punishment, but an ordinary lesson. To write lines as a punishment is a very different thing—it means that the boy has to stay in and copy out of any book so many lines, to be handed in at a certain time. The boys agree that it is not a very severe punishment, and the masters think it rather a waste of time.

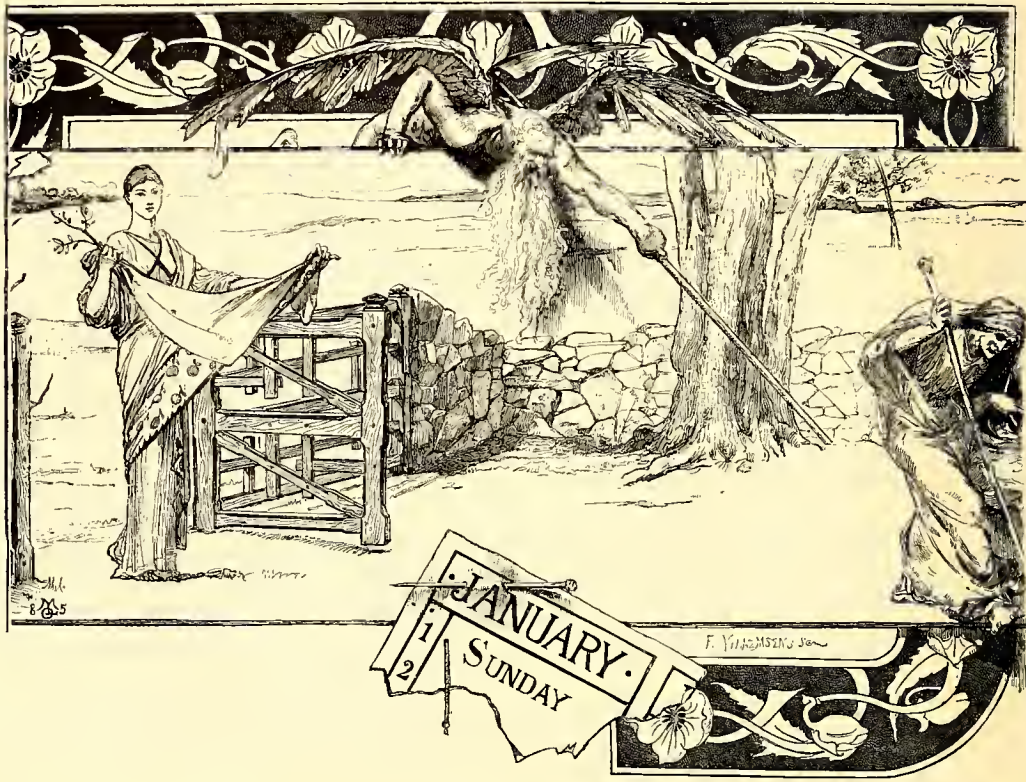
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your stories very much, and look forward to their coming with great interest. I succeeded in folding the Nantucket sink and the boat, and have made them of all sizes imaginable. We girls in school use the Nantucket sinks to hold our pencil-sharpenings, which purpose it answers very well. Hoping to see Mrs. Burnett's new story in the next number,

I remain, your devoted reader,  
MARY D. B.

We have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow and to whom we present our sincere thanks:—Leslie T. Webster, Norman Odgers, May S. Pierce, Jeanne, Florence E., Raymond and Winthrop Howard, Mary Farr, Edward B. Hyde, Mabel P., Orlic C. Dake, Elsie L. Farr, Olive K. Roberts, Agnes J., Pauline Batchelder, Mabel M., Ida N. H., Katie Kendall, Clara P. Curtiss, Allmand McG., Alice Slosson, W. F. and H. E. Kay, Bessie Newton, Clara C. J., Laura May Hadley, James M. F., Nell R. E., Hortense N. Leffingwell, S. T. and A. S., Ruby E. S., Myra Beaumaris, Harold and Cecil, Ruth Gist, Guy C. F. and Effie J. C. Holland, Anna Eva and Ninie, Sadie F. Platt, Nellie F. P., Susie R. and Margaret E. Pollock, Marie, Amy Beach, Maude Brown, C. D. and M. H., Geraldine Harrison, Bertha Weber, Cora Sanford, Florence B. Hull, Ethel H. Shook, Kathleen Ashley, Maggie Elliot, Mary Walton, E. A. W., Florence L. C., Tamaqua, H. W., J. Maude Durrell, Madge J. J. D., Rissie, Helen A. White, Ruby and Birdie, George F. G., Leslie W. M., Herbert H., Annie P. Rogers, Dell B., Maggie F., Louis A., Nora C., Annie Van P., Joanna Augustin, Jessie W. Kirker, Gertrude Parker, Beatrice Dunder, B. L., Sam Davis, A. Belle Cady, E. H. Chambers, Mattie T. J., Anna W., Ross A. Curran, Merle M., Effie A. P., Eugenia G. S., L. C. W., J. Coit Harris, Clara S. Weil, and Kathleen.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

**MYTHOLOGICAL HOUR-GLASS.** Centrals, Bellreophon. Cross-words: 1. Hyperborean. 2. Agamemnon. 3. Apelles. 4. Aello. 5. Aea. 6. R. 7. Nox. 8. Capys. 9. Amphion. 10. Amazonian. 11. Polymnestor.

**A MOTHER GOOSE RHYME.**

Old King *Cole*  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was *he*;  
He called for his *pipe*,  
And he called for his *bowl*,  
And he called for his fiddlers *three*.

**A DOUBLE DIAMOND.** Across: 1. S. 2. Act. 3. Deois. 4. Ate. 5. I. Downward: 1. D. 2. Aea. 3. Scoti. 4. Tie. 5. S.

**TWO DOUBLE ACROSTICS.** I. Primals, Christmas Night; finals, Forefather's Day. Cross-words: 1. Caitiff. 2. Horatio. 3. Relater. 4. Inspire. 5. Sheef. 6. Taffeta. 7. Melilot. 8. Anguish. 9. Seclude. 10. Nettle. 11. Intorts. 12. Grudged. 13. Hosanna. 14. Tragedy. II. Primals, Christmas Gifts; finals, Christmas Carol. Cross-words: 1. Cabalistic. 2. Hieroglyph. 3. Reconnector. 4. Illuminati. 5. Scourgings. 6. Tantamount. 7. Mythoplasm. 8. Alexandria. 9. Searedness. 10. Geognostic. 11. Icosandria. 12. Fabricator. 13. Tiaguanuco. 14. Seraphical.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 20th, from Paul Reese — Maud E. Palmer — K. G. S. — S. R. H. and D. M. H. — Nettie Fiske and Co. — Effie K. Talboys — Louise McClellan — "Anglo-Saxon" — Rainie S. — Maggie T. Turrill — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — J. Russell Davis — "Willoughby" — J. Laret, Jr. — F. W. Islip.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 15th, from Addie and Mona Satterthwaite, 2 — "Skipper," 2 — "Puffball," 5 — H. Tardif and A. Pancoast, 1 — J. W. Gardner, Jr., 1 — Grace Kuper, 9 — "Socrates," 9 — Edward S. Hine, 5 — Mary E. Kooser, 1 — Ruth, 2 — "Noorna-bin-Noorka," 7 — Charlie Ferris, 1 — "Goosie," 3 — "Blithedale," 10 — Susie I. Myers, 1 — Josephine A. Sherwood, 1 — R. V. O., 7 — E. Gull, 7 — Clara Ennemoser, 1 — Kafran Emerawit, 8 — S. P. S., 1 — Nellie and Reggie, 9 — F. Ries, 8 — Jennie S. Liebmann, 7 — "The Chums," 4 — "Tommy Traddles," 1 — Annie M., Susie R., and Aimey L. Bingham, 3 — "Jamie and Mamma," 9 — Boabalt, 3 — Kate L. Oglebay, 2 — Mona and Euna, 4 — Percy A. R. Varian, 5 — B. F. Muckleston, 2 — "Tartie Ruin," 6 — "Pussy Willow," 7 — Ritta, 1 — "Sally Lunn," 7 — V. P. L., 3 — C. L. W., 3 — "Crystal," 3 — Jeannie and Marian Swords, 1 — E. H. D., 1 — Annie and "Mrs. Aleshine," 8 — "L. Reltop," 8 — L. M. B., 5 — Helen O'Neill, 5 — "Pop and I," 8 — Jos. B. Sheffield, 6 — "Solomon Quill," 7 — F. F. V., 2 — "The Cottage," 7 — "May and 79," 7 — "Grandma," 5 — N. L. Howes, 10 — "Fox and Geese," 10 — "Junket," 6.

### SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail a small shining body, a title for a lady, and beaks, and the words remaining will form a three-letter word-square which will read differently across and up and down. H. H. D.

#### MALTESE CROSS.

	1	2	3	4	5
		6	7	8	
34		9			40
35	36	10	11	12	41
13	14	15	16	17	18
		19	20	21	
37	38	22	23	24	43
		25			44
39		26	27	28	45
		29	30	31	32
		33			

FROM 1 to 5, a girl's nickname; from 6 to 8, a gentle blow; 9, in town; from 10 to 12, common at Christmas-time; from 13 to 21, a city of Delaware; from 22 to 24, to request; 25, in town; from 26 to 28, a beverage; from 29 to 33, to twist; from 34 to 39, the most brilliant of the planets; from 36 to 38, a plant and its fruit; 15, in town; 19, in town; from 41 to 43, to run away; from 40 to 45, recent; from 3 to 31, a seaport town of England. "LITTLE ONE."

### WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take to work on metal from expanding, and leave a small rope. ANSWER, str-etch-ing.

1. Take to lessen from blunted, and leave a color. 2. Take always from worthy of veneration, and leave to lacerate. 3. Take

NOVEL RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Cowed. 2. Salem. 3. David. 4. Milan. 5. Lemon.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, Cleveland; 2 to 4, departing; 1 to 3, Caracalla; 3 to 4, asserting; 5 to 6, portrayal; 6 to 8, liberally; 5 to 7, paternity; 7 to 8, yesterday; 1 to 5, creep; 2 to 6, droll; 3 to 7, ally; 4 to 8, glory.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, discern; 1 to 3, derived; 2 to 3, noded; 4 to 5, desired; 4 to 6, dreaded; 5 to 6, devoted.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Boston Tea Party. Cross-words: 1. saBot. 2. slOpe. 3. biSon. 4. saTin. 5. brOwn. 6. baNjo. 7. meTre. 8. shEll. 9. frAme. 10. riPer. 11. chAin. 12. luRid. 13. toTal. 14. toVal.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. "Extend courteous greeting to every one, whatever be his faith."

Pi. December closes on the scene,  
And what appear the months gone past?  
Fragments of time which once have been!  
Succeeding slowly, fled too fast!  
Their minutes, hours, and days appear  
Viewless in that small point, *a year*.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Valid. 2. Aside. 3. Libel. 4. Ideal. 5. Dells.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Austerlitz.

a cozy place from a general pardon, and leave a girl's name. 4. Take to unite from replied, and leave a musical instrument. 5. Take roguish from an examiner, and leave a prophet. 6. Take a market from feeling a sharp pain, and leave to carol. 7. Take a measure of length from grasping, and leave to adhere. 8. Take close at hand from a week, and leave transmitted. 9. Take an exploit from frustrated, and leave an achievement. 10. Take to estimate from scolded, and leave a stratum. 11. Take to assert from hesitating, and leave the side of an army. 12. Take torpid from stupefying, and leave existing. 13. Take to slay from a small kettle, and leave placed. 14. Take recent from compared critically, and leave reserved. 15. Take within from palpimed, and leave nourished. 16. Take an abode from uprightness, and leave a small vessel usually rigged as a ship.

Each of the words removed has the same number of letters. When these are placed one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous statesman, scientist, author, and inventor, who was born on January 17th, 1706. C'RYL DEANE.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a certain kind of puzzle; my finals name riddles.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An impressive command. 2. Concealed. 3. Graduates of a college. 4. Mounting. 5. A place of refuge. 6. A large and beautiful flower. 7. Frames for holding pictures.

"TWO STONES."

### EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave a grain. 2. Behead a dance, and leave a fish. 3. Behead a gulf, and leave a cave. 4. Behead part of the neck, and leave an animal. 5. Behead a useful article, and leave a beam.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous American general. "MIRANDOLINA."











FAMILY AFFAIRS.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 4.

## MICHAEL AND FEODOSIA.

*(A Story of Russian Life.)*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

It is Feodosia and Michael Bazaroff who made this story. Holding it sacred, I shall not alter it. All is here as it happened. They were the children of Prince Ivan Bazaroff, and of the Princess Nadia. But they were neither rich nor happy. For the prince and princess, having been accused of disloyalty to the Czar, had been banished to Siberia, and their children confided to the care of Sergius Bazaroff, the brother of the banished noble.

Sergius had always hated his brother; was it likely, then, that he would love Michael and Feodosia? Alas! they trembled daily beneath his black looks and brutal speech, and listened in fear to his terrible voice, as he raged among his slaves or shouted out wild Tartar battle-songs until after midnight.

Three comforts had the children: They loved God; they loved each other; and they were tenderly loved by those who had them in their care. Feodosia's nurse taught her to knit, to embroider, and to carry herself like a Russian princess. She talked of her father and mother; she reminded her when the hours to pray for them came. Frequently she would say:

"Now we will speak of the good prince, your father—how brave he was! How pious! How handsome! When he rode his black horse, and wore his white-and-gold uniform, there was no prince in all Russia fit to hold his stirrup. And how lovely was your mother! I shall be happy to

my dying day only to have seen her! Do you remember the night she came to you in a sarafan of silver brocade, buttoned with sapphires? In her arms, though they were shining with jewels, she carried you. Only your guardian angel could love you better." Ah! — Feodosia had never forgotten the starry look of her mother, and the cooing of her low words; so it was her great comfort to talk to Matrena of her parents, and then to go away and pray for the Deliverer.

Michael was twelve years old. He had a handsome face, luminous with the glow of his brave, bright soul. His dream by night, his hope by day was to justify his father and mother, and to bring them home in triumph. He had an English tutor, a good man, to whom he told all that was in his heart:

"When I am a man, sir, I will fight the battles of my Mother Russia; and, when I have taken this and that fortress, I will go to the Emperor and say: 'Oh, Czar! how is it possible that I am the son of a traitor?' And thus I will plead for my father and mother. I shall not be afraid."

"And also, Michael, remember how *He* pities and cares for us all — the good Jesus."

Thus they were talking one afternoon in November. It had been a day of fear and sadness. Prince Sergius had been quarreling with a stranger, a bad, common-looking man, dressed in a sheepskin coat. "And yet he is not a stranger," said Matrena. "I have seen him here before.



Smoloff says that he bayed back at Prince Sergius. Who can the man be, that would dare to do that? The dogs have been set on a visitor for less."

Every one was weary with the fear and turmoil of the visit. There had been trampling of horses and barking of dogs, threats, orders and hurrying of terrified men and women, until the palace felt as if a great storm had rushed through it.

In the middle of the afternoon Prince Sergius and his visitor went out together. The stranger was then smiling and affable, but Prince Sergius neither looked at him nor answered him. His face was black and evil, and he kicked savagely out of his path the dogs that accompanied him.

Then the tutor said: "There is half an hour before sunset. Come, Michael, the fresh air will calm and strengthen us." And Matrena also rose, and brought Feodosia her pelisse of fine fox-fur, and her little cap and muff, and they went together to the esplanade in front of the house.

The prospect was dreary enough. Except for the pine-belt, it was one great level of snow, silent and monotonous, with a few black huts scattered here and there. The children talked sadly of what most concerned them—Feodosia, of the bags she was knitting, Michael, of his studies; and, in a low voice, of his uncle's anger. Suddenly there arose a little swirling wind. It blew a bit of white paper along the white snow to Michael's feet. He stooped and lifted it, and, as the teacher talked, glanced at its contents. It was in French, but he knew enough of French to perceive in a moment the importance of the scrap of paper he held in his hand. He became pale and breathless, and, without a word, he gave the paper to his tutor, who read the words and seemed equally agitated. The emotion of both was intense. They went silently back to the school-room, and the tutor, looking significantly at Michael, cut in the collar of his own coat a little slit, and then hid the paper in it. This act was scarcely accomplished when Feodosia and Matrena entered.

"The footsteps of the prince are to be heard," said Matrena; and, only a few minutes later, Prince Sergius opened the door. His approach could usually be heard from afar, and this sudden and quiet visit was not without design. He had discovered his loss, and he wished to see if those whom he most feared were also aware of it. He strode into the middle of the apartment and looked with keen scrutiny at them; all rose to their feet and stood awaiting his orders, all with bowed heads and lowered eyes, except the tutor, who gazed out of the window with a melancholy and indifferent air. Sergius looked most keenly at the woman and the girl. He was sure, if anything was known, that their faces would betray it; but Feodosia and Ma-

trena knew nothing. Michael had walked behind them, and they had not even seen him pick up the paper.

Prince Sergius bowed to the tutor, as he said: "Mr. Cecil, do me the favor to take your seat again. I am sure your pupil is idle and impertinent. A taste of the whip would be good for him. Pray let me know if he gives you the least trouble," and he looked steadily and savagely at Michael, drawing together his light, lowering brows as he did so. Michael did not lift his eyelids, but his cheeks flushed; and his uncle saw, also, how passionately the boy clenched his small hands.

Then he turned to Matrena: "Hark thee! Come here! Pack the girl's clothes. To-morrow the Countess Vasil comes for her. The saints know I am well rid of such a trouble."

"I understand, Prince, and obey."

"Be off, then!"

For some minutes after the door was shut, there was a profound silence. No one dared to speak, to move, hardly to glance at another. But every heart was full of sad forebodings. In a day or two, what changes might begin! Feodosia was going to a new life, full of splendor,—perhaps also full of love, for the Countess Vasil was her mother's sister, and surely she must love a child so desolate and bereaved.

But her heart was troubled; she did not remember her aunt, she was going among strangers, she was leaving Michael; perhaps even Matrena would not be allowed to go with her. Before the white altar in her room, she knelt a long time that night. But when she rose, her face was shining and happy. "An angel has spoken to her," thought Matrena. And Matrena was not far wrong. To an innocent girl, the angels whisper many sweet things; they delight to guard her, to bear her pure prayers to heaven, to keep her unspotted from the world.

In the mean time, Michael and his tutor sat quiet near the large porcelain stove. Their thoughts were too great for much speech; beside, it was dangerous. But in short, whispered sentences, they came at length to a decision.

"Feodosia must be told, and the letter intrusted to her, Michael. She will give it to Countess Vasil. There is no one more able to act upon it."

"If I could only go myself! Can not I go? The letter came to me. Dear master, can not I go?"

"My boy! You are a prisoner on this estate—at the Czar's pleasure. If you attempted to pass its boundary, your uncle would have the right to shoot you."

"It is terrible!—and we are all innocent."

"Be strong, Michael. There is an hour of great joy at hand. Your father will come back to his

home. Your mother will come back to her children. Try now to sleep."

But the boy sat musing, his face growing finer and finer, as —

"He built, with neither hammer nor stone,  
A grand, fair castle of his own."

COUNT VASIL'S house stood in the heart of Moscow. It was an old Russian palace, with an Oriental look outside; but its interior was furnished after the most splendid French fashion. The countess, in a Parisian morning dress, was drinking chocolate; a Parisian maid waited upon her, and she spoke to her in French, with elegance and purity. Feodosia alone was out of character with the surroundings. She still wore her Russian costume — a sarafan of dark blue velvet, buttoned with pearls, showing long, full sleeves of fine muslin, and a lace ruff at her throat. Her mittens were of blue silk, worked with silver; her slippers of blue morocco, and a blue ribbon tied back her fine, flowing hair.

She looked weary and anxious, and her aunt said: "You eat nothing, my little one; are you tired with the long journey?"

"It is not that, dear aunt. I have in my heart such a great trouble."

"Is it about Michael? Do not fear for him. Mr. Cecil is his father's friend; he will never forsake Michael."

"It is much more than Michael. I can wait no longer. Send every one away."

The countess looked at the child in amazement. The girl's soul was in her eyes. From her dazlingly fair skin there seemed to emanate light. She looked taller. She appeared all spirit. It was impossible to resist the suffering and entreaty that her face, and words, and attitude expressed. All together said to the countess, "Control yourself, and listen."

With an imperative motion, she ordered the removal of the breakfast tray, and as soon as they were alone, Feodosia took from her bosom the piece of paper, and gave it to her aunt. It was soiled and crushed, and the dainty lady took it with reluctance. But before she had read many lines, she uttered a shrill cry, and struck the bell with an impetuosity that brought a dozen servants to answer it.

"The count! The count!" she cried. "Send the count here immediately! Without delay! This moment!" In the interval, she paced the room rapidly; she kissed Feodosia in a rapture of joy; she murmured in Russian, and in French, prayers and ejaculations; she was like a woman upon whom had fallen a joy too great to be borne.

When the count answered her summons, she ran to meet him, and put the letter into his hands. He had read but a few lines before he rose and locked the door; and then, laying the paper upon the table, he went over it, word by word, in a whisper:

"PRINCE SERGIUS BAZAROFF: Thou hast not sent me the money. I shall come for it in two days. If thou pay me not, I will go to the police. I will tell them how thou swore away the honor and liberty of thy brother, and of thy brother's wife. I will tell them the whole plot. Every one is yet living whom thou didst employ. And thou wilt not escape with Siberia. For a crime like thine, there is only the knout — the knout to death.

"ALEX. KERGOff,  
"at the inn of the Great Bear, street of St. John, Moscow."

Having read these words, Count Vasil questioned Feodosia closely, concerning the stranger who had visited Prince Sergius. Then he said: "This duty is now in my hands. I will see to it at once. Nothing that I have will I spare. If I can get the Czar's ear, I shall succeed immediately — but do not fear; in the end, all will be right."

The countess had intended to take Feodosia to the great stores, and to the French modistes. But for shopping neither had now any desire. To hope, to doubt, to suffer, to wait — these were the only things possible to them. And Feodosia did not wish to be dressed like a French girl. She was under the shadow of the Kremlin. From its hundreds of shining domes, the golden cross of her faith was glittering. On every pinnacle there were the Russian eagles — huge, black, and outspread. She was a Russian girl in the heart of Russia. She loved her country. She loved the great Czar; she looked upon him as its patriarch and father. She never thought of him as doing wrong. He was the savior and comforter of his people. If she could only reach him! If she could fall at his feet and put into his hands the letter which she had given to Count Vasil, she never doubted that in the very next moment he would restore her parents to liberty and honor, and send their betrayer to his punishment.

At the end of nine days, Count Vasil called the poor child to him. She had scarcely eaten or slept; she had grown thin and weak; she trembled at a footstep, at the sound of her own name. He took her in his arms and whispered words to her which made her sob with joy. Kergoff had been easily found. He had confessed all. He had produced his confederates in the plot. The Czar had listened to the story with pity and anger. Orders had already left St. Petersburg for the honorable release of Prince and Princess Bazaroff, and for the arrest of Prince Sergius. "It is even possible that your parents will be here for Christmas, and oh, little one, will not that be a Christmas festival?" he asked.



"I do not know Christmas, Uncle. Prince Sergius would never permit us to honor it."

"The poor child! Count, we will keep for her the children's feast."

"I am of your mind, my countess. However, my good news is not yet all told. There is a festival before Christmas—the feast of St. Nicholas—the fête day of our Emperor, and Feodosia is bidden to be there."

"Ah! what an honor! What is meant by it?"

"Our Emperor is a just man. He said to me: 'Before the nobles, I degraded Prince Bazaroff. I will as publicly re-instate him. At the feast of St. Nicholas I will make him a marshal of the empire. The ukase shall be written, and you shall receive it for him.' And my soul spoke without being bidden, and before I even thought of the words I answered:

"Sire, Prince Bazaroff's little daughter is with me. Permit her to have this great joy and honor."

"And the Czar said: 'Let it be so.'

"Well, then, there is nothing else to be done."

"Perhaps he will even speak to you, child. What will you say? There must certainly be a little speech prepared."

"Dear Aunt, when the heart is full, something crosses your mind and you speak. I shall find words, no doubt. But who shall go and tell Michael?—Michael waiting in that sad room at Bazaroff?"

"This very hour, my child, I will send a safe messenger to him."

The next day they left Moscow for St. Petersburg. The feast of St. Nicholas was close at hand and Feodosia must have garments fit for the royal presence. But she begged to retain her own costume. "I have been taught how to wear this," she said, "but in those dresses of France I shall be awkward and uncomfortable."

Certainly in no dress of France could she have looked more lovely. Her sarafan was of white satin brodered with gold, and it had sleeves of glistening Indian gauze. Her shoes, of white satin, were trimmed with sapphires, and she wore also a coronal of the same heaven-blue gems. Her face was still round and child-like, with large, wondering blue eyes. Her complexion was fair as a lily. She was tall and slender, and her easy, dignified gait had in it something very maidenly and noble. As she walked she seemed to fill the air with fragrance and grace, as a swaying flower does. For when a young girl has a beautiful body transfigured by a beautiful soul, how lovely and how lovable she is!

She was not afraid, and yet she trembled a little when she entered the magnificent palace of the

Czar. The blaze of light, of gold, and of jewels, the splendid uniforms of the men, the beautiful dresses of the women, the flowers, the stirring music of the royal bands, almost bewildered her. She glided along between her uncle and her aunt, as if she were in a dream; quite unconscious that the presence of a little girl in that august assembly was causing princes and marshals and grand-duchesses to look with a curious interest at her.

At length she reached the throne room, and the Czar and Czarina entered. His impressive figure, and potent face, fascinated her child-heart. This mighty Czar had given her back father, mother, and home; had ransomed those she loved from suffering and degradation.

There was an intense stillness, as he bowed to the nobles, and said in a loud voice:

"Nobles of the Russian Empire, it has been fully proved that Prince Ivan Bazaroff was falsely accused. I honor my fête day, by restoring to him all his rights, and by making him Grand Marshal of my own Guard."

Then Count Vasil spoke to Feodosia, and she walked straight to the Emperor. Her beauty and grace charmed every eye, and the ecstasy of love and gratitude which filled her heart produced in her an unconscious elevation, precluding all fear or faltering. A murmur of admiration followed the child. She had been told to cast herself at the Czar's feet. She did not think of that;—on the contrary, she raised her eyes to his face.

"My child!" he said kindly.

"My Czar! My Czar!" and, forgetting all else in that supreme moment of her desire, she stretched out her arms, and lifted her face to his, as if he were indeed her father. The action was so natural, that it compelled its own answer; and a thrill of sympathy stirred the whole room, when the Czar stooped and kissed the tears from the child's wet eyelids. Then the Czarina also kissed her; and the grand measure of the Polonaise struck up, and the nobles began to form for its march; but Feodosia knew not anything more till she found herself in the Vasil carriage, crying softly in her aunt's arms, with rapture.

IT was the night before the Nativity, and Moscow flashed light from the spires of all her five hundred churches. The air was full of bells, and fanfare of trumpets, and the glad greeting of the crowds on the streets:—"God with us!" Count Vasil's house was illuminated with a thousand wax candles, and through its splendid rooms, Feodosia, accompanied by more than two score "dear companions," went singing the hymn of the Nativity. She was enchanted. Mr. Cecil had often read to





FEODOSIA AND THE CZAR.



her the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and it had rested on her mind like dawn upon the waters. But to honor His birthday, to see, and to share its joy, made it wonderful to her. She had never been so happy in her life. Forty-eight young girls had been invited to spend with her the days between the Nativity and the Epiphany. During that time they were to be "dear companions." They had arranged something delightful for every day—sleighting, skating, ball-playing in the court, dancing in the house, and, above all, those singing-games which are the delight of Russian girls.

Early on Christmas-day the gay house became gay. The rooms were full of ladies and gentlemen flashing with jewels; and everywhere there was music. In some rooms, the boys and girls were singing to it; in others, they were dancing. Can you imagine Count Vasil's banqueting-hall with its wax lights, its music, and its two tables bright with flowers?—one surrounded by happy children, and the other by ladies and nobles. The Christmas feast is waiting, and Count Vasil raises the Christmas song that all Russia is singing:

"Glorious to God in Heaven! *Slava!*\*  
To our Lord on this earth. *Slava!*  
May the right throughout Russia be fairer than the bright sun.  
*Slava!*"

"It is like fairy-land!" said Feodosia.

After dinner came the famous jewel-game, for the children. An old woman brought in a deep dish full of clean water. Another brought in bread and salt and three bits of charcoal. Then all the boys and girls took off their rings, chains, and bracelets, dropped them into the water, and, as they did so, they sang:

"May the bread and the salt live a thousand years! *Slava!*  
May our Emperor live still longer! *Slava!*"

And then the old woman stirred the jewels in the water, and covered the dish with a napkin. Now, there are many songs for this game: one foretells good fortune; a second, a journey; a third, sickness; others, wealth, honor, good marriage, misfortunes, etc. These songs are each one written on a separate card, and the old woman lifts a jewel and draws a card at random. The song it calls for is then sung, and it is said to prophesy the fate of the owner of whatever jewel is lifted with it; and while the ring is put on again, or the bracelet clasped, all chant the chorus:

"To her for whom we have sung it, may it turn good!  
She who has missed it, must do without it;  
Must do without it.—This can not fail."

At length the old woman said, "I have lifted a card. Now let our gracious Princess Feodosia predict a great and happy marriage"; and Feodosia sang:

"I saw a sparrow-hawk fly from one lane. *Slava!*  
And a little dove fly out from another. *Slava!*  
They flew to each other and embraced each other. *Slava!*  
Embraced each other with their light, blue wings. *Slava!*  
And the sparrow-hawk and dove, they bulged,  
So happily together. *Slava!*"

And lo! Feodosia had prophesied for herself, and while they clasped her lockets round her throat they sang:

"To her for whom we have sung it, may it turn good! *Slava!*"

Thus in charming games, in dances, and song, they passed the time; but Feodosia was always thinking, "Perhaps my father and mother will come to-day!—perhaps this very hour!"

On the eve of Epiphany, the girls were talking of the wonderful things said to happen during that holy time. For then, according to Russian belief, Christ walks on the earth and gives to the sorrowful, comfort, and to the wicked, an opportunity to repent. "My uncle Volnoff was a great miser," said little Elizabeth Jelko; "and on the sixth holy night, he met an old man who said, 'Stay, for Christ's sake, and give me a kopeck.' And Volnoff felt pitiful, and answered, 'For Christ's sake, then, take this silver rouble.' Then Volnoff saw for a moment a face like an angel's, and he knew the Christ had spoken to him."

And each girl had some story of the same kind to tell. One knew a cruel noble who had suddenly taken pity on a miserable slave-child, and had found it to be the Christ.

And it was on the eve of the Epiphany, and the girls were singing their parting song:

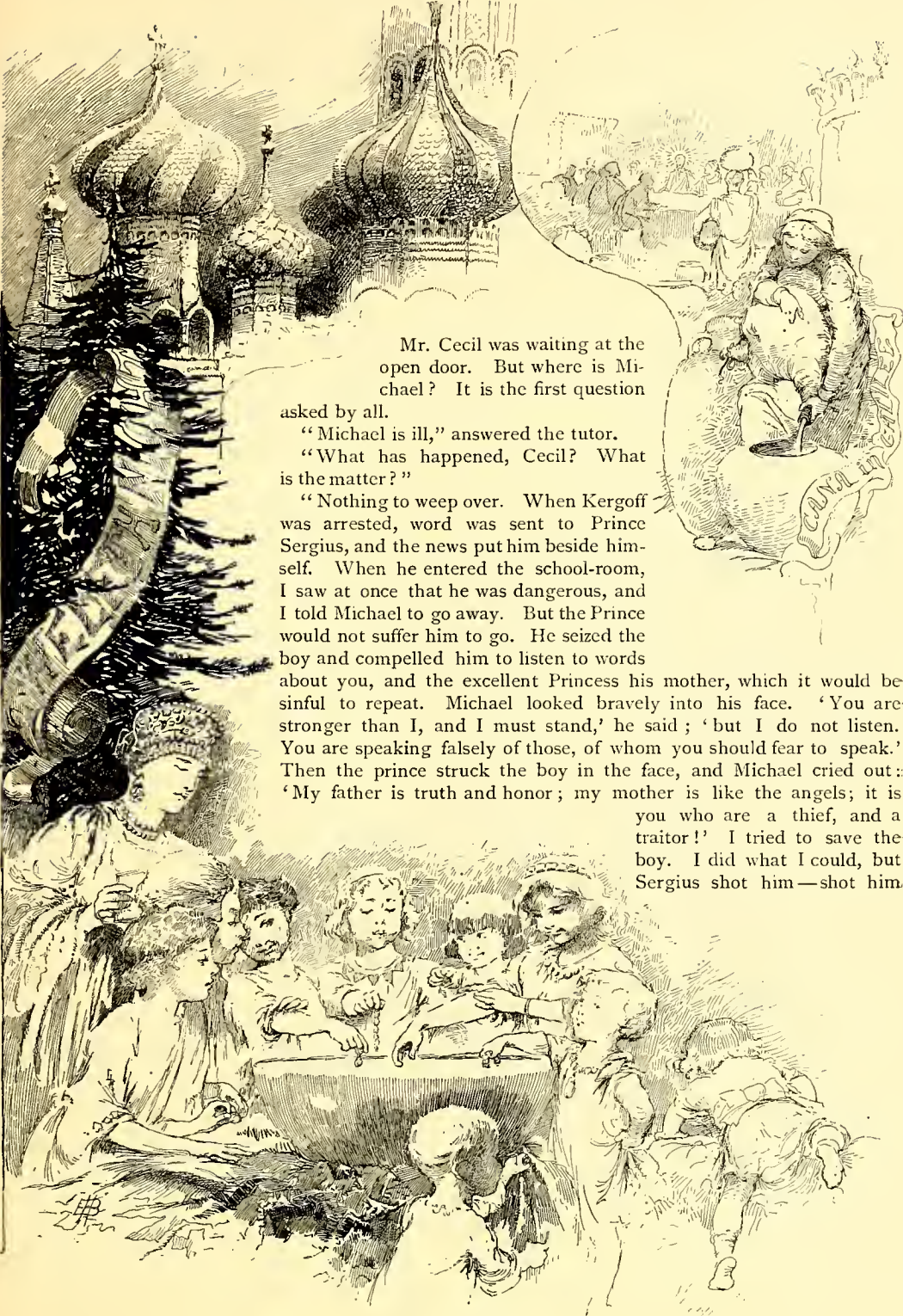
"O stars! stars! dear little stars!  
All ye, O stars, are the fair children,  
Ruddy and white, of one mother!  
Sent forth through the christened world,  
Dispensers of happiness!"

Suddenly some one called "Feodosia!" And she ran toward the call, and saw Count Vasil embracing a man covered with furs, and the countess kissing and crying over a lady whom Feodosia knew at once to be her mother. In a moment she was in her father's arms, she was on her mother's breast, and heard them calling her the sweet, pet names that all girls love.

The prince and princess had gone first to St. Petersburg, to pay their duty to the Czar; and now, having seen their daughter, they were anxious to reach home. For they had heard in St. Petersburg that Prince Sergius had fled from justice; and it was also rumored that he had shot a servant or some one of his household before his flight.

Before midnight they were driving furiously over the frozen plain between Moscow and Bazaroff, and, by the middle of the day, they once more reached their home.

\*A Russian word corresponding to the English words "Glory" or "Hallelujah."



Mr. Cecil was waiting at the open door. But where is Michael? It is the first question asked by all.

"Michael is ill," answered the tutor.

"What has happened, Cecil? What is the matter?"

"Nothing to weep over. When Kergoff was arrested, word was sent to Prince Sergius, and the news put him beside himself. When he entered the school-room, I saw at once that he was dangerous, and I told Michael to go away. But the Prince would not suffer him to go. He seized the boy and compelled him to listen to words about you, and the excellent Princess his mother, which it would be sinful to repeat. Michael looked bravely into his face. 'You are stronger than I, and I must stand,' he said; 'but I do not listen. You are speaking falsely of those, of whom you should fear to speak.' Then the prince struck the boy in the face, and Michael cried out: 'My father is truth and honor; my mother is like the angels; it is you who are a thief, and a traitor!' I tried to save the boy. I did what I could, but Sergius shot him—shot him.



three times. The sleigh was at the door. It was the villain's last act before he went away."

"And what has been done?"

"Everything. I sent to Moscow for Dr. Livadin; — the boy has suffered, but is doing well."

"Come, let us go to him"; and in a few minutes they were all at Michael's bedside. His pale face was transfigured with joy; his weary head was at last on his mother's breast; his father was clasping his hands, and crying with mingled tears of pride and of love. And, oh, what sweet confidences he had with Feodosia. What great plans Michael made for the future!

He has realized all he hoped. Behind the fiery

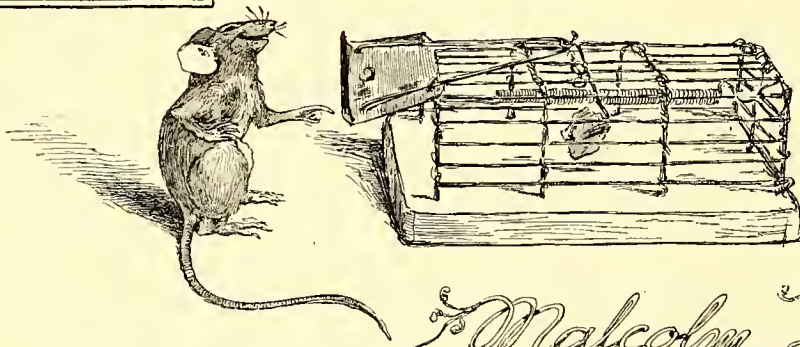
bastions of the Crimea, he thrice won his promotion. And if any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS go to Petersburg, and see, at some great military review, a general clad in white and gold, towering above all other men, with blue eyes flashing like an eagle's, and a face full of sweetness and strength — that is General Michael Bazaroff, the friend of his Emperor, the idol of his soldiers, the beloved of all who know him.

As for Feodosia, she became a great princess; but often in the winter nights, when the snow fell and the arctic cold was cruel, she would tell her children, in words of pity and horror, of the wicked Prince Sergius, whom no one ever saw again.



# Timid Little Woman

85



by

Malcolm Douglas

THOUGH as harmless as could be —  
He was just a mouse, you see —  
He would give the little woman such a fright  
That, though tucked away in bed,  
With the covers o'er her head,  
She could never get a wink of sleep all night.

When her husband heard a squeak,  
He would tell her, and she'd peek,  
With her dainty little night-cap all awry;  
After which, o'ercome with fear,  
She would quickly disappear  
'Neath the covers, with a terrified "Oh, my!"



So one day, to rid the house  
Of the horrid little mouse,  
Her husband in a cornet did invest;  
And that night, upon a chair  
With his feet high in the air,  
He practiced all the latest tunes with zest.

And, though his little wife,  
Who'd been deaf, all through her life,  
Said she did n't mind at all to hear him play,  
Yet the mouse, without regret,  
O'er the cupboard put "To Let,"  
And next morning all the neighbors moved away!





# SARA CREWE; OR, WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## PART III.

SARA could not even imagine a being charming enough to fill her grand ideal of her mysterious benefactor. If she tried to make in her mind a picture of him or her, it ended by being something glittering and strange — not at all like a real person, but bearing resemblance to a sort of Eastern magician, with long robes and a wand. And when she fell asleep, beneath the soft white blanket, she dreamed all night of this magnificent personage, and talked to him in Hindustani, and made salaams to him.

Upon one thing she was determined. She would not speak to any one of her good fortune — it should be her own secret; in fact, she was rather inclined to think that if Miss Minchin knew, she would take her treasures from her or in some way spoil her pleasure. So when she went down the next morning she shut her door very tight and did her best to look as if nothing unusual had occurred. And yet this was rather hard, because she could not help remembering, every now and then, with a sort of start, and her heart would beat quickly every time she repeated to herself, “I have a friend!”

It was a friend who evidently meant to continue to be kind, for when she went to her garret the next night — and she opened the door, it must be confessed, with rather an excited feeling — she found that the same hands had been again at work and had done even more than before. The fire and the supper were again there, and beside them a number of other things which so altered the look of the garret that Sara quite lost her breath. A piece of bright, strange, heavy cloth covered the battered mantel, and on it some ornaments had been placed. All the bare, ugly things which could be covered with draperies had been concealed and made to look quite pretty. Some odd materials in rich colors had been fastened against the walls with fine sharp tacks — so sharp that they could be pressed into the wood without hammering. Some brilliant fans were pinned up, and there were several large cushions. A long old wooden box was covered with a rug, and some cushions lay on it, so that it wore quite the air of a sofa.

Sara simply sat down, and looked, and looked again.

“It is exactly like something fairy come true,” she said; “there is n’t the least difference. I feel as if I might wish for anything,—diamonds and bags of gold,—and they would appear! *That* could n’t be any stranger than this. Is this my garret? Am I the same cold, ragged, damp Sara? And to think how I used to pretend, and pretend, and wish there were fairies! The one thing I always wanted was to see a fairy story come true. I am *living* in a fairy story! I feel as if I might be a fairy myself, and be able to turn things into anything else!”

It was like a fairy story, and, what was best of all, it continued. Almost every day something new was done to the garret. Some new comfort or ornament appeared in it when Sara opened her door at night, until actually, in a short time, it was a bright little room, full of all sorts of odd and luxurious things. And the magician had taken care that the child should not be hungry, and that she should have as many books as she could read. When she left the room in the morning the remains of her supper were on the table, and when she returned in the evening, the magician had removed them, and left another nice little meal. Downstairs Miss Minchin was as cruel and insulting as ever, — Mrs. Amelia was as peevish, and the servants were as vulgar. Sara was sent on errands and scolded, and driven hither and thither, but somehow it seemed as if she could bear it all. The delightful sense of romance and mystery lifted her above the cook’s temper and malice. The comfort she enjoyed and could always look forward to was making her stronger. If she came home from her errands wet and tired, she knew she would soon be warm, after she had climbed the stairs. In a few weeks she began to look less thin. A little color came into her cheeks, and her eyes did not seem much too big for her face.

It was just when this was beginning to be so apparent that Miss Minchin sometimes stared at her questioningly, that another wonderful thing happened. A man came to the door and left several parcels. All were addressed (in large letters) to “the little girl in the attic.” Sara herself was sent

to open the door and she took them in. She laid the two largest parcels down on the hall-table and was looking at the address, when Miss Minchin came down the stairs.

"Take the things upstairs to the young lady to whom they belong," she said. "Don't stand there staring at them."

"They belong to me," answered Sara, quietly.

"To you!" exclaimed Miss Minchin. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know where they come from," said Sara, "but they're addressed to me."

Miss Minchin came to her side and looked at them with an excited expression.

"What is in them?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Sara.

"Open them!" she demanded, still more excitedly.

Sara did as she was told. They contained pretty and comfortable clothing,—clothing of different kinds; shoes and stockings and gloves, a warm coat, and even an umbrella. On the pocket of the coat was pinned a paper on which was written, "To be worn every day—will be replaced by others when necessary."

Miss Minchin was quite agitated. This was an incident which suggested strange things to her sordid mind. Could it be that she had made a mistake after all, and that the child so neglected and so unkindly treated by her had some powerful friend in the background? It would not be very pleasant if there should be such a friend, and he or she should learn all the truth about the thin, shabby clothes, the scant food, the hard work. She felt very queer indeed, and uncertain, and she gave a side-glance at Sara.

"Well," she said in a voice such as she had never used since the day the child lost her father—"well, some one is very kind to you. As you have the things and are to have new ones when they are worn out, you may as well go and put them on and look respectable; and after you are dressed, you may come downstairs and learn your lessons in the school-room."

So it happened that, about half an hour afterward, Sara struck the entire school-room of pupils dumb with amazement, by making her appearance in a costume such as she had never worn since the change of fortune whereby she ceased to be a show-pupil and a parlor-boarder. She scarcely seemed to be the same Sara. She was neatly dressed in a pretty gown of warm browns and reds, and even her stockings and slippers were nice and dainty.

"Perhaps some one has left her a fortune," one of the girls whispered. "I always thought something would happen to her. She is so queer."

That night, when Sara went to her room, she

carried out a plan she had been devising for some time. She wrote a note to her unknown friend. It ran as follows:

"I hope you will not think it is not polite that I should write this note to you when you wish to keep yourself a secret, but I do not mean to be impolite, or to try to find out at all, only I want to thank you for being so kind to me—so beautiful kind, and making everything like a fairy story. I am so grateful to you, and I am so happy! I used to be so lonely and cold and hungry, and now, oh, just think what you have done for me! Please let me say just these words. It seems as if I ought to say them. *Thank you—thank you—thank you!*  
THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE ATTIC."

The next morning she left this on the little table, and it was taken away with the other things; so she felt sure the magician had received it, and she was happier for the thought.

A few nights later a very odd thing happened. She found something in the room which she certainly would never have expected. When she came in as usual, she saw something small and dark in her chair,—an odd, tiny figure, which turned toward her a little weird-looking, wistful face.

"Why, it's the monkey!" she cried. "It is the Indian Gentleman's monkey! Where can he have come from?"

It *was* the monkey, sitting up and looking so like a mite of a child that it really was quite pathetic; and very soon Sara found out how he happened to be in her room. The skylight was open, and it was easy to guess that he had crept out of his master's garret-window, which was only a few feet away and perfectly easy to get in and out of, even for a climber less agile than a monkey. He had probably climbed to the garret on a tour of investigation, and, getting out upon the roof, and being attracted by the light in Sara's attic, had crept in. At all events this seemed quite reasonable, and there he was; and when Sara went to him, he actually put out his queer, elfish little hands, caught her dress, and jumped into her arms.

"Oh, you queer, poor, ugly, foreign little thing!" said Sara, caressing him. "I can't help liking you. You look like a sort of baby, but I am so glad you are not, because your mother could *not* be proud of you, and nobody would dare to say you were like any of your relations. But I do like you; you have such a forlorn little look in your face. Perhaps you are sorry you are so ugly, and it's always on your mind. I wonder if you have a mind?"

The monkey sat and looked at her while she talked, and seemed much interested in her remarks, if one could judge by his eyes and his forehead, and the way he moved his head up and down, and held it sideways and scratched it with his little hand. He examined Sara quite seriously, and anxiously, too. He felt the stuff of her dress, touched her hands, climbed up and examined her



ears, and then sat on her shoulder holding a lock of her hair, looking mournful but not at all agitated. Upon the whole, he seemed pleased with Sara.

"But I must take you back," she said to him, "though I'm sorry to have to do it. Oh, the company you *would* be to a person!"

She lifted him from her shoulder, set him on her knee, and gave him a bit of cake. He sat and nibbled it, and then put his head on one side, looked at her, wrinkled his forehead, and then nibbled again, in the most companionable manner.

"But you must go home," said Sara at last; and she took him in her arms to carry him downstairs. Evidently he did not want to leave the room, for as they reached the door he clung to her neck and gave a little scream of anger.

"You must n't be an ungrateful monkey," said Sara. "You ought to be fondest of your own family. I am sure the Lascar is good to you."

Nobody saw her on her way out, and very soon she was standing on the Indian Gentleman's front steps, and the Lascar had opened the door for her.

"I found your monkey in my room," she said in Hindustani. "I think he got in through the window."

The man began a rapid outpouring of thanks; but, just as he was in the midst of them, a fretful, hollow voice was heard through the open door of the nearest room. The instant he heard it the Lascar disappeared, and left Sara still holding the monkey.

It was not many moments, however, before he came back bringing a message. His master had told him to bring Miss into the library. The Sahib was very ill, but he wished to see Missy.

Sara thought this odd, but she remembered reading stories of Indian gentlemen who, having no constitutions, were extremely cross and full of whins, and who must have their own way. So she followed the Lascar.

When she entered the room the Indian Gentleman was lying on an easy chair, propped up with pillows. He looked frightfully ill. His yellow face was thin, and his eyes were hollow. He gave Sara a rather curious look—it was as if she wakened in him some anxious interest.

"You live next door?" he said.

"Yes," answered Sara. "I live at Miss Minchin's."

"She keeps a boarding-school?"

"Yes," said Sara.

"And you are one of her pupils?"

Sara hesitated a moment.

"I don't know exactly what I am," she replied.

"Why not?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

The monkey gave a tiny squeak, and Sara stroked him.

"At first," she said, "I was a pupil and a parlor-boarder; but now——"

"What do you mean by 'at first'?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

"When I was first taken there by my papa."

"Well, what has happened since then?" said the invalid, staring at her and knitting his brows with a puzzled expression.

"My papa died," said Sara. "He lost all his money, and there was none left for me—and there was no one to take care of me or pay Miss Minchin, so——"

"So you were sent up into the garret, and neglected, and made into a half-starved little drudge!" put in the Indian Gentleman. "That is about it, is n't it?"

The color deepened on Sara's cheeks.

"There was no one to take care of me, and no money," she said. "I belong to nobody."

"What did your father mean by losing his money?" said the gentleman, fretfully.

The red in Sara's cheeks grew deeper, and she fixed her odd eyes on the yellow face.

"He did not lose it himself," she said. "He had a friend he was fond of, and it was his friend who took his money. I don't know how. I don't understand. He trusted his friend too much."

She saw the invalid start—the strangest start—as if he had been suddenly frightened. Then he spoke nervously and excitedly:

"That's an old story," he said. "It happens every day; but sometimes those who are blamed—those who do the wrong—don't intend it, and are not so bad. It may happen through a mistake—a miscalculation; they may not be so bad."

"No," said Sara, "but the suffering is just as bad for the others. It killed my papa."

The Indian Gentleman pushed aside some of the gorgeous wraps that covered him.

"Come a little nearer, and let me look at you," he said.

His voice sounded very strange; it had a more nervous and excited tone than before. Sara had an odd fancy that he was half afraid to look at her. She came and stood nearer, the monkey clinging to her and watching his master anxiously over his shoulder.

The Indian Gentleman's hollow, restless eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes; I can see it. Tell me your father's name."

"His name was Ralph Crewe," said Sara. "Captain Crewe. Perhaps,—a sudden thought flashing upon her,—"perhaps you may have heard of him? He died in India."

The Indian Gentleman sank back upon his pillows. He looked very weak, and seemed out of breath.

"Yes," he said, "I knew him. I was his friend. I meant no harm. If he had only lived he would have known. It turned out well after all. He was a fine young fellow. I was fond of him. I will make it right. Call—call the man."

Sara thought he was going to die. But there was no need to call the Lascar. He must have been waiting at the door. He was in the room and by his master's side in an instant. He seemed to know what to do. He lifted the drooping head, and gave the invalid something in a small glass. The Indian Gentleman lay panting for a few minutes, and then he spoke in an exhausted but eager voice, addressing the Lascar in Hindustani:

"Go for Carmichael," he said. "Tell him to come here at once. Tell him I have found the child!"

When Mr. Carmichael arrived (which occurred in a very few minutes, for it turned out that he was no other than the father of the Large Family across the street), Sara went home, and was allowed to take the monkey with her. She certainly did not sleep very much that night, though the monkey behaved beautifully, and did not disturb her in the least. It was not the monkey that kept her awake—it was her thoughts, and her wonders as to what the Indian Gentleman had meant when he said, "Tell him I have found the child." "What child?" Sara kept asking herself. "I was the only child there; but how had he found me, and why did he want to find me? And what is he going to do, now I am found? Is it something about my papa? Do I belong to somebody? Is he one of my relations? Is something going to happen?"

But she found out the very next day, in the morning; and it seemed that she had been living in a story even more than she had imagined. First Mr. Carmichael came and had an interview with Miss Minchin. And it appeared that Mr. Carmichael, besides occupying the important situation of father to the Large Family, was a lawyer, and had charge of the affairs of Mr. Carrisford,—which was the real name of the Indian Gentleman,—and, as Mr. Carrisford's lawyer, Mr. Carmichael had come to explain something curious to Miss Minchin regarding Sara. But, being the father of the Large Family, he had a very kind and fatherly feeling for children; and so, after seeing Miss Minchin alone, what did he do but go and bring across the square his rosy, motherly, warm-hearted wife, so that she herself might talk to the little lonely girl, and tell her everything in the best and most motherly way.

And then Sara learned that she was to be a poor little drudge and outcast no more, and that a great change had come in her fortunes; for all

the lost fortune had come back to her, and a great deal had even been added to it. It was Mr. Carrisford who had been her father's friend, and who had made the investments which had caused him the apparent loss of his money; but it had so happened that after poor young Captain Crewe's death, one of the investments which had seemed at the time the very worst, had taken a sudden turn, and proved to be such a success that it had been a mine of wealth, and had more than doubled the Captain's lost fortune, as well as making a fortune for Mr. Carrisford himself. But Mr. Carrisford had been very unhappy. He had truly loved his poor, handsome, generous young friend, and the knowledge that he had caused his death had weighed upon him always, and broken both his health and spirit. The worst of it had been that, when first he thought himself and Captain Crewe ruined, he had lost courage and gone away because he was not brave enough to face the consequences of what he had done, and so he had not even known where the young soldier's little girl had been placed. When he wanted to find her, and make restitution, he could discover no trace of her; and the certainty that she was poor and friendless somewhere had made him more miserable than ever. When he had taken the house next to Miss Minchin's, he had been so ill and wretched that he had for the time given up the search. His troubles and the Indian climate had brought him almost to death's door—indeed, he had not expected to live more than a few months. And then one day the Lascar had told him about Sara's speaking Hindustani, and gradually he had begun to take a sort of interest in the forlorn child, though he had only caught a glimpse of her once or twice; and he had not connected her with the child of his friend, perhaps, because he was too languid to think much about anything. But the Lascar had found out something of Sara's unhappy little life, and about the garret. One evening he had actually crept out of his own garret-window and looked into hers, which was a very easy matter, because, as I have said, it was only a few feet away—and he had told his master what he had seen, and in a moment of compassion the Indian Gentleman had told him to take into the wretched little room such comforts as he could carry from the one window to the other. And the Lascar, who had developed an interest in and an odd fondness for the child who had spoken to him in his own tongue, had been pleased with the work; and, having the silent swiftness and agile movements of many of his race, he had made his evening journeys across the few feet of roof from garret-window to garret-window, without any trouble at all. He had watched Sara's move-



ments until he knew exactly when she was absent from her room and when she returned to it, and so he had been able to calculate the best times for his work. Generally he had made them in the dusk of the evening, but once or twice when he had seen her go out on errands, he had dared to go over in the daytime, being quite sure that the garret was never entered by any one but herself. His pleasure in the work and his reports of the results had added to the invalid's interest in it, and sometimes the master had found the planning gave him something to think of, which made him almost forget his weariness and pain. And at last, when Sara brought home the truant monkey, he had felt a wish to see her, and then her likeness to her father had done the rest.

"And now, my dear," said good Mrs. Carmichael, patting Sara's hand, "all your troubles are over, I am sure, and you are to come home with me and be taken care of as if you were one of my own little girls; and we are so pleased to think of having you with us until everything is settled, and Mr. Carrisford is better. The excitement of last night has made him very weak, but we really think he will get well, now that such a load is taken from his mind. And when he is stronger, I am sure he will be as kind to you as your own papa would have been. He has a very good heart, and he is fond of children — and he has no family at all. But we must make you happy and rosy, and you must learn to play and run about, as my little girls do —"

"As your little girls do?" said Sara. "I wonder if I could. I used to watch them and wonder what it was like. Shall I feel as if I belonged to somebody?"

"Ah, my love, yes! — yes!" said Mrs. Carmichael; "dear me, yes!" And her motherly blue eyes grew quite moist, and she suddenly took Sara in her arms and kissed her. That very night, before she went to sleep, Sara had made the acquaintance of the entire Large Family, and such excitement as she and the monkey had caused in that joyous circle could hardly be described. There was not a child in the nursery, from the Eton boy who was the eldest, to the baby who was the youngest, who had not laid some offering on her shrine. All the older ones knew something of her wonderful story. She had been born in India; she had been poor and lonely and unhappy, and had lived in a garret and been treated unkindly; and now she was to be rich and happy, and to be taken care of. They were so sorry for her, and so delighted and curious about her, all at once. The girls wished to be with her constantly, and the little boys wished to be told about India; the second baby, with the short round legs, simply sat and

stared at her and her monkey, possibly wondering why she had not brought a hand-organ with her.

"I shall certainly wake up presently," Sara kept saying to herself. "This one must be a dream. The other one turned out to be real; but this *could n't* be. But, oh! how happy it is!"

And even when she went to bed, in the bright, pretty room not far from Mrs. Carmichael's own, and Mrs. Carmichael came and kissed her and patted her and tucked her in cozily, she was not sure that she would not wake up in the garret in the morning.

"And oh, Charles, dear," Mrs. Carmichael said to her husband, when she went downstairs to him, "we must get that lonely look out of her eyes! It is n't a child's look at all. I could n't bear to see it in one of my own children. What the poor little love must have had to bear, in that dreadful woman's house! But, surely, she will forget it in time."

But though the lonely look passed away from Sara's face, she never quite forgot the garret at Miss Minchin's; and, indeed, she always liked to remember the wonderful night when the tired Princess crept upstairs, cold and wet, and opening the door found fairy-land waiting for her. And there was no one of the many stories she was always being called upon to tell in the nursery of the Large Family, which was more popular than that particular one; and there was no one of whom the Large Family were so fond as of Sara. Mr. Carrisford did not die, but recovered, and Sara went to live with him; and no real princess could have been better taken care of than she was. It seemed that the Indian Gentleman could not do enough to make her happy, and to repay her for the past; and the Lascar was her devoted slave. As her odd little face grew brighter, it grew so pretty and interesting that Mr. Carrisford used to sit and watch it many an evening, as they sat by the fire together.

They became great friends, and they used to spend hours reading and talking together; and, in a very short time, there was no pleasanter sight to the Indian Gentleman than Sara sitting in her big chair on the opposite side of the hearth, with a book on her knee and her soft dark hair tumbling over her warm cheeks. She had a pretty habit of looking up at him suddenly, with a bright smile, and then he would often say to her:

"Are you happy, Sara?"

And then she would answer:

"I feel like a real princess, Uncle Tom."

He had told her to call him Uncle Tom.

"There does n't seem to be anything left to 'suppose,'" she added.

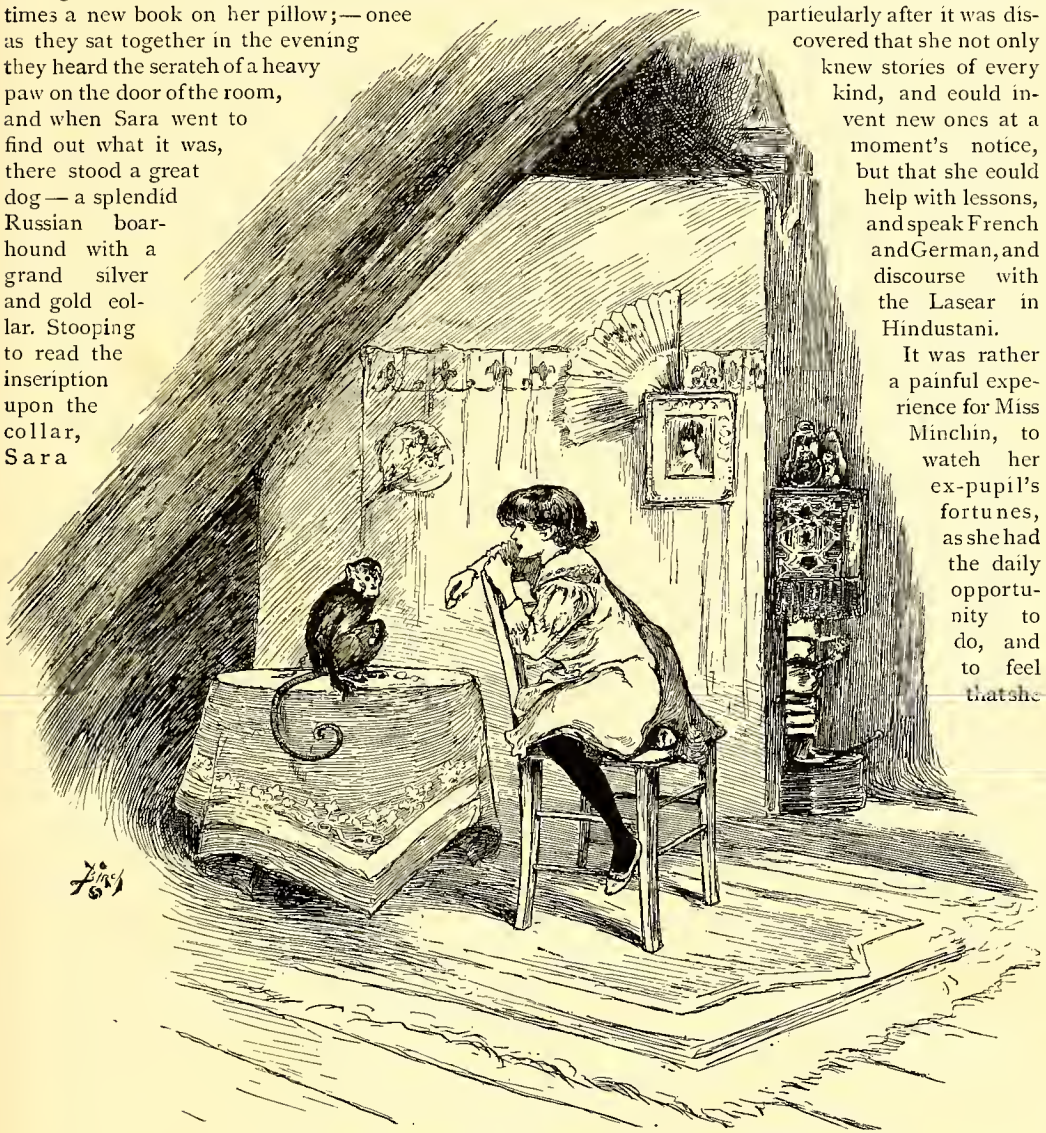
There was a little joke between them that he was a magician, and so could do anything he liked;

and it was one of his pleasures to invent plans to surprise her with enjoyments she had not thought of. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not do something new for her. Sometimes she found new flowers in her room; sometimes a fanciful little gift tucked into some odd corner; sometimes a new book on her pillow;—once as they sat together in the evening they heard the scratch of a heavy paw on the door of the room, and when Sara went to find out what it was, there stood a great dog—a splendid Russian boarhound with a grand silver and gold collar. Stooping to read the inscription upon the collar, Sara

as fond of the Large Family as they were of her. She soon felt as if she was a member of it, and the companionship of the healthy, happy children was very good for her. All the children rather looked up to her and regarded her as the cleverest and most brilliant of creatures—

particularly after it was discovered that she not only knew stories of every kind, and could invent new ones at a moment's notice, but that she could help with lessons, and speak French and German, and discourse with the Lascar in Hindustani.

It was rather a painful experience for Miss Minchin, to watch her ex-pupil's fortunes, as she had the daily opportunity to do, and to feel that she



“THE MONKEY SEEMED MUCH INTERESTED IN HER REMARKS.”

was delighted to read the words: “I am Boris; I serve the Princess Sara.”

Then there was a sort of fairy nursery arranged for the entertainment of the juvenile members of the Large Family, who were always coming to see Sara and the Lascar and the monkey. Sara was

had made a serious mistake, from a business point of view. She had even tried to retrieve it by suggesting that Sara's education should be continued under her care, and had gone to the length of making an appeal to the child herself.

“I have always been very fond of you,” she said.



Then Sara fixed her eyes upon her and gave her one of her odd looks.

"Have you?" she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Minchin. "Amelia and I have always said you were the cleverest child we had with us, and I am sure we could make you happy—as a parlor boarder."

Sara thought of the garret and the day her ears were boxed,—and of that other day, that dreadful, desolate day when she had been told that she belonged to nobody; that she had no home and no friends,—and she kept her eyes fixed on Miss Minchin's face.

"You know why I would not stay with you," she said.

And it seems probable that Miss Minchin did, for after that simple answer she had not the boldness to pursue the subject. She merely sent in a bill for the expense of Sara's education and support, and she made it quite large enough. And because Mr. Carrisford thought Sara would wish it paid, it was paid. When Mr. Carmichael paid it he had a brief interview with Miss Minchin in which he expressed his opinion with much clearness and force; and it is quite certain that Miss Minchin did not enjoy the conversation.

Sara had been about a month with Mr. Carrisford, and had begun to realize that her happiness was not a dream, when one night the Indian Gentleman saw that she sat a long time with her cheek on her hand looking at the fire.

"What are you 'supposing,' Sara?" he asked.

Sara looked up with a bright color on her cheeks.

"I was 'supposing,'" she said; "I was remembering that hungry day, and a child I saw."

"But there were a great many hungry days," said the Indian Gentleman, with a rather sad tone in his voice. "Which hungry day was it?"

"I forgot you did n't know," said Sara. "It was the day I found the things in my garret."

And then she told him the story of the bunshop, and the fourpence, and the child who was hungrier than herself; and somehow as she told it, though she told it very simply indeed, the Indian Gentleman found it necessary to shade his eyes with his hand and look down at the floor.

"And I was 'supposing' a kind of plan," said Sara, when she had finished; "I was thinking I would like to do something."

"What is it?" said her guardian in a low tone. "You may do anything you like to do, Princess."

"I was wondering," said Sara,—"you know you say I have a great deal of money—and I was wondering if I could go and see the bun-woman and tell her that if, when hungry children—particularly on those dreadful days—come and sit on the steps or look in at the window, she would just

call them in and give them something to eat; she might send the bills to me and I would pay them—could I do that?"

"You shall do it to-morrow morning," said the Indian Gentleman.

"Thank you," said Sara; "you see I know what it is to be hungry, and it is very hard when one can't even *pretend* it away."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the Indian Gentleman. "Yes, it must be. Try to forget it. Come and sit on this footstool near my knee, and only remember you are a princess."

"Yes," said Sara, "and I can give buns and bread to the Populace." And she went and sat on the stool, and the Indian Gentleman (he used to like her to call him that, too, sometimes,—in fact, very often) drew her small dark head down upon his knee and stroked her hair.

The next morning a carriage drew up before the door of the baker's shop, and a gentleman and a little girl got out,—oddly enough, just as the bun-woman was putting a tray of smoking hot buns into the window. When Sara entered the shop the woman turned and looked at her, and leaving the buns, came and stood behind the counter. For a moment she looked at Sara very hard indeed, and then her good-natured face lighted up.

"I'm that sure I remember you, miss," she said. "And yet——"

"Yes," said Sara, "once you gave me six buns for fourpence, and ——"

"And you gave five of 'em to a beggar-child," said the woman. "I've always remembered it. I could n't make it out at first. I beg pardon, sir, but there's not many young people that notices a hungry face in that way, and I've thought of it many a time. Excuse the liberty, miss, but you look rosier and better than you did that day."

"I am better, thank you," said Sara, "and—and I am happier, and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

"Me, miss!" exclaimed the woman, "why, bless you, yes, miss! What can I do?"

And then Sara made her little proposal, and the woman listened to it with an astonished face.

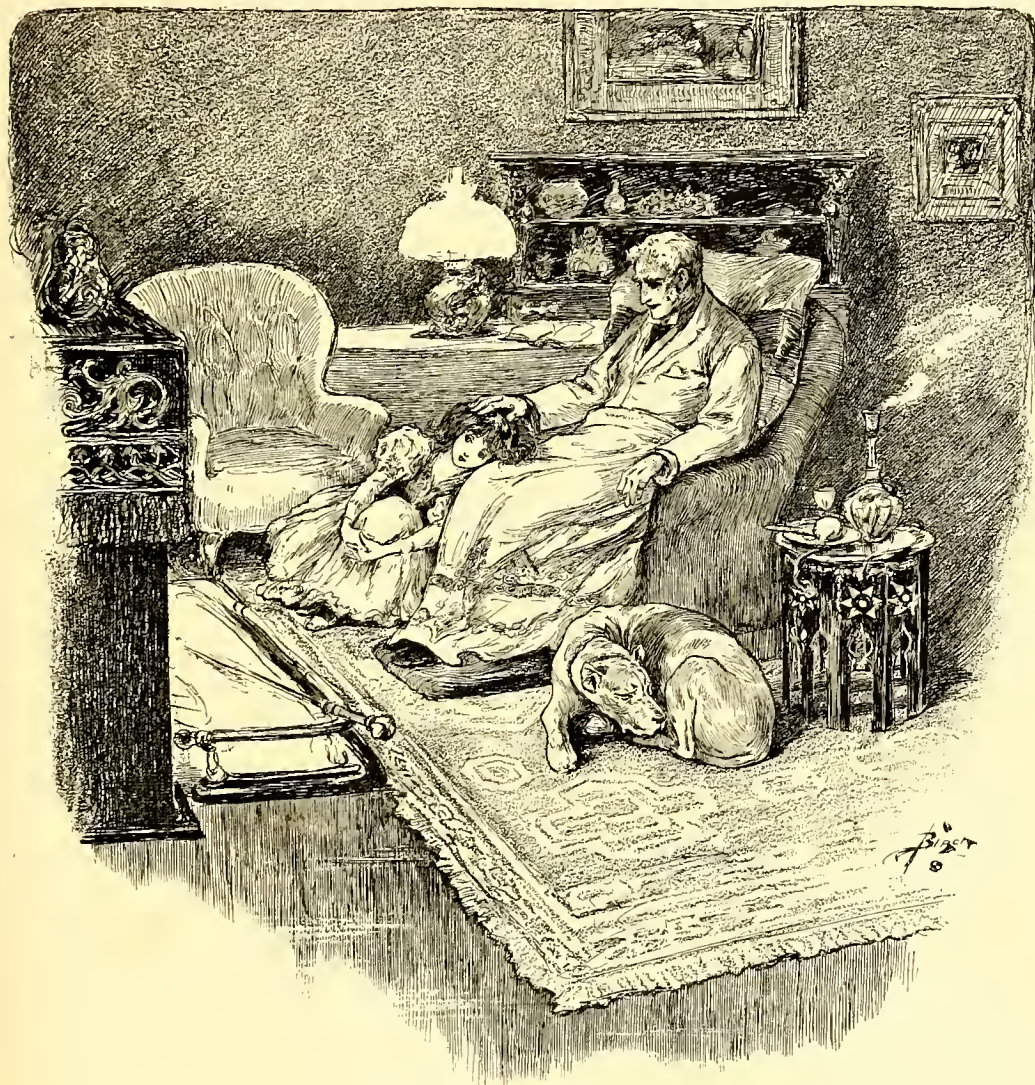
"Why, bless me!" she said, when she had heard it all. "Yes, miss,—it'll be a pleasure to me to do it. I am a working woman, myself, and can't afford to do much on my own account, and there's sights of trouble on every side; but if you'll excuse me, I'm bound to say I've given many a bit of bread away since that wet afternoon, just along o' thinkin' of you. An' how wet an' cold you was, an' how you looked,—an' yet you give away your hot buns as if you was a princess."

The Indian Gentleman smiled involuntarily, and Sara smiled a little too. "She looked so hun-

gry," she said. "She was hungrier than I was." "She was starving," said the woman. "Many's the time she's told me of it since—how she sat there in the wet and felt as if a wolf was a-tearing at her poor young insides."

"Oh, have you seen her since, then?" exclaimed Sara. "Do you know where she is?"

She stepped to the door of the little back parlor and spoke; and the next minute a girl came out and followed her behind the counter. And actually it was the beggar-child, clean and neatly clothed, and looking as if she had not been hungry for a long time. She looked shy, but she had a nice face, now that she was no longer



"HE DREW HER SMALL DARK HEAD DOWN UPON HIS KNEE AND STROKED HER HAIR."

"I know?" said the woman. "Why, she's in that there back room now, miss, an' has been for a month, an' a decent, well-meaning girl she's going to turn out, an' such a help to me in the day shop, an' in the kitchen, as you'd scarce believe, knowing how she's lived."

a savage; and the wild look had gone from her eyes. And she knew Sara in an instant, and stood and looked at her as if she could never look enough.

"You see," said the woman, "I told her to come here when she was hungry, and when she'd



come I ' give her odd jobs to do, an' I found she was willing, an' somehow I got to like her; an' the end of it was I 've given her a place an' a home, an' she helps me, an' behaves as well, an' is as thankful as a girl can be. Her name 's Anne—she has no other."

The two children stood and looked at each other a few moments. In Sara's eyes a new thought was growing.

"I 'm glad you have such a good home," she

said. "Perhaps Mrs. Brown will let you give the buns and bread to the children—perhaps you would like to do it—because you know what it is to be hungry, too."

"Yes, miss," said the girl.

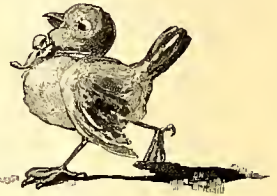
And somehow Sara felt as if she understood her, though the girl said nothing more, and only stood still and looked, and looked after her as she went out of the shop and got into the carriage and drove away.

THE END.



## Cupid's Kettledrum.

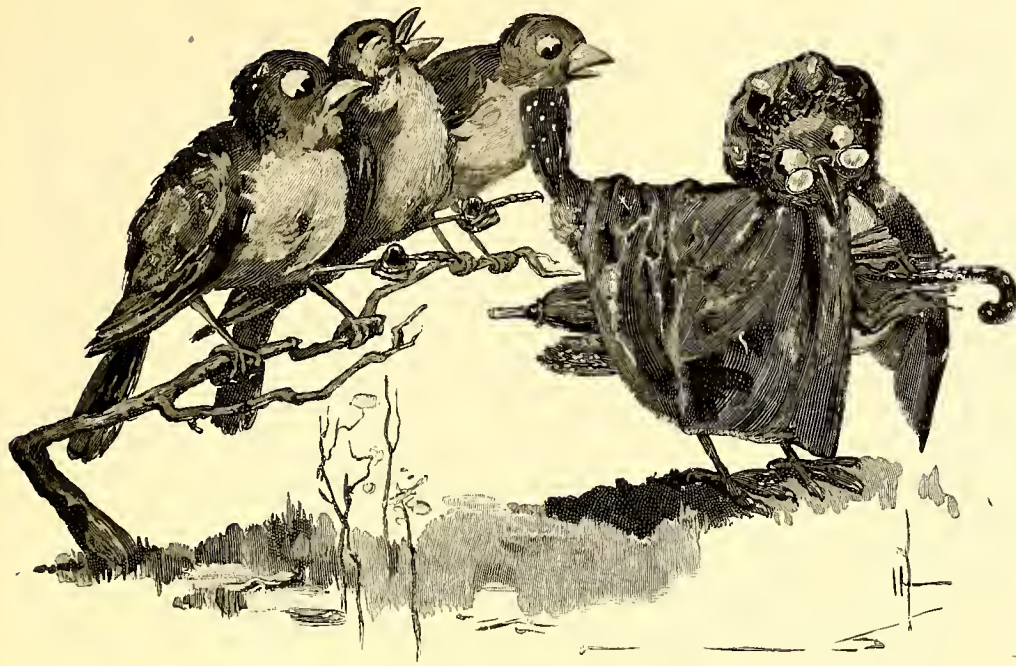
by Clara G. D. Oliver



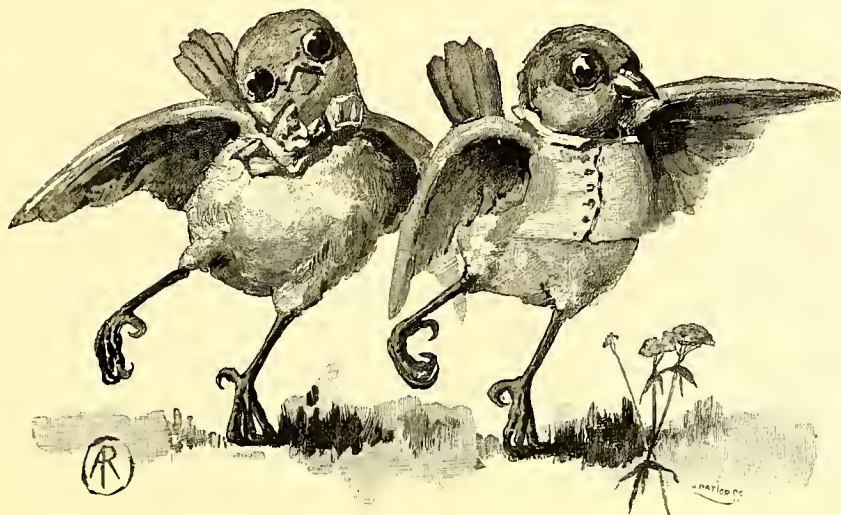
"OHO!" said Cupid, "I've spoiled my pens,  
And inked my fingers and thumb!  
But I've asked our friends, the robins and wrens,  
To our holiday dance to come."  
Then the merriest Love that floats,  
With the prettiest, curly head,  
Went off with a bundle of notes,  
Tied-up with a spider's thread.

He knocked at each snug little nest,  
And he gave, with a bow, the line  
That carried the dainty request  
For the day of St. Valentine.  
The robins and wrens were invited,  
And accepted with accents delighted;  
The father-birds brushed their coats,  
The mother-birds strained their throats.  
—But the sparrows, alas! were slighted.

So they perched near Sir Cupid's door,  
And, with many a hoot and grin,  
They jibed at the guests going in  
And laughed at the wraps they wore.  
For robins were muffled in fur,  
Or in mantles old and plain;  
One fussy old wren wore a gossamer,  
She was "so afraid 't would rain."



Then the sparrows beheld with spite  
 How each Love, with a white rosette  
 Did the honors with bows polite,  
 Or danced in the minuet.  
 They scoffed when the robins hopped,  
 Or the wrens cut a pigeon-wing;  
 They laughed when the music stopped,  
 And the birds began to sing.







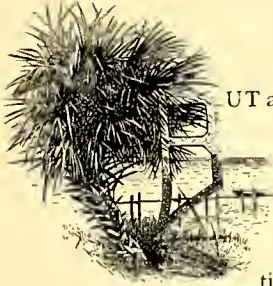
But, oh ! when they saw them sup  
 On delicate, dainty fare,—  
 Drink dew from an acorn-cup,  
 Eat bay-berries ripe and rare,—  
 They vowed, with a vicious air,  
 They would break the party up  
 If the owl were only there !  
 Then they yawned that they did n't care,  
 And gazed with a silent stare.

When the smiling red-faced sun  
 Looked in on the ball with surprise,  
 The dancers had only begun  
 To humor their sleepy eyes.  
 So they laughed when they saw by the door  
 A row of the fluffiest things !  
 Those sparrows were sneering no more.  
 They were silent !—asleep by the score,  
 With their heads tuck'd under their wings.



## DIAMOND-BACKS IN PARADISE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.



UT are there any 'diamond-backs' in Paradise?" I demanded of the good Herr Doctor.

"I have lived in Paradise seventeen years, and in that time have seen — just three," he made answer.

Now the "Paradise" of which I write is not beyond the Jordan, but on the Indian River, in Florida. It is the local name for the loveliest place to be found outside of Italy, and we had chosen it for our winter quarters.

On either side of that Paradise rolls a river, — the Banana on one hand, the Indian on the other, — and in front you have a little lagoon, or lake, which shuts you off from the great thoroughfare which the Indian River has ever been, and gives you a delightful sense of seclusion and security — a sort of a Robinson Crusoe feeling, without quite that interesting recluse's solitariness. The house stands on the crest of the rising ground — it could hardly be called a hill — between the two rivers; and from it, paths lead down to the shores of both, scarce two minutes' walk to either. Orange-trees, — there are no oranges in the world that equal those of the Indian River region, even the Maltese fruit paling its ineffectual juices in comparison, — guava, paw-paw, and India-rubber trees stretch — the last especially — on all sides. Butterflies of gorgeous hues, and winged creatures of the most brilliant plumage, bananas, sugar-cane, flowers of all colors, delicious jellies, all and everything that is supposable in Paradise may be found before your door — except forbidden fruit: for here no fruit is forbidden. The prevalence of serpents was to be expected, of course; hence the question with which I begin.

The "diamond-back" occurred to me, in connection with the story of the older Eden, as a probable drawback to all this luxury and loveliness. Perhaps if I say here that the "diamond-back" is scientifically known as *crotalus horridus*, you will know what I mean; perhaps you will not. Possibly my statement of that zoölogical fact will only make cold chills creep down your back to no purpose. For the name itself is appalling, and this perhaps

is the reason that the people of Florida, who wish to encourage immigration, merely allude to diamond-backs lightly and cheerfully as "rattlers." But there are "rattlers" and *rattlers!* The rattler of the North is more or less common; few have gone "huckleberrying" often, without encountering one. The better the ground and the day for finding berries, the better the chance for rattlesnakes, too. But a long stick always made a short end of *crotalus adamanteus* of northern New York; were the engagement with *crotalus horridus* of Florida, though, I should want an uncommonly long stick, and you might look with considerable certainty to find me at the extreme end of it. The common name by which this snake is known comes from the diamond pattern which Nature, ever liberal with her dyes and designs, has printed upon its back. Nothing could be neater or more becoming. And, so far as looks go, this *crotalus* is the handsomest and best dressed of his kind. But, since "handsome is that handsome *does*" only, the diamond-back is not generally admired in the circles wherein he moves, breathes, and principally has his being. And now you will perceive the importance of my question to the Herr Doctor.

Of other sorts of snakes, he, speaking for Paradise, confessed that there were plenty; indeed, he said that he "preserved" them, — that is, he interfered to prevent their destruction. Rats ate his sugar-cane, snakes ate the rats; and so the latter were regarded as his friends and coadjutors in planting. The more snakes, the more sugar. And snakes of the harmless sorts came, in consequence, to be as carefully respected in our Paradise as ibises, holy cats, or sacred bulls ever were in Egypt. There was, in particular, one — a huge black snake, which the good Doctor made a special pet. It had a haunt near the house, under a guava-tree, and many a trick we played on the truant if we found him somewhat distant from the hole which stood for his "home-base." We several times attempted to moor him by the tail. But one might as well try to lay hold of the end of a moon-beam to arrest the moving of its light, as attempt to grasp the equally elusive tail of this snake in the hope of staying his sinuous march. You were lucky, indeed, could you seize it at all; for



the swiftness with which these clean-heeled constrictors (not inappropriately known as "racers") get over the ground is something surprising. As you walk through the field, there is a rustle in the grass or brush at your feet; you *hear* a black flash, *see* a noise, as it were, and the next moment all is still. You look in vain for any trace or track of the terrestrial meteor. And, as for strength, if this black friend of the Doctor's once got but a few inches of his length inside the hole, no one man's strength could drag him back or hold him stationary.

Of "coach-whips" we had plenty, too. This is a slender, striped, gentlemanly-looking snake, that, to all outward appearances, would not for the world do anything mean or "crooked." Nevertheless, I once caught one of these demure fellows hiding a very young chicken within his buff vest.

The black-snake is a skillful climber, and his favorite climbing-pole is an evergreen. I have often seen one curled up like a knot on a branch, or lying snugly in the fork, just where the branch joins the tree, apparently asleep, possibly meditating. It might not be quite true to say that a black-snake is not rarer in a tree than a black-bird, but the only black-snake I ever dared to kill, in the face of the Doctor's prohibition, was in a tree — and up a tree, in this wicked wise: My son Karl and I, as we were butterfly-hunting one day, heard a bird making a terrible outcry. On reaching the underbrush whence the cries came, we found a mocking-bird fluttering about in the greatest distress. And if any bird can call for help in agonized tones, if any bird can vent imprecations upon the head of the destroyer of its home, it is surely the mocking-bird. Amid the tangle of leaves and vines, we were for the moment unable to discover the cause of the commotion; but Karl's young eyes were not long at a loss. There, in the crotch of a branch, lay the deftly constructed nest of the bird, and directly above, like an evil cloud from which forked lightning darted, we saw the wicked head of a great black-snake threateningly poised. Wound closely around the tree and of the color of the bark, the body of the snake might readily have been taken to be but a climbing vine. The cruelty of this snake's raid — or its seeming cruelty — exceeded anything I ever witnessed. It seemed impossible that any robber could remain unmoved by the terrible distress of the poor mother — that even the most cold-blooded of creatures could persist in the perpetration of its wickedness, undis-mayed by the harsh, discordant imprecations heaped upon it by the mocking-bird, usually most musical. But so far from entertaining any idea of abandoning its wicked work, or of relieving the mother-bird of her suspense by finishing it at

once, the snake seemed deliberately to delay the winding-up of the dreadful drama; whether to increase the tortures of the despairing parent or to tempt her within certain reach, I do not know.

But the truth of the proverb about the probability of a slip between cup and lip was confirmed by the ending of the affair. The vengeance so despairingly invoked by the agonized mother was not delayed. The handle of our butterfly-net was unshipped in less time than it takes to write the words, there was a swish in the air, and the long black folds relaxed their hold around the tree. Limp and lifeless, the body slipped sinuously to the ground.

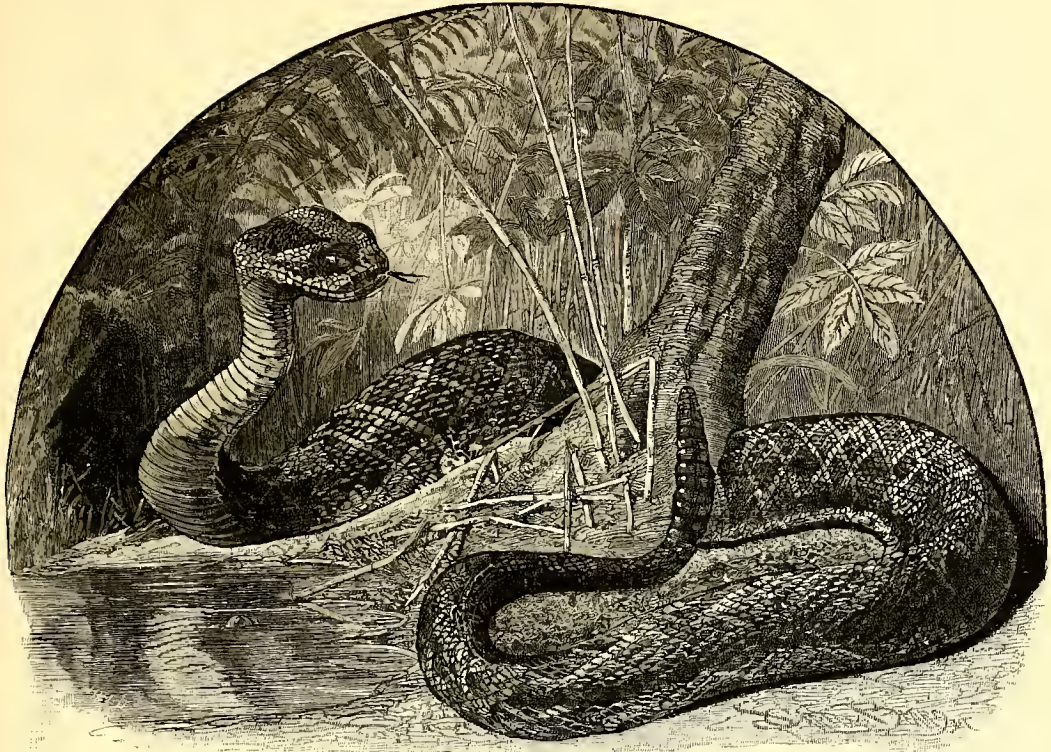
But the bird never returned to its nest.

Even the Herr Doctor confessed that in this case I had done exactly right — but he first made certain that the snake I had killed was not his great black pet.

With yet another snake I had a personal interview. Annie, the Herr Doctor's daughter, was in the woods one day, looking for stray goslings, and hearing her call to us, we quickly ran to her. As beautiful a snake as ever you saw was "making itself scarce" as rapidly as it could. About thirty inches long, banded regularly with red, black, and yellow (Nature never makes a mistake in putting her colors together), this was a prize not lightly to be missed; and having no time to find a forked stick for its capture, — nor any knife to cut one with, — I caught the protesting reptile by the tail.

Thereafter "its wiggling was n't any good," as Karl said. Holding the captive at arm's-length, I carried it to the house. Not the least idea had I, all this time, that the snake was poisonous, though Annie declared that she had been told so by a gentleman, who was connected with the Smithsonian Institution, and who surely ought to know.

However, I took good care not to let the snake bite me — not from any fear of the result, but as a point of discipline. When it came to putting our prisoner into a bottle of alcohol, there was trouble; Annie wished us to first kill him, but one does n't like to bruise a fine specimen. Alcohol seemed an unfamiliar fluid — even this hardened reprobate shrank from it. He would put his head into the bottle without any objection, but as soon as he smelt the spirits, back he turned upon his length, and while half the body was being vigorously thrust in, the other half was as vigorously and more rapidly traveling out. Finally, however, we got him in, and the cork in, too — and he must have liked the quarters when he got used to them, for he has occupied them ever since. Now it may occur to you, as it since has occurred to me — though not a thought of it came to any one of us at the time — that our treatment of that snake was exceedingly



A DIAMOND-BACK AT HOME.

cruel. So pretty a snake, too! Had it been a rabbit, or even a guinea-pig, we could never have treated it in that manner. But beauty counts for nothing, if the race be proscribed. And we subsequently learned that the creature was poisonous as well as pretty. One day, at St. Augustine, a naturalist informed us (and the statement is confirmed by a book issued by the Smithsonian Institution) that this same snake, the Coral, or Harlequin, snake, is really very poisonous,—a little less venomous than the rattlesnake perhaps, but sufficiently poisonous for all practical purposes. I do not recall all the other accomplishments attributed to my snake, but I remember distinctly that he is credited with “two permanently erect fangs,”—quite *too* permanently erect to make him desirable even as a temporary companion. Never again shall I attempt to catch—even by the tail—a snake of this or any other species.

The only other poisonous snake in Florida that I know of is the Moccason—sometimes spelled “moccasin,” and again, at greater length, *Trigonocephalus piscivorus*. If any of my readers, young or old, do not know what this means in English,

I, fresh from the Latin dictionary, am proud to be able to inform them that we are to understand it as saying that the moccason has a three-cornered head and is fond of fish. This being so, it is fortunate for him that he is an expert swimmer and diver, and we see why he becomes a frequenter of swamps and marshy places. Perhaps they are called moccasons because they are found under our feet, and are so likely to wrinkle and become uncomfortable if we walk on them much.

I have seen and shot many moccasons. In my tramps among the marshes and along the swampy shores of the Banana, after ducks, I never failed to take a shot at a moccason—no matter how scarce my ammunition—even at the risk of alarming better-flavored game. I must confess, indeed, to bearing malice toward the moccason; but I killed the first one in ignorance of what I was killing. It was on Lake Iammonia, in northern Florida, where Alice and I were spending a few days gunning and fishing. An old negro, whom folk down there called Uncle Peyton, was poling us for “blue-peters” (known to us of the North and to ornithology as “coots”) through or rather over a long



stretch of swamp,—Florida lakes generally are little more or less than swamps—when Alice called my attention to a curious-looking head, seemingly that of a young alligator, just visible above the muddy, weedy water. My eyes did not readily catch the object, and I impatiently demanded, “*Where?*” She pointed and held her finger within three inches of what might have been a brightly polished and glistening Brazil-nut; and she would have essayed the capture of whatever lay below had not the boat, still gliding on, carried us too far beyond. After sending a charge of shot back (to keep the thing there by “ballasting it with a little lead”), we polcd back to the place and picked up a “swamp moccason” (popularly called “blunt-tail,” from the stumpiness of that part of his body). It was more than five feet in length. Lucky was it, indeed, that Uncle Peyton’s pole propelled Alice’s indexing hand beyond that fateful head!

But all this while I have been beguiled away from the tale I had more immediately in view when this writing began—a diamond-back’s!

One day I was floating around in the Banana, a few yards from shore—not for deer, nor for pleasure. I had gone out for a sail. But it was in one of those delightfully primitive “home-made” boats which abound on this river, and which sail equally well whether bow foremost or stern foremost. Equally well, I say, but their best is bad. This boat would not beat to windward at all, and I was too lazy to row.

I was waiting in the hope that an alligator or big turtle would perhaps obligingly tow me to the shore, when from the direction of the house there came a succession of sharp, ringing shots, evidently the reports of a rifle. And with these came the screams of children, the barking of a dog, and other evidences of an unusual commotion. This was, remember, on the third day after our arrival in the Land of Flowers. There were no Indians about, and it did not seem possible that the house could be besieged by bears; though, failing some such explanation as the presence of large game, I could not surmise what this rifle-fusillade meant. I attempted to pole to the shore, but it soon became evident that Harry’s boat was no more true to the pole than to her course in beating to windward; so, to solve the difficulty, I stepped overboard and waded ashore. The fun was all over by the time I came on the field; but there, in the path that led from house to river, lay a veritable diamond-back, dead; one bullet through his neck, his spine broken by another, and his tail lacerated by a third. It turned out that while the children, with “Fannie” (a favorite Gordon setter-dog), were running

down to the water, the dog—ahead, as usual—“pointed” at something in the grass, just out of the path. Hastening up, in the expectation of flushing a quail, or perhaps a rabbit, Dotty (my daughter, aged eight) found this big diamond-back on the alert and ready for business. As an armed pirate lights its battle-lanterns, clears its decks, and beats to quarters, so this terrible cruiser of the land had kindled his eyes into flame, disposed his body in a coil, and sprung his portentous rattle. Luckily, our “Dot,” who had visited museums in St. Augustine, well knew what all this meant, and prepared to beat a retreat, calling on “Fan” to follow. But that innocent creature, all unfamiliar with diamond-backs, had the curiosity of her sex, and invited a nearer approach to see if the thing were dangerous or not. So, as the snake was but a few feet off, and time was precious, and the story of Eve and Eden and the tempter too long to tell, “Dot” caught the dog by the tail, and dragged her up-hill and out of danger. Meanwhile, the alarm had been given at the house, and a gentleman, who happened to be at home, re-enforcing the party with a rifle, the reptile was soon dispatched. In measurement it fell short of seven feet by only one inch. And we all thought it a rather large snake to find within a hundred feet of our dwelling-house, and almost in the path that we daily traveled in going to and from the river. The Herr Doctor thought so, too; but, in his seventeen years on the place, he had seen but three diamond-backs, and these were miles from the house. Uncanny enough the great snake looked when hung up for skinning, but less formidable so than when coiled and rattling an alarm of death with every vibration of its tail. And you may be sure that during that night, and for several nights thereafter, I held my little girl very closely in my arms before we put her to bed, and that limits were promptly set to the children’s explorations of fields and groves.

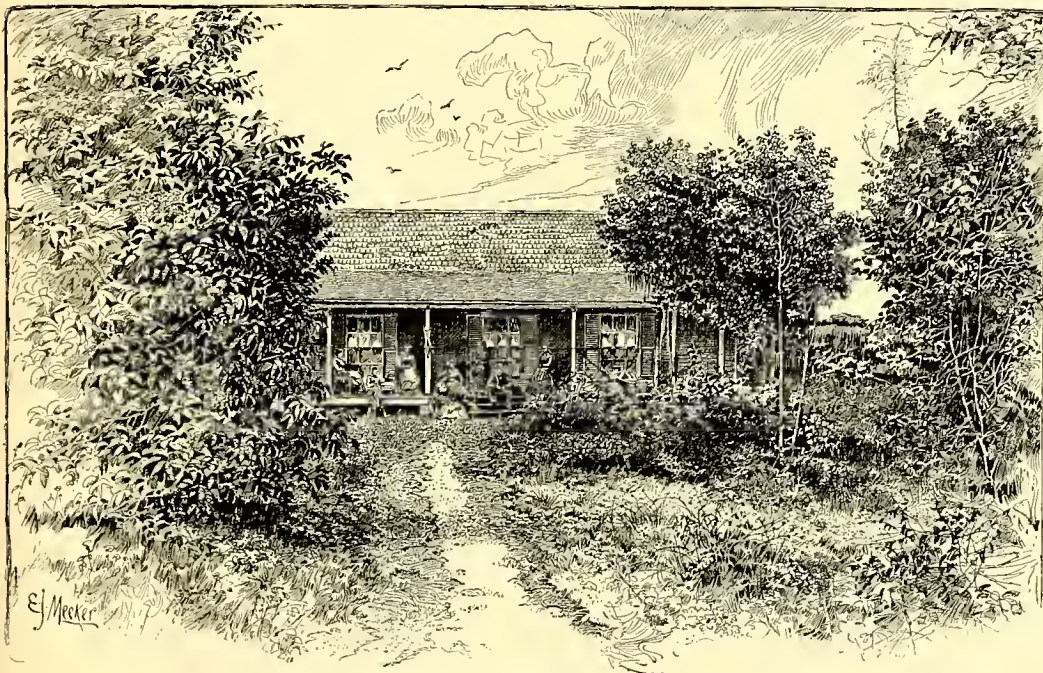
As already stated, this was the third day after arrival at our lovely winter home. Thereafter, following the trail over to Georgiana—whither we went for letters—or thrashing through the brush in quest of quail, I stepped very high indeed. Viewing me from a distance, one might have thought I walked on stilts. And I wore either the heaviest of canvas leggins or the stoutest of hunting-boots, even when hunting butterflies. If a rat stirred in the grass, I started and listened anxiously for a resumption of the “rattle.” But never a sign of a diamond-back did I see nor hear in all my tramping over Merritt’s Island,—and that I beat the brush well during my four months’ sojourn, my full bags of game fully attest. Nor did I meet any one else who had seen a diamond-

back — though all wished to meet one, or, at least, said that they did. We who lived at the Herr Doctor's were accounted singularly fortunate; it was held that our "rattler" was a show, a circus, a private exhibition gotten up by the Herr Doctor for the delectation of his guests; and that it could not be duplicated, because there were no more diamond-backs on the Island.

The nearest to a gratification of their curiosity that any resident of Georgiana got was when I one day went over for the mail, taking dog and gun along, as usual. The post-master's yard — which served, also, as garden — was but a blank space of white sand. Across this stretch of white, in strange

"out of sight, out of mind." Seeing none for months, they become as traditions, even to us at the Doctor's. Meanwhile, however, a sad story of a diamond-back came to us, brought by a tourist from the gulf-coast. It was as follows:

An elderly gentleman from New York was out near Punta Rassa, still-hunting for deer. He wore neither boots nor leggins, merely low shoes. After some dexterous maneuvering, he contrived to get within gun-shot of a deer. But, just as he was raising his rifle to his shoulder, he heard a rattle near him, and knew that another hunter was also taking aim. Without waiting to ascertain whence came the warning, or where the am-



OUR HOME IN FLORIDA — PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE INDIAN RIVER.

contrast to it, a tremendous black snake was galloping. Calling to the inmates of the house, who ran in response to the clamorous barking set up by my dog, I inquired if they wished the snake killed. The answer was an eager affirmative. Very soon that snake was stretched out — and I must confess to a feeling of disappointment when I got home and found that it was *not* the Herr Doctor's big pet. For chickens were not very plentiful on our table, at best, and I always had a suspicion that the black monster got more than his share of the poultry. The Georgiana reptile was about the same size as the Doctor's delight, measuring some six feet in length. But as for diamond-backs:

bushed enemy lay, he instinctively stepped backward. And as he did so, the bolt was sped — he felt a sharp stab in the back of his leg, just below the bend of the knee. Knowing only too well what this meant, he turned and riddled the head of the snake — two good shots met that morning on that fatal piece of upland, near Punta Rassa. But the human duelist had but little to boast of. His guide, who came up when the shot was fired, sucked the wound, tied a handkerchief tightly above it to keep the venom from going into the circulation, and putting gunpowder upon, and *into*, the wound, ignited it. But all in vain. After lingering in great agony for a while, the poor gentleman died.



Judge B., a naturalist, a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, a collector of land-taxes by official position, and of rattlesnakes and other snakes by inclination, was present, and heard the

he says, while the moccason will strike at anything — a stick, or a shadow — and strike all around it. It will strike at anything out of reach, not seeming to care whether it misses or not. The diamond-



THE PATH FROM THE HOUSE TO THE BANANA RIVER,—WHERE DOTTY MET THE DIAMOND-BACK.

story. By way, perhaps, of enlivening and cheering up the company, he spoke with a contempt he could hardly conceal of those who feared even diamond-backs. He had captured hundreds of them (in proof of which he referred to the collection at the Smithsonian Institution), and had handled them without injury. Given, a snake, a forked stick, and a bag, the fate of that snake was, with him, only a question of minutes — not many minutes, at that. A wiggle or two, and he had the wiggler in the bag. But to the deadliness of the diamond-back's fangs he bore ample testimony. "An excellent marksman, it seldom misses its aim,"

back, on the contrary, seems to mean business. "If you hold a stick toward him," said the Judge, "he does not strike at the stick — but at *you*. If you are not within range, he does not strike at all. If he does strike at you, the chances are nine to one that he scores a hit. And to be struck deeply, or near a large vein or artery, means death — death, in spite of aid or antidote."

The Judge further told us that he usually carried in his pocket-book, as a curiosity, a fang of the largest rattlesnake he had ever seen. He showed this one day to a friend, who handled it rather carelessly.



"I warned him," said the Judge, "but he laughed, saying that once out of the snake's mouth the fang was but a bit of bone, and he offered to scratch his hand with it. I replied that his widow might have cause of complaint against me if I allowed him to experiment, and suggested that he try the fang on some small animal instead.

"He had a beautiful setter-dog. 'Here, Ponto!' he called. 'For mercy's sake!—try it on something you care less for,' I said.

"Too late! Ponto came at the call. But, instead of the expected caress, his master pricked

the mercury of the thermometer crawled down nearly to freezing-point, but only to speedily rebound. Green peas and most other vegetables, out of season in their greenness, throughout the winter.

Game of all sorts—provided you can bag it. And the plumed birds! I blush now to think of it, and them. But my heart was then steeled by the importunity of fair friends for blue herons to mount, pelican breasts for muffs, and egret plumes for their hats. One day Harry and I made an excursion up New Found Harbor—for plumed birds. In the large boat *Mineola*, we sailed as



IN THE MIDST OF OUR PARADISE.

his nose with the fang. Ponto whined and bounded off, taking it for a jest.

"But, in half an hour, he was dead!

"And if anybody would like to experiment, I have the fang still!" The Judge took out a white and glistening tooth and held it up for inspection. But no one even asked to see it more closely.

The winter passed, and a lovely winter it was. To see Nature in her rarest, loveliest moods, one should go to the Indian River. "Blizzards" and hail, here at the North; sunshine and oranges, there. An occasional "cold spell," perhaps, when

far as the water would permit, and then taking to our skiff, poled possibly four or five miles up the farther bayou. Alligators showed their great goggle-eyes on all sides of us, but we were after plumes, not skins. Ducks flew unheeded past, within easy reach, but we were not out for game. The wiliness, though, of the artful heron! In the spring of the year, when in full plumage, birds of the heron kind, you must know, are as careful of their fine feathers as ever a girl was of a "party-dress." Never, then, do they alight among weeds and rushes that would fray, nor in mire that would



draggle, their "trains." Offsandy points, that command the river for a mile up and down, or near the middle of the creek, where they can have an eye on all sides, they poise their lean bodies upon one leg, and keep solitary watch. At the first dip of a paddle, or the first glimpse of a boat's nose, away they go!—their long legs trailing behind them like banners, and their harsh voices squawking unmusical farewells. On this occasion, our trip was barren of satisfactory results. I got a couple of "snake-birds"—one of which came down from a great height in answer to the call of my little twelve-bore gun—a number of green herons, a few least bitterns, and some very fine grackle, for mounting; but the one great blue heron that we managed to secure was in poor plumage, and not worth the powder expended on it. So, rather tired, and very disappointed, we were returning home late in the evening, and it was already dark. At a bend in the river, we suddenly caught the sound of a great croaking and squawking near by.

"That 's a lot of herons, roosting; let 's find 'em," said Harry.

Anchoring the big boat, we put off in the skiff. Guided by the noise, we found ourselves near a small island. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but dozens of white ghosts seemed to be roosting in the mangroves, and the croaking was unmistakable. "One! two!! three!!!" and at the word, we fired! As a result, we gathered up fifteen white egrets, five small blue herons, and two Louisiana herons, all in the fullest and most perfect plume. It was a piece of brutality, rather than sportsmanship, and I write out this humiliating confession by way of penance and as a warning to others. It is with great pleasure, and some pride in the weapon, that I further record that my gun "kicked" me wofully, and left with me a lame shoulder and bruised and blue cheek-bone, for a week. That I ought to have been kicked, I'll admit; for this was a terrible piece of "potting." But we had had very hard luck that day; our bags were nearly empty; Florida is far, far away, and I never expected to see New Found Harbor again. Now—having all the plumes I want for the balance of my life—I have finally resolved never to do so more.

But (to return once more to my diamond-backs, from which subject I will not again diverge) after a pleasant four months in Paradise, we were packing for the North. The plumed birds, ducks, 'possums, 'coons, and almost all other wearers of fur or feathers, were no doubt in high glee over our approaching departure and with undisguised interest and impatience watched from afar for our going. Mrs. Paul was reading, for perhaps the thousandth time, the story of the "Temptation in the Gar-

den." The day was Sunday, and in three more days we were to go. A loud squeak attracted our attention.

"What can that be?" said Mrs. Paul.

"The Doctor's black pet must have captured a rat," I replied. Now, Mrs. Paul, who is very fond of natural history, has always been curious to know how a snake can manage to swallow a creature larger in circumference than itself; and an opportunity of this kind was not to be missed. So over she hurried to where the Herr Doctor sat, with his wife and brother, on the kitchen steps, and begged him to make investigations. The Doctor said that the cry was uttered by one of the pet rabbits that had just come limping out from under the dining-room steps, having evidently caught its leg in some entanglement there, and hurt it. At the suggestion that possibly his black-snake's jaws were the entanglement encountered by "Brer Rabbit," the Doctor got up, took a long stick, and poked about in the grass and under the steps; but without finding anything. So all returned to their places. Not ten minutes later, hearing smothered expressions of surprise from the group on the kitchen steps, and amazement not unmingled with horror, I looked up. Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes. Slowly crawling out from under the dining-room was an immense diamond-back! Exactly how large he was, I learned afterward; but he then seemed to me as big around as a barrel. The sluggishness with which he moved, the deliberation with which he dragged his slow length along, his great head raised the while in air, looking inquiringly about for something he had evidently lost or expected to find, all made a picture well worth the seeing. No hurry in his motions, not a sign of alarm in his demeanor. Evidently he was looking for the rabbit he had struck—certain that he would find it somewhere, and not very far off. It is said that these snakes have an exquisite sense of smell, by which they can follow a victim's track with the unerring certainty of sleuthhounds. This one seemed to know just where he was going and for what he was looking. And, hungrily anxious for the dinner he had taken means to secure,—unconscious that in securing it he had committed a crime,—on he came; seemingly ignoring—certainly paying no heed to—the threatening hands that were now raised against him. The world for him at that moment had but one interest, and that was dinner.

I rushed to get my gun, but the Herr Doctor declared that this particular diamond-back must be fully eight feet long; that the Smithsonian Institution had for some time wished a specimen of that size; and that he wished to secure the skel-

eton for them. My shot would spoil the skull, he said. But think what a trophy for me that diamond-back would have been — slain by my own red right hand, and by the same hand despoiled of head, rattles, and all ! It occurred to me that as the Smithsonian Institution had not spent four good months with the Herr Doctor, tramping among snake-infected jungles and marshes to supply the common table with duck, snipe, and other toothsome game, my claim to the scalp, ornaments, and weapons of this individual snake ante-dated and outweighed any that could be set up by the Smithsonian.

But as there was not time to present any arguments, I said and did nothing. No doubt, the better plan would have been to shoot the snake first, putting my side of the case afterward. And I determined to do this, when a dilemma of the kind again occurred. But meanwhile the Herr Doctor and his brother had fallen upon the snake — which, from the first, showed no fear nor misgiving, and neither attempted to make a coil nor spring a rattle — and with clubs they belabored him to death. He measured when hung up to be skinned, seven feet and eight inches in length, and thirteen inches in girth; and he had nine rattles and a “button.”

The skin, minus head and without rattles, adorns my gun-rack yonder, for the Herr Doctor, at the last moment of my departure, was moved — probably by an upbraiding conscience — to put the skin into my possession. The defect in the trophy, as a trophy, is that in exhibiting it to wondering and admiring friends, I can not truthfully say that I, myself, killed the wearer of the skin.

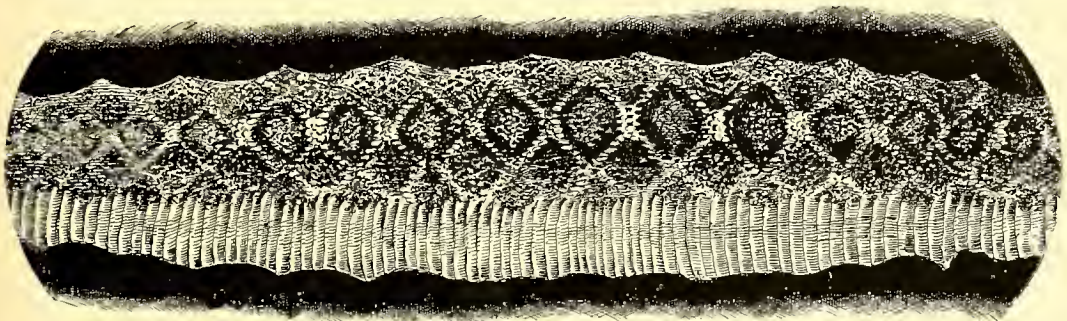
As for the rest of the diamond-back, that was eaten, bones and all, by prowling animals of the night — so the Smithsonian never got the skeleton, after all.

From the fangs of the monster as he hung, we

forced, by pressing them back against the poison-bags behind them, at least two tablespoonfuls of venom — a clear, scentless, almost colorless, though slightly amber-tinged, liquor. As this liquor, even when spilled upon the ground, is quite as dangerous and deadly as the blood of the fabled hydra, we carefully gathered up the earth, the grass, the sticks, everything on which a drop could by any possibility have fallen, burned all that would burn, and then buried the residue and the ashes.

I must not omit to say that, searching for the rabbit, after his assassin was killed, we found the poor thing under our cottage, dead. Two small punctures in the fore-shoulder, about as large as would be made by No. 4 shot, showed where it was struck. After receiving the wound, it ran only about thirty feet. But though stone-dead and cold when found, scarce half an hour later, the body was not in the least swollen nor discolored, which contradicted what I had before been told of the effect of a snake-bite.

Talking the affair over, it seemed strange and not particularly pleasant, to think that this python had been prowling about and under the dining-room, for no one knew how long, and that while we sat at dinner we had only the floor between our feet and his fangs. We must often have stepped over him in going to meals, as he lay hidden there under the piazza, quietly waiting for *his* dinner to come along. And perhaps the thought that such a monster could be so near, unsuspected until slain, rather mitigated our regret at leaving Paradise. But is it not strange that the only diamond-backs of the winter made themselves visible, one, three days after we came — the other, three days before we went? Premeditation could not have planned it better, nor could the exhibitions of these peculiar products of “Paradise” have been more dramatically arranged if the leading idea had been to give us a thrilling reception and a startling send-off!



PORTION OF THE SKIN OF A DIAMOND-BACK SHOWING THE MARKINGS.





## HOW POLLY SAW THE APRONS GROW.

BY DELIA W. LYMAN.

“How I do hate to sew! If aprons only *grew* without any sewing!” exclaimed Polly, with a deep sigh, as she dropped in her lap the little blue-checked gingham pinafore which her mother had given her to hem. She was sitting on a little wooden bench under a great pine-tree, not far from the house,—her favorite spot in all the big farm.

A moment after her impatient exclamation, a queer-looking little old man with a hump on his back appeared suddenly before her, and, to her great astonishment, remarked in a squeaky little voice:

“Aprons *do* grow! I’ve just harvested my fall crop.”

If he had not looked at her so kindly with his little twinkling gray eyes, Polly would have been afraid of the queer little dwarf; she was, however, so eager to hear more about his extraordinary crop of aprons that she did not run away at all, but, overcome with amazement, exclaimed:

“*A crop of aprons!* Why, I never heard of such a thing!”

“Well,” said the Dwarf, “where I live, aprons and dresses, and coats, and hats, and all such articles, grow as thick as blackberries. It was only yesterday I picked the very coat I have on, and if you don’t believe it, look at the stem.”

In a twinkling off went his coat. Polly saw that it was quite new; and, sure enough, there inside the collar, where every coat has a loop, she beheld, to her boundless astonishment, a kind of *woolen stem!*

“I’d like to see that trec!” said Polly, with energy.

“Well, so you can,” responded the Dwarf.

“Is it far?” asked Polly, doubtfully.

“Yes; but you have only to put your thimble on your thumb, shut your eyes, and say,

“‘Thimble, thimble, let me go  
Where those crops of aprons grow!’

and, before you open them, you’ll be there.”

Without waiting to run and ask her mamma’s permission, as she knew she ought to do, Polly eagerly put her thimble on her thumb, shut her eyes, and repeated the magic words.

When she opened them again, the pine-tree had disappeared, and she found herself in a beautiful garden full of strange plants, the like of which she had never seen.

“Come!” said the Dwarf, who was now dressed like a gardener and had a watering-pot in his hand; “come! Let us see the apron crop.”

Polly followed him through a gate into a field of what seemed to be corn-stalks.

“Here’s the Apron Field,” said the Dwarf, plucking an odd kind of ear, from the end of which

hung, instead of corn-silk, two unmistakable apron-strings. Hastily stripping off the outside husks, he gave to Polly the little roll which lay inside. When it was shaken out, there, to her intense surprise and delight, was the prettiest little white apron imaginable, all trimmed around with white lace and furnished with two long apron-strings. The Dwarf allowed Polly to amuse herself plucking and opening the ears. She found first a blue-checked and then a cross-barred muslin apron,—now a long-sleeved and then a tiny bib-apron; each plant bore a different kind, and the aprons were little or big according as the ears were partly or fully grown. Polly's arms were nearly full of aprons, when the Dwarf said:

"Come now and see the Hat Plant."

A few steps brought them to a row of tall plants which had leaves somewhat like those of sun-flowers, but, instead of blossoms, each stem bore a hat!

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Polly with delight, for there were sailor hats, broad-brimmed garden hats, sun-bonnets, beavers, tiny bonnets, and all other kinds besides. The Dwarf let her pick all she wanted, and helped her select for her baby brother a little pink cap "just budding," and for

"Oh, how be-a-u-ti-ful!" cried Polly, as she ran from one patch to another, pulling violet ribbons, pink, yellow, blue, and cardinal ribbons, right up by the roots,—the roots themselves being as pretty as any other part of the ribbon, for they were delicate fringes of the same color. Polly noticed that all the watered ribbons grew in a little pool at the end of the field, and that the "waterings" or waves were made by the wind blowing the water in ripples against the ribbon-grass.

Polly's collection was now getting so large that the Dwarf motioned to another little gardener, who ran off and soon brought a queer-looking wheelbarrow, made of a big clothes-basket set upon two pincushion-wheels. With several yard tape-measures he strapped all Polly's pickings into it, and trundled it along after her wherever she went.

As they left the Ribbon Field, Polly asked the Dwarf where he picked his coat. "Just over here," said the Dwarf, leading Polly, as he spoke, to an orchard of Jacket-trees. There she saw every kind of Jacket-tree—from those bearing nice, tender little baby-jackets, to the strong and fully developed overcoats for men. The coats were of all materials, and they hung, like the



THE HAT PLANT.

her father and mother two straw hats which were "quite ripe," as he expressed it.

"Now we'll go to the Ribbon Field to find trimmings," said the Dwarf, leading Polly by a winding way through the Hat Plant Garden to a field of ribbon-grass which grew just one yard high, and in patches of every imaginable color.

Dwarf's jacket, from a stem inside the collar. The Overcoat-tree had a thicker bark, and was in every way a tougher tree than the others.

"What are these funny bushes which grow all around under the Jacket-trees?" asked Polly, after selecting a full assortment of coats to give to her father and her uncles.



“Vest-bushes,” replied the Dwarf; “they never grow except under the shade of Jacket-trees.” He picked a fine broadcloth waistcoat as he spoke. “We have developed some remarkable fancy varieties,” he continued proudly. “And do you

trees, which bore gloves instead of leaves. The fingers and thumbs stuck out stiffly, just like the divisions of leaves. There were two gloves on each stem, making a pair; and the stem was shaped like a glove-buttoner. There were kid-glove trees,



ONE OF THE GLOVE TREES.

see under these vest-bushes this little dwarf shrub? This bears shirts, which are one of the most useful crops we have on the whole place.”

Polly, not feeling as much interested in shirts and vests as the Dwarf, ran on. Suddenly she stood quite still, and exclaimed:

“Oh, my! What is that?”

Before them was a wonderful tree which looked rather like Polly’s great pine, except that it seemed made of silver, for it shone very brightly in the sun.

“That,” replied the Dwarf, “is our Needle-tree. If anything has to be altered, we use these needles, which we call pine-needles. They only grow in the finest emery soil.”

“That’s what makes them so bright, I suppose,” said Polly, as she carefully scooped up a handful of those lying on the ground. “But what are these big, hard strawberries?”

“They are emery-bags, which always spring up from emery soil, just as toad-stools do in your country. They almost always grow in the shape of strawberries.”

After supplying herself with plenty of emery-bags, Polly next followed the Dwarf to the Glove orchard. There she beheld some very strange

silk-glove trees, and cotton-glove trees. The boughs being rather high, the Dwarf picked for the delighted and astonished Polly one pair of every kind and color. What amused her most were several queer trees which in summer produced mitts and in winter, mittens; and the Dwarf explained that they had raised this singular fruit by planting gloves which were half-ripe and not yet divided into fingers.

They had returned to the garden, where the first thing Polly saw was a grape arbor.

“Here are the Button-vines,” explained the Dwarf; “I’ll pick you a cluster.”

From a kind of grape-vine hung bright clusters of buttons; here a bunch of mother-of-pearl, there one of black crochet-buttons; here a cluster of steel, and there one of shoe-buttons. They grew to the stem by their shanks, and there were just six dozen of each kind in a cluster.

“Oh, what a lovely button-string these will make,” shouted Polly, as she ran about, picking bunch after bunch of many colors.

Soon the Button-vines were left behind, and they came to another orchard.

“Here,” proudly remarked the Dwarf, “is our Dress orchard. We pride ourselves on our choice

variety of dresses. We have three crops a year, to fit the winter, autumn, and spring styles! By grafting one kind on another, we have obtained some very rare and curious fashions. Sometimes a mere accident will produce a new and pretty style,—for instance, this variety of puffed-sleeve dresses resulted from an accidental lapping-over of that part of the dress when it was in the bud. Our choicest, rarest styles,—our ‘Worth dresses,’ we call them,—are raised under glass; and, of course, much care is required in putting trees so large as these, under glass.”

But our little country Polly did not know what “Worth dresses” were, nor did she care, for she was wholly absorbed in gazing around her. There were Wrapper-trees, Ball-dress trees, Walking-suit trees, Baby-dress bushes and a dozen other kinds.

The second little Dwarf, who had by this time filled three wheelbarrows with Polly’s pickings, now had to fetch another to carry the load of dresses which Polly, with the Dwarf’s help, eagerly selected. She herself could not, of course, pick the right sizes so quickly as he, for he knew just where to find the bud dresses which fitted her, and the fully grown ones which suited her mamma.

“Now tell me, how do handkerchiefs grow?” asked Polly, as they presently left the Dress orchard.

“We’re just coming to the Handkerchief-bed,” said the Dwarf; and in a moment he stooped to

eral dozens of various patterns, she and her two companions moved on to new wonders.

The Collar-and-Cuff tree interested her greatly, for she found the collars and cuffs grew rolled up inside of a kind of chestnut-burr. She laughed outright when the Dwarf explained that “to turn out a good stiff fruit,” the tree had constantly to be watered with thick starch-water mixed with a little bluing.

On a stalk near by Polly found cuff-buttons growing like peas in a pod, and she amused herself for some time shelling a quantity of them just as if they had been peas. It was odd enough to see gold, silver, pearl, and rubber cuff-buttons rattling into the pan which the Dwarf had given her to catch them as they fell.

When she had shelled about a peck, she ran on after the Dwarf, who was pulling up from the grounds something which was like a potato-plant. Instead of a potato, Polly saw, when the dirt was shaken from what she would have called the roots, a perfectly-formed pair of shoes growing upon stems, with tendrils resembling fine silk shoe-strings. On examining these shoes, she found in each a little roll. She pulled it out as she would an almond from its shell, and there was a stocking just the right size for the shoe, and in the other shoe was the mate. Polly thought she should never tire of pulling up these fascinating plants,—finding boots, slippers, shoes, and even overshoes of all kinds. (There were, however,



“‘WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?’ EXCLAIMED POLLY.”

pick a kind of cabbage, the delicate leaves of which proved to be the very finest of cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. Each fruit consisted of just a dozen handkerchiefs; and, when these were picked off, Polly discovered in the heart, or core, of the plant a dainty little scent-bag, which imparted to each handkerchief a delicate and delicious perfume. Having supplied herself with sev-

no stockings in the overshoes.) When her last wheelbarrow was filled with shoes, she reluctantly quitted this delightful occupation and followed the Dwarf, who this time led her to a burying-ground.

“What in the world is that?” exclaimed Polly, looking at the queer little white grave-stones with which the ground was covered.



The Dwarf pointed to the writing on one. At the top of the stone was a singular device, which at first appeared like the skull and cross-bones so common on old tombstones; but on looking closer, Polly saw that it was a thimble, with an open pair of scissors beneath it. Below she read this epitaph:

"Be filled with cheer, ye passers by,  
For here a *Scissors Fiend* doth lie!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Polly, in great glee; "I am so glad some of them are dead, for they're always stealing my scissors. If I drop them from my lap, I never can find them. I knew there were little fiends who carried them off!"

Having now filled several wheelbarrows from these strange gardens, Polly asked the Dwarf if it were not now about time to go home again.

"Oho!" said he; "so you want to go home, do you? We never let anybody leave here who has not come with her mother's permission. Now, you never asked her at all, so I don't see how you can get away."

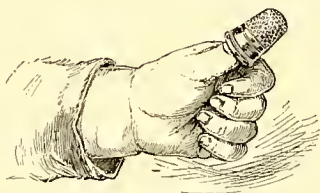
"Oh, dear!" said Polly, beginning to cry; for

what did she care for all these pretty things, unless she could show them to her mamma?

She kept on crying until she suddenly noticed her thimble. Struck with a bright idea, she clapped it upon her thumb, shut her eyes, and exclaimed:

"Thimble, thimble, let me go  
Where crops of aprons NEVER grow!"

When she opened her eyes, most wonderful to tell, there she was again on her little bench under the great pine-tree, her sewing in her lap and her work-basket at her side. Not a trace of the Dwarf or her seven wheelbarrow-loads was to be seen; whether he wished to punish her for going without her mother's permission, or whether he was one of those stingy "Indian givers" whom Polly despised, she could not tell. In fact, as she rubbed her eyes, she could almost have thought the whole thing was a dream, except for one fact: *her thimble was on her thumb!* and what little girl in her senses ever wore it there? So, it could n't have been a dream, could it?



## SHE "DISPLAINS" IT.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"HAD, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

So contended Bess and May,—  
Neighbor children who were boasting  
Of their grandmamas, one day.

"Had, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

All the difference begun  
By May's saying she 'd two grandmas,  
While poor Bess had only one.

"Had, too!"

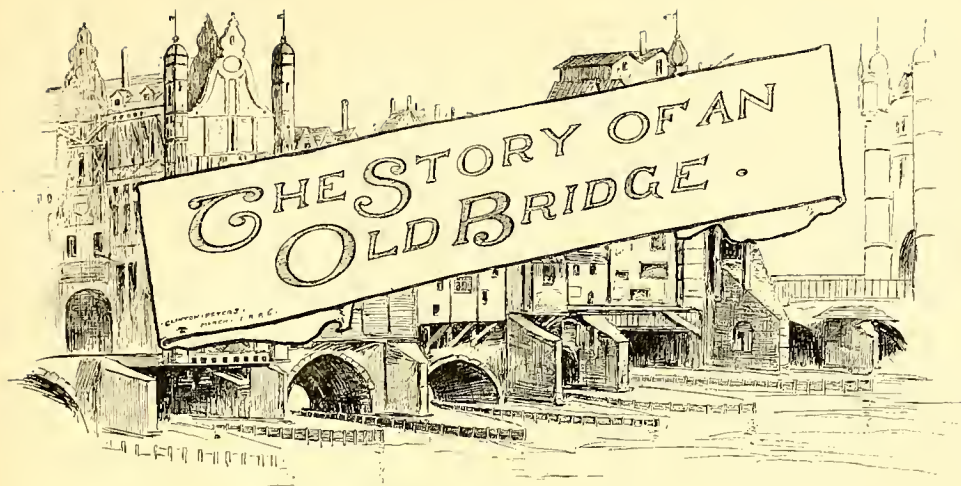
"Had n't, neither!"

Tossing curls, and kinks of friz,  
"How could you have two grandmothers  
When just one is all they is?"

"Had, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

'Cause ef you had two," said Bess,  
"You 'd displain it!" Then May answered:  
"My grandmas were twins, I guess!"



BY TREADWELL WALDEN.

THERE scarcely has been a time in the history of London when there was not a bridge across the river Thames. Away back in Claudius Cæsar's time, only forty-four years after Christ,—when the great city of to-day was the little Roman colony of *Londinium*,—there was a *pont* or bridge across the river; and again and again, up to the year 1176, we hear of a wooden bridge being built, burned, or repaired, between the growing city and the Kentish shore. One of these was built in the year 994 by the exertions of a girl—Mary, the ferryman's daughter; and it was destroyed in the year 1008 by a boy—Olaf, the northern Viking.

But the Old Bridge of which I particularly wish to tell you is the massive stone roadway across the Thames that was built by order of King Henry II., and designed by the architect-priest, Peter of Colechurch.

Through the reigns of Henry II., of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his base brother John, the bridge building went on, although, in 1205, after he had been at work upon its massive arches for twenty-nine years, Peter of Colechurch died and was buried in a tomb built in the central arch.

The bridge, as constructed by Peter of Colechurch, had twenty arches and a draw-bridge. At either end was a gate-house, and over the central arch was built a church or chapel, beneath which was the tomb of Peter, the priest and architect.

This church was dedicated to Thomas à Becket—whom, you may remember, Henry II. liked better after he was dead than when he was alive—

and there a band of priests held service every day until the time of Cromwell and the Puritans.

When Peter of Colechurch died, the merchants of London took up the work, and finished it, in the year 1209, in princely fashion. Its cost had been met by a tax upon wool, and hence it came to be said that "London Bridge was built upon wool-packs." So, though royal hands had something to do with its completion, you see that a free city had more, and that it owed most to the energy of its merchants and to the chief staple of their wealth.

Very properly, then, the first thing to go over London Bridge was London itself. The growing town spread itself across the Thames, and was there called Southwark. This was the beginning of the great suburb which now extends over all the country southward, as another does northward.

And the larger these cities grew, the more important became the bridge. For hundreds of years it was the only highway between them. Westminster Bridge was not built until 1750, and more and more the strength of the metropolis centered in the older bridge, and poured over it; and more and more it came to be the common ground of kings, nobles, and people. This, too, you must bear in mind, as I take you along with me.

Now, singularly enough, the first scene of any note which there took place was a collision between a royal personage and the people.

It happened in 1263. Queen Eleanor of Provence, the haughty wife of Henry III. (who got into many difficulties both with the barons and with the



people, because he would violate the charter of his father, King John), one day started with great pomp, in a gilded barge, from the Tower which was below the bridge, for the royal castle at Windsor farther up the river.

The Tower in those days had no enormous guns



PETER OF COLECHURCH, ARCHITECT OF  
OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

ready to send out puffs of smoke and jets of red flame in loud salute

whenever a monarch left its gates; but it made a great display of gorgeous banners, and of steel-clad warriors on its battlements, when the gilded barge shot out into the stream. If Queen Eleanor had not sided, in a very insolent and unfeeling way, with the king and against the barons, whom the people considered their friends, all might have gone peacefully enough with the fair and sumptuous lady. But this was the period when the common people were awakening to their rights, and were losing their respect for kings, — especially for the king upon the throne, the weak son of the tyrannical John.

The gilded barge sped onward, its stalwart rowers bending to their oars, when, with the near approach to the bridge, came the serious question whether they could safely “shoot” the low central arch. It was always a dangerous place, and especially so when the swift tide was rushing through.

But, as they drew near the semicircle they found against them another and more threatening tide of opposition — of an unexpected kind.

It was nothing less than the people themselves! They swarmed upon the parapet, they pushed out in boats from behind the smaller arches on both sides; and a shower of mud, and some harder missiles as well, came rattling about the royal boat, strik-

ing the rowers, and bespattering the resplendent queen. You may imagine the cries, the shouts, the reproaches with which also they assailed her in all her majesty, as they bade her go back; — and go back she did, mortified and enraged at the insult.

But this was only one of many occurrences in this reign by which the royal family were taught to know what it cost to oppress and exasperate the people. The king, himself, witnessed his full share of such manifestations, as you shall hear.

There was a certain powerful patriot and baron in the days of King Henry III., named Simon de Montfort. The king declared that he feared Lord Simon more than he feared thunder and lightning. There was reason; the cloud of rebellion in the kingdom had begun to look very black; the barons were its thunder, the people were the lightning, and Simon de Montfort, their leader, was the bolt which might at any instant fall.

When at last it did descend, it fell at London Bridge.

The king was in possession of the Tower, so Montfort marched for London with a great army; the barons wearing the white cross upon the back and front of their armor, as they had at Runnymede, to symbolize the holiness of their cause. They knew the populace of the city was in sympathy with them. The vanguard rode upon the bridge,

but orders were given from the Tower, and the draw was pulled up, making it impassable. Then Simon de Montfort summoned the warders, and bade them lower the bridge. It was the voice of the people against the voice of the king. The citizens unloosed the chains, and the heavy draw came rattling into its place.

The populace sided with the patriots, as de Montfort knew they would. The result was a pitched battle, fought at some distance from London, in which the king was defeated and made prisoner. But the greatest result of the revolution was, that when the barons again assembled in parliament, representatives of the “commons,” as the people were called, met with them, and what is known as the House of Commons, which is to-day the real ruler of England, came into existence.

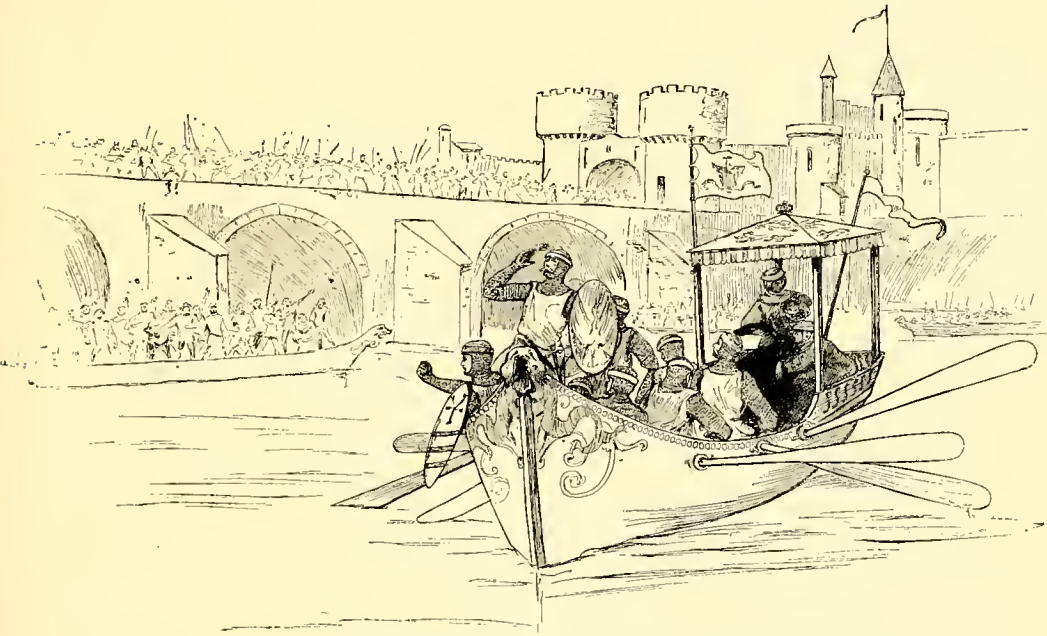
When Edward I. came to the throne, he had learned wisdom by his father’s experience. He proved to be a wise and good king, and the people were content. But his oppressive disposition was shown in another field. The king laid a heavy hand upon Scotland and crushed it. Down went its throne, over went its nobles. But its people were at length aroused to resistance by the spirit of one man, William Wallace.

After years of fighting, Wallace was betrayed, made prisoner, and brought to London. This was on August 5, 1305. Edward arraigned him as a traitor, in the judgment-hall at Westminster. The king even went so far as, in mockery, to crown the patriot with a garland of oak-leaves, to destroy his dignity as the defender of his country. He then had him hanged. With cruel barbarity, his body, cut in pieces, was sent to Scotland to carry terror to his adherents there; but the noble head of the hero was set up on the northern tower of London Bridge.

This was then a new use of the towers of the now ancient bridge, but it was only a beginning. As the years went on, many notable heads—sometimes those of the highest born nobles, executed for treason—were spiked to the parapet of the gate, to bleach in the sun, rain, and fog, a ghastly sight for the crowd always passing beneath; a sight more

heralds bearing shields and spears, soldiers in shining helmets, green-coated archers, throng the bridge from one end to the other, pouring in upon it from the streets, pouring out from it over the road that leads to France, until the head of the glittering column is lost to sight.

Who comes now? It is the grim King Edward; and, by his side, a golden-haired boy, not yet with helmet on, but wearing the plumed hat of a prince. His fair face is flushed with martial delight, as his horse prances beside the tall steed of his royal father. We know what is in his mind. He has had the promise of knighthood! He is to win his spurs in battle across the channel. History tells the rest. The scene of the knighting, on the sand of the sea-shore; the terrific battle of Crécy, won by the gallant boy, while his father looked on from the windmill; and the capture of the triple tuft of ostrich feathers, which with the motto



THE MOB ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE OPPOSING THE PASSAGE OF QUEEN ELEANOR'S BARGE.

worthy of African savages than of a civilized kingdom; and yet it was one which might be seen until almost within the memory of the living.

It was about forty years after Wallace's death that the bridge saw two splendid pageants.

The first was in 1346.

The streets of London resound with the heavy tread of a mighty army, marshaled by Edward III. He is going to conquer France. What a show of banners and pennons: richly clad knights,

"*Ich dien*," has been borne ever since as the crest or device of the Prince of Wales.

Now, eleven years have elapsed. Here is another pageant, but it is marching the other way. Far over the hills the army of England is seen on its return. London is bustling with preparation. The streets are filled with decorations; the house-fronts are covered with rich tapestries and carpets, with shields and breastplates, and with all the bright weaponry of the day, arranged in rosettes, like great

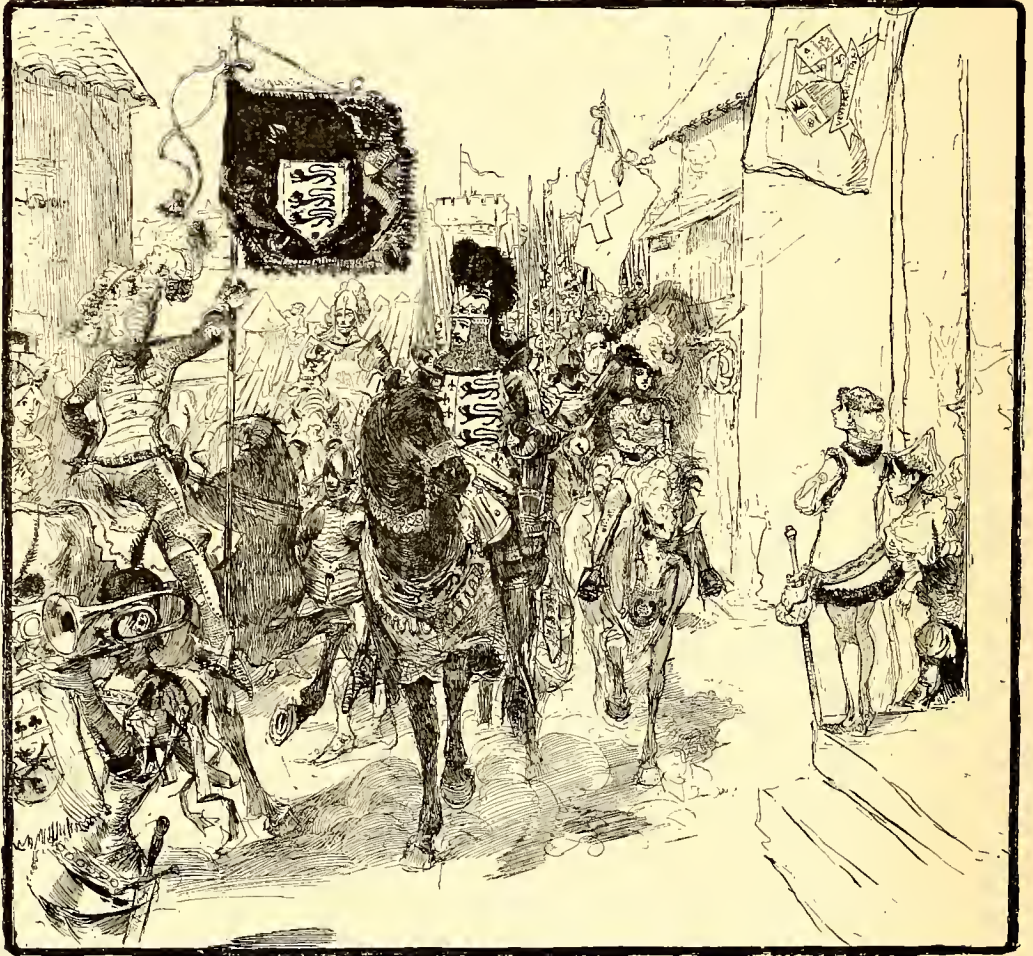


flowers of steel,—as we can now see them in the Tower. The day of peace has come. King John of France is expected, a prisoner in the hands of the Black Prince.

The people of London are all in comity with King Edward, who has been a long time at home. They enter into the spirit with which he desires the occasion to be celebrated. The trade-guilds are out in all their insignia and costumes. At Edward's

cloth of gold, is soon alive with the triumphant procession. The people's shouts almost drown the noise of the trumpets and clarions.

It is the day of chivalry, of courtesy to the vanquished, of honor to the brave. It is not Edward the Black Prince who receives the ovation. He tries to keep out of sight in the crowd, that all the glory may come to the King who remained fighting when his army had run; to the boy who, when



KING EDWARD III. AND THE BLACK PRINCE CROSSING OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

order, one thousand of the chief citizens come forth on horseback, crossing the bridge to meet the captive king and do him honor.

Amid a brilliant cavalcade he comes, more like a victorious than a vanquished prince. The great merchants close round him, doffing their hats and bowing low. The Tower booms with cannon. The bridge, all embowered with bright banners and

his father stood fighting alone, defended him—the noble little French Knight, Sir Philip the Bold.

## PART II.

RICHARD II. was, in some respects, as noble a son as even the Black Prince could have desired. He was very handsome, gallant, high-spirited, and

brave; full of the right-royal blood which becomes a line of kings. But he became a king too soon, and this spoiled him. He was only eleven years old when he mounted the throne. He was but sixteen when he quelled a mob which had rushed with terrible fury over London Bridge. The act had the heroic ring of true royalty, and he did it by a glance and a word.

Imagine, if you can, a hundred thousand infuriated men, pouring out of the farms and villages of the counties below London, with Wat Tyler at their head, breaking into the streets of Southwark, and making for London Bridge. But the draw is pulled up, and with good reason. If once they should enter London, what would become of the city,—what would become of the king?

It is now no pageant which throngs the old structure, but a maddened mass of the common people, who feel that they have been deeply wronged. Every boat has been taken to the other side. The bridge is the only way over, and the tide is rushing through the long gap made by the lifted draw. On the other end of the bridge stands William Walworth the Lord Mayor, with his magistrates, and the citizens armed for its defense. Above in the Tower stand Richard, his nobles and his prelates, looking down upon the exciting spectacle. But the boy-king feels no fear.

The scene now before his eyes recalled another in strange contrast to it. Five years before, the citizens of London had thronged out, brought him over the bridge, and placed him in the Tower amid such a tumult of rejoicing as never before was known. The child had stared in wonder as he crossed the river into the capital of his kingdom, where the streets were thronged with glad faces to greet him, and the very fountains spouted wine—and now, before his astonished eyes, here was a mob which, with its black mass, blotted out both bridge and river-banks, shrieking for vengeance against his throne.

But such a flood of human might could not be stayed by a mere lifting of the bridge. They fiercely shouted, "Drop the draw!" The chains rattled, barriers fell, the torrent burst over and soon covered the hill overlooking the Tower. This was on June 13, 1381. A herald from the king proclaimed that if they would retire to some distance out of the city, he would come to meet them.

He went out to them almost alone; Wat Tyler, with his hand on his dagger, grasped the king's bridle—Lord Mayor Walworth instantly struck him down. Now, if ever, was the moment of danger. The rebels drew their arrows to the head, when Richard, a beardless boy, but at that moment every inch a king, spurred his horse toward them. "Tyler was a traitor!" he shouted; "I will be

your leader!" His courage, his presence, overawed them. Soon the citizens of London came in force to the rescue. The rebels fell on their knees and asked for mercy.

If Richard had only been as true to his word as he was brave in giving it, what a leader to his people he might have been! But he grew up to be a tyrant over both nobles and people; a king of



RICHARD II., THE BOY KING.

pageants, banquets, and tournaments, only, with no thought but for his own pleasure and glory. I should be glad to dismiss him now, if it were not for two strange spectacles which, during his reign, took place on London Bridge; one of them will prove of especial interest to boys, the other will be better liked by girls.

It was Saint George's Day, 1390, that King Richard appointed for the first of these spectacles. A Scottish knight, named the Earl of Craufort, had a quarrel, or some dispute, with an English knight who had been ambassador to Scotland, named Lord de Wells. After the custom of those days a challenge passed between them, and they were to settle their difference by what was called a passage at arms.

Such things were of considerable moment to the parties concerned, even if no more than a friendly struggle to see which was the better man. Tournaments were the great amusement of the day, and they were often held at Westminster. Whether it was because one of the present combatants was from another country, and the nearest to neutral ground was required; or whether it was a whim of the king to give the greatest possible number of people a chance of witnessing the fray, no less dangerous a place was chosen for the combat than London Bridge. Here, accordingly, the lists were prepared. Tournaments on the water with



boats were frequent, as well as tournaments on land with horses, but this was to be on neither land nor water.

Of course they had no doubt that the English knight would knock over the Scotchman, for the knights of that country were not believed to be formidable.

There was a great array on the bridge, the king and most of his nobles being present there; and the populace covered the shores. Lord Craufort rode into the lists accompanied by twelve knights, who had been given a safe-conduct to attend upon him.

When everything was ready, the signal was given, they put spurs to their horses and, with their lances in rest, met in a fearful collision midway upon the bridge. The lances were splintered, neither man dismounted, but the Scotchman sat as immovable as a pillar of iron. The Englishman, though he stood it well, looked for a moment a little awry, like a tall stove that had lost one of its feet. This was rather a surprise to the Londoners.

After they had recovered their breath, and the Englishman had been set upright again, the two withdrew for another charge. Again came the dash, and the clash, and the splinters, and the dust, and the horses on their haunches,—but there sat the two knights, the Scotchman as firm as the parapet, but the Englishman somewhat arched over his saddle-bow. The people cheered, but they were angry with the Scotchman.

Then they drew off again. It was surely the best joust of the year. For the third time, they met. But this time Lord de Wells was hoisted out of his saddle, and landed on the hard pavement, like a mass of old iron. He could not even hear the cruel clang he made. His breath and his senses had been knocked out of him. He did not move a limb. Neither for an instant did the Scotchman, who, having reined in his horse, looked grimly down upon the ruin he had made.

Such defeat would never do. The enraged and ungenerous spectators raised the shout, "He's tied to his horse!" "He's tied to his horse!" Whereupon the knight lightly vaulted from his steed, and discomfited his accusers at once,—and what did he then? Vault back again, amid the loud plaudits they could not forbear to give? On the contrary, he turned his back upon his horse, and going quickly to the fallen knight, lifted him tenderly, and took off his helmet to give him air, while the king and all the rest thought he was going to ply the dagger, as was now his privilege. The chivalry in his brave heart proved to be as true as was the stroke of his iron arm. His heart had warmed to his gallant adversary, and to the amazement of every one, he watched by the sick bed of his foe for three

months thereafter, until Lord de Wells was mended of all his ills.

On November 13th, 1396, King Richard, having been on a visit to the French court, returned with a new wife. This was the second time he had celebrated a matrimonial pageant on London Bridge; and though the former occasion had been as gorgeous as was then thought possible, this celebration easily surpassed the by-gone splendor. He had made both a great match and a little one. His bride was Isabel, the daughter of the king of France. Every Londoner, with his wife, was out, of course. So was every Englishman who could get there. Such a concourse, such a crush, such an excitement, had never before been known. Nine people were trampled to death on the bridge. The crowd at the tournament had been nothing to this. What was the attraction? Was it the extraordinary splendor of the pageant? No. Was it to welcome the king back?—they wished he had never come back. The rumor that caused it had come on the wings of the wind, saying that the king, now a man of thirty, was bringing home a tiny queen of eight years old! Fresh from the nursery,—perhaps with her doll in her arms,—the bright little French princess was coming to London. This was enough to draw the multitude. ST. NICHOLAS some years ago contained a pretty sketch of the fairy creature, whose husband had to take her up in his arms whenever he would kiss her. But she did not wear her toy crown long, for Richard in three years more had lost his own, and she returned to France, a petite widow of eleven, to look back on an experience as wonderful as a child ever had.

I am glad, now, to turn to a nobler king, and to a more famous event on London Bridge; to a king more gallant than any who ever sat on the English throne—Harry of Monmouth—the victor of Agincourt. The school-boys attending service in Westminster Abbey have, from generation to generation, looked up at his helmet, shield, and saddle, where they hang high above his tomb; and they do so even to this day with a thrill of enthusiasm for the hero of that famous battle.

But it was London Bridge which could best tell how England felt about Agincourt. It had been another Crécy and Poitiers—couriers had spurred across the bridge, with news of ten thousand Frenchmen killed, of fourteen thousand taken prisoners, and all with a loss of only forty Englishmen. The news had come before the dawn, while the Londoners were still in their beds. But they ran to the churches, and in ten minutes every bell in London was ringing a joyful peal. A few weeks later, they heard of his landing at Dover, and of how the people had rushed into the water and borne

him ashore. And so the excitement grew, until they heard he was close at hand. Then came the magnificent pageant of his reception.

Twenty thousand citizens went over the bridge and down the road to meet him; all of them, as usual, in the picturesque costumes of their trades. These tradesmen were organized into "guilds," as they were called, which were privileged, and all

The procession formed for crossing the bridge; the lord mayor and aldermen, in scarlet gowns and red and white hoods, took their places about the youthful conqueror; the "guilds" followed; the nobles, in splendid attire, completed the show. The trumpets and the horns sounded, the people shouted, the wind waved the bright banners over the Tower, and the bridge itself seemed lifted up with pride, as the glorious array passed under arch after arch of triumph spanning its parapets.

And the show on the bridge was only what was in all the streets, for three miles, until Westminster Palace was reached. Young girls and young men were foremost of all in showering laurel-boughs and gilded leaves upon Prince Hal's handsome head. Some played musical instruments, others sang anthems and songs. Behind the lattices were ladies and gentlemen, dressed in crimson, fine linen, and gold. The streets, like the bridge, were so densely crowded that the horsemen could scarcely make their way.

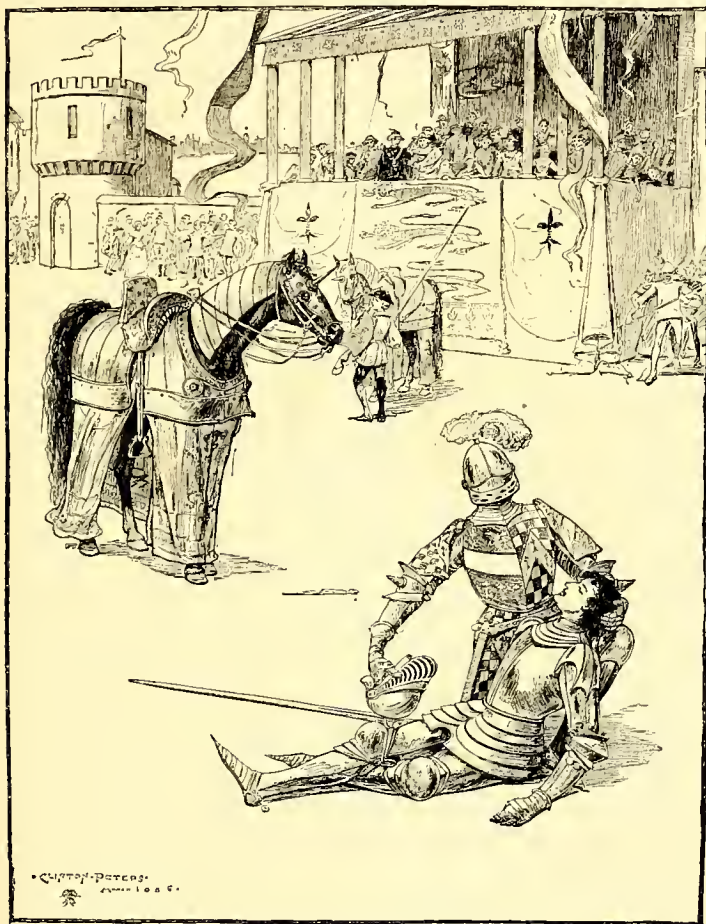
And, amid it all, the king in his purple robe rode along, —solemn, thoughtful, and devout, revolving yet greater plans, and thanking God for what he had been enabled to do. For, with all his glory, England had never a more high-minded king than he. He felt that Providence intended him to achieve a yet more wonderful work in France, for that country was in a fearfully distracted state.

And this made him soon return thither, to carry on

very rich. They escorted him through Southwark to the bridge, which presented a gorgeous sight. They had got up what was then distinctively called a "Pageant," upon it, wherein, after the curious taste of those days, were all sorts of figures and emblems, and rebuses; these, when put together, like the letters of the alphabet, gave out a great amount of meaning. On the gate-tower, conspicuous among them, stood a giant,—one "that was full grim of might, to teach the Frenchmen courtesy."

the war. Within seven years more, he had won the crown of France, he had married the French princess, and he had nearly restored to that land order and peace. Paris was as delighted with him as London had been. The cup of his success was fast filling to the brim, when it fell from his hand. He died in what seemed the midst of his great deeds.

What a gloom now fell upon London Bridge, when the black-robed courier came riding over it, with the sad burden of this news! What a pall lay



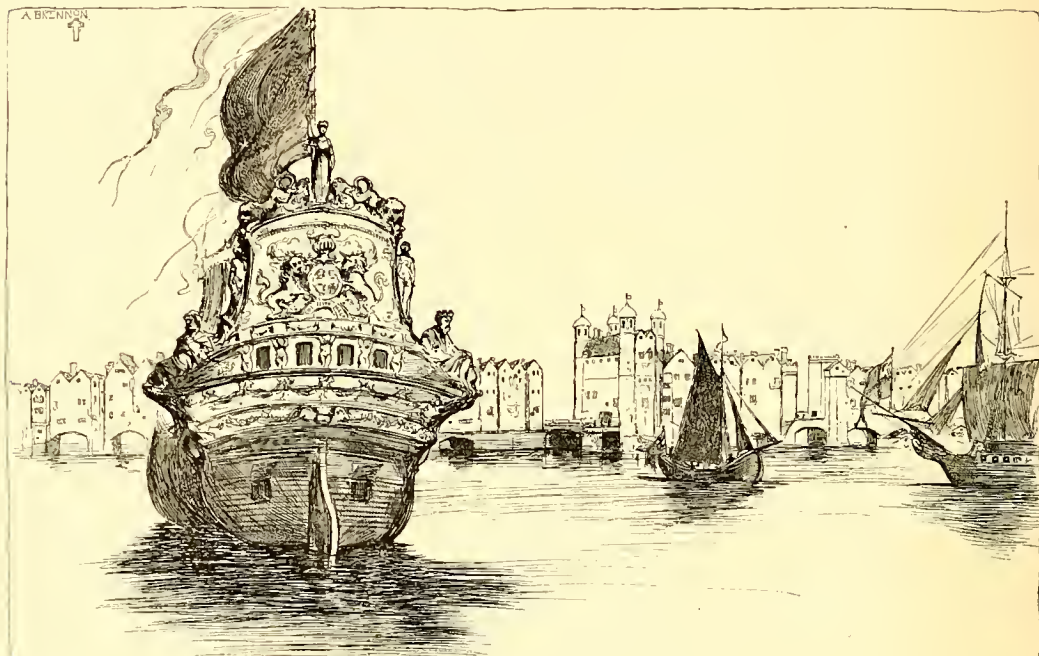
"HE TENDERLY LIFTED THE FALLEN KNIGHT."



over the city when it heard that a funeral cavalcade, with measured steps and slow, was crossing France, from Paris to Rouen, and from Rouen to Calais! Soon a fleet bore his body to Dover, and now the citizens awaited the solemn, melancholy spectacle, which day following day brought nearer and nearer. The bridge was hung with black, as the

the city, and struck his sword on London Stone,\* shouting, "Now is Mortimer lord of the city!" and followed this claim by pillaging rich mansions, and other acts of violence, then his popularity ended, excepting among the mob where it began.

He retired to Southwark, but was resolved to enter the city again. This the citizens determined



A STATE BARGE IN THE TIME OF THE OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

funeral car passed over it, bearing a waxen figure of the king, in his robes of majesty, and surrounded by chanting priests, in white vestments, and knights and esquires in black armor. The young warrior's three chargers followed, and when the coffin was carried through the gates of Westminster Abbey, and up the long nave, those war-horses were led up to the very steps of the altar. It is the saddle of one of them which now hangs, with the king's armor, above his splendid shrine.

As a contrast to all this, we may stop a moment to see what happened at the bridge, only eighteen years after, during the weak reign of King Henry's son. It is the scene when London was defending itself against the followers of Jack Cade; a notorious fellow of common origin, who took the high-born name of Mortimer, and ran a curious race, as such upstarts always do. At first, Cade was popular with the citizens of London; but when, with vulgar ambition, he rode across the bridge, into

he should not do. They removed the draw, and barricaded the bridge. The insurgents made a grand rush upon it one Sunday night. But the Londoners were prepared, and the garrison of the Tower came down to their help. The fight lasted all night long; nor did it stop until nine o'clock next morning. Then Cade drew off his men.

They soon after dispersed, and deserted him. A large reward was set upon his head. Then there was a great chase, and at last he was caught. So he did get over London Bridge, after all; that is, his head was set over the northern entrance—a kind of eminence he had not desired, but which was then thought to be very fitting for him.

Let us now pass on in our account to the reign of Henry VIII. If we were to linger long over this reign, we should be dazzled with pageants. There seems no end to them.

There is, first, King Henry going over in gorgeous pomp to make war in France. The records

\* A prehistoric monument, thought by some to be a landmark from which distances were measured.

fairly take our breath away with their accounts of it, Again, a few years after, Henry crossed to meet Francis I. on "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the very name of which hints at the display of splendors on the way. In 1527, Cardinal Wolsey went over upon an embassy to France, in so glorious a style as to outshine the king himself; for he added the magnificence of a cardinal-prince of Rome to the grandeur of being Lord Chancellor in the Court of England. Then we hear of an imposing embassy from France, coming to invest Henry with the Order of St. Michael. In due time, Anne Boleyn appears on the bridge, riding beside Henry, to visit France. It was just after their return that they were secretly married. In 1544, Henry goes over again; but now to fight Francis, of "the Cloth of Gold," his former friend, and he crosses the channel in a ship the sails of which were made of cloth of gold. You can see his effigy to-day in the Tower armory, "armed at all points, upon a pied courser," just as he appeared when he set out. And here let us leave him. He was a great showman, but we can turn from him without regret.

But were I to tell of all whom he made to pass un-

highway" between the great judgment-hall at Westminster, and the Tower; and that the Tower had a gate opening on the water, called the Traitors' Gate. Need I tell you more? Think of the condemned men, who came down in boats with the headsman's axe turned toward them, stooping their heads as the axe itself was lowered while they shot under the low arch of the bridge into the gloomy archway of their prison. The sight was nothing new, and it did not end for many years; but the reign of Henry saw so much of it as to give me occasion for mentioning it now.

But my space is diminishing so fast that I must hasten on. Suppose we stop, a moment, and look at another insurrection with which the bridge again had something to do. It was in 1554. There was a rising of the "Men of Kent," under Sir Thomas Wyatt, against Queen Mary. They were opposed to her coming to the throne,—as they had good reason to be. Wyatt, with two thousand men, came toward London Bridge. The guns of the Tower blazed away at them over the river, but nobody was hit. When he reached the bridge, its gates were closed and its draw had been cut away.

There were signs of great confusion in the city.

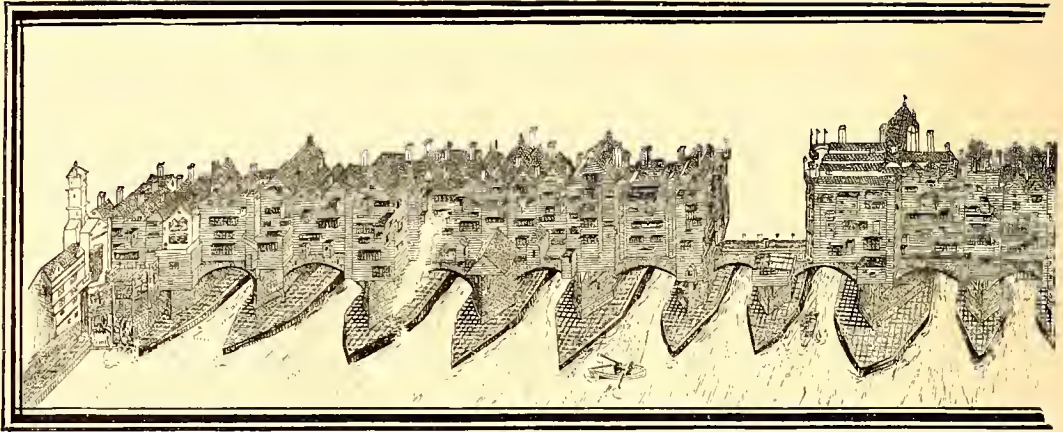


KING HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TO MEET FRANCIS I. ON "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD."

der London Bridge, you would think him a bloody-minded villain. I do not care to emphasize it; but you may know that the Thames was the "silent

The shops were shut, the women were shrieking, and the men were running about, seeking for weapons. Now appeared a proclamation offering a

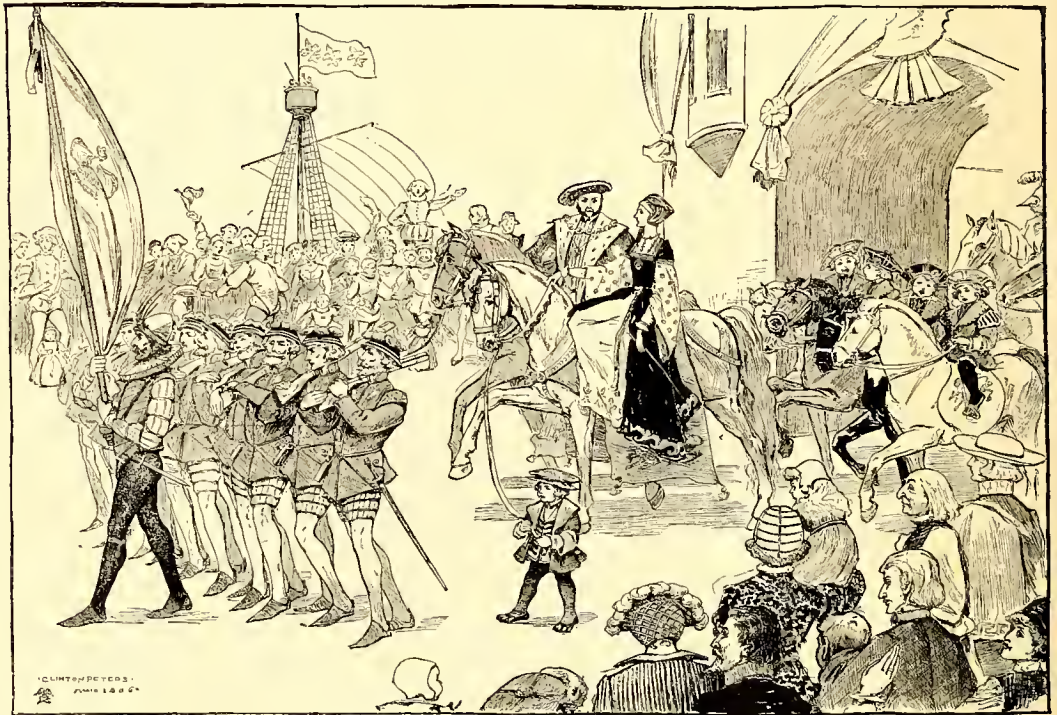




OLD LONDON BRIDGE AS SHAKSPERE SAW IT  
(By permission of

thousand pounds for Wyat's head. To defy them the more, he stuck his name in large, bold letters on his cap—THOMAS WYAT. Three days passed. The bridge would not let him over. Then he went

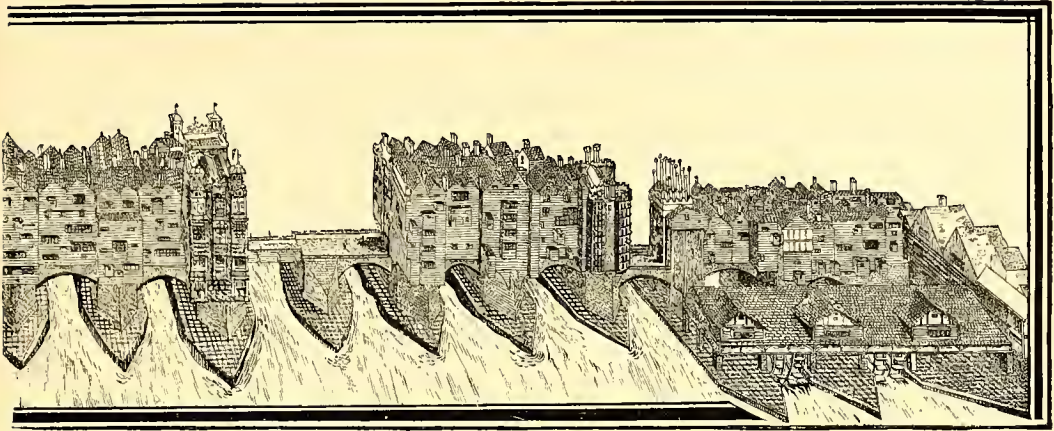
Queen Mary had triumphed, but Wyat's act brought Lady Jane Grey to the block, and came near causing the death of Elizabeth; and London, to please the queen, now made great preparations to



KING HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN CROSSING LONDON BRIDGE.

up the river and crossed in boats, coming down that way to the city. But all its gates were closed against him. He had a fight at Temple Bar, and then had to yield himself a prisoner.

receive King Philip of Spain, the proposed husband of Mary, as he came over the bridge;— this was the very man against whose coming Sir Thomas Wyatt had struggled.



AFTER 1576, WHEN THE TRAITORS' HEADS WERE REMOVED TO THE SOUTHWARK GATE.  
the New Shakspeare Society.)

Never was London Bridge so full of gibbets, never the bridge so covered with heads, as after this rebellion. Bloody Mary began to win her name.

It perhaps surprises you that Sir Thomas Wyatt could have been so easily stopped by the bridge at that time. If it had been an open roadway, it could not have stopped him; but it was covered with tall houses, some of them three and four stories in height. They were dwelling-houses and shops, ranged along on both sides, and overhanging the parapets. The street between them was a narrow archway, only twelve feet wide, with wider spaces at intervals for foot-passengers to get out of the way of the vehicles. London had not only gone over the bridge, but had settled down upon it. This had occurred several times before, but the houses were but shanties and had been removed. Now, however, they were of quite a stately character. You may imagine its odd appearance, and wonder how a decent city could allow such an incumbrance along its greatest thoroughfare; but it was the way in those days. Everything was crowded together. The city itself was a jam of houses, with but narrow, crooked streets.

In the reign of Charles II. there came a sudden relief to this state of things upon the bridge—and a relief which made as summary a change in the metropolis. A terrific fire broke out, which burned down almost the whole of London. It began near the bridge, and then spread away in all directions. After a while it swept round and came back, plunging down the hill in a billow of flame, laying hold of the houses on the bridge, and leaving it nearly as bare as when it was built.

This was one of the bridge's wildest experiences. It had always been on the lookout against the water, and was prepared to let everything go over it, except

rebels and such people. But the fire was a friendly enemy, and the bridge yielded a passage to it very gladly, we doubt not, when the fire offered to relieve its old back from the burden of all those houses. It had nothing to fear for itself, though perhaps its aged stony spine might have been a little scorched.

The old bridge stood one hundred and seventy years after this, and looked on a London built much more substantially than ever before. It still bore up the increasing tides of its life, flowing back and forth, and was more and more famous every year, as its history grew more ancient and the people remembered what wondrous sights it had seen.

No longer now did its quaint old form appear in grave history only, but also in chronicles and stories, in romances and novels, and even in nursery tales; for it was interwoven with the joys and sorrows, the lights and shadows, of city life. Artists even found that they could never draw a true picture of London without putting in Old London Bridge. It has been pictured in many ways, by daylight and by moonlight, in the darkness of midnight and amid the mists of deep fogs.

The fame of it has gone everywhere, and can never pass away. Its traditions still linger close beside the magnificent granite structure which now spans the river in its stead. Some day you may stand on the parapet of the new bridge, and look at the place where the old bridge used to be, two hundred feet nearer the Tower; a place that will know it no more, except as it may be the haunt of an invisible ghost of the bridge, over which I have just tried to take you in a dream-walk, covering six hundred long years.

But do you know that its memory—the memory of its fame in the days gone by—has already been among you, in a way that you have proba-



bly never suspected? What would you say if I could prove that the bridge went over the Atlantic ocean to America generations ago? What would you say if I could show it to you in one of the very games which you have played — perhaps are playing now to amuse the little ones?

When in your very young days you sang :

“ Lift up the gates as high as the sky,  
And let King George and his troops pass by,”

as two of the biggest among you locked hands and

formed an arch, which the others tried to “ shoot,” and were caught ; and then when still other arches were formed behind these, and the great pull set in, all shouting together what the first arch had begun :

“ London Bridge is falling down — falling down —”

what was it but an echo of the past, the ancient voices of the children in old London-town revived, chanting their belief in the gray old bridge, that never, like their own little hands, could unlock its arches from their hold, break apart, or fall !



“ LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN,—MY FAIR LADY!”

## LULLABY.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

THROUGH Sleepy-Land doth a river flow.  
On its further bank white daisies grow ;  
And snow-white sheep, in woolly floss,  
Must, one by one, be ferried across.  
In a little boat they safely ride  
To the meadows green, on the other side.

Lullaby, sing lullaby !

The boatman comes to carry the sheep  
In his little boat to the Land of Sleep ;  
Upon his head is a poppy wreath ;  
His eyelids droop, and his eyes beneath  
Are drowsy from counting, “ One, two, three,”—  
How many sheep doth the baby see ?

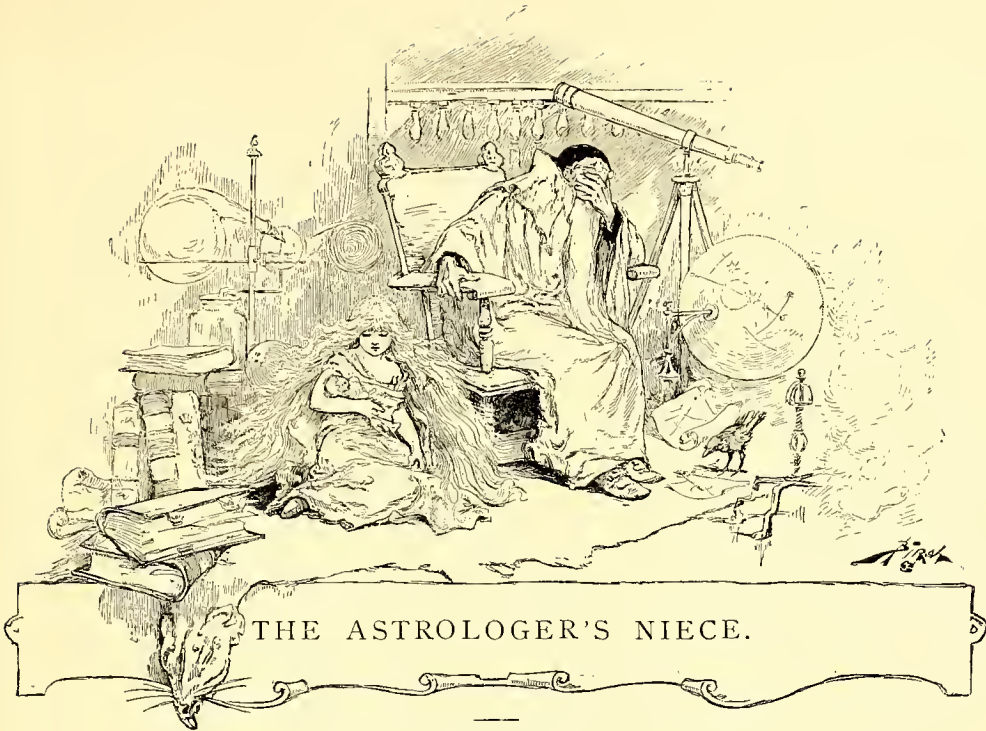
Lullaby, sing lullaby !

One little sheep has gone over the stream ;  
They press to the bank. How eager they seem !  
Two little sheep, alone on the shore,—  
Only two sheep, but he’s bringing one more ;  
Three little sheep, in the flowery fields,  
Cropping the grass which Sleepy-Land yields.

Lullaby, sing lullaby !

Four little, five little sheep now are over ;  
Six little, seven little sheep in the clover,—  
Deep in the honey-sweet clover they stand.  
Eight little, nine little sheep, now they land ;  
Ten, and eleven, and twelve little sheep !—  
And baby, herself, is gone with them, to sleep !—

Lullaby, sing lullaby !



## THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

I AM not sorry that I became an astrologer. The work is monotonous but not wearing, and the hours are short. As an apprentice I was a hard student, and frequently consulted the stars; but now, without conceit, I think I speak within bounds in saying that I know all there is to know about planets, stars, asteroids, comets, nebulae, and horoscopes, and twice as much as any other astrologer of my weight; so I seldom refresh my memory by going, through my telescope, directly to nature.

I admit it is inconvenient to be obliged to wear a thick woolen robe on warm days. I also admit that a shorter beard would be less in my way, and that I might shave if my customers did not object. I do not deny that my raven, a second-hand bird which once belonged to Zadkiel, is a nuisance, because of his continually stealing my spectacles. As I have only one pair, it is very hard to find them when I have no spectacles to find them with. The bird is not sympathetic, and enjoys my annoyance over the search; croaking derisively as I go stumbling around among dusty old books and brittle glass crucibles. This irritates me; and I put him on bread and water, which irritates him.

My calculations are a bore; and I am very apt to pinch my fingers or entangle my beard in the

celestial globe. My customers are greedy, and insist upon being kings, duchesses, pirates, and so on, ignoring the indications which plainly show them to be intended for hurdy-gurdy players, scissors-grinders, or poets. The planets are all right; I have no particular fault to find with the fixed stars; but those vagabonds, the comets, will often act in the most unfriendly way,—spoiling my very best combinations. It makes customers ill-natured, and they hold me responsible, just as though I arranged the comets to suit myself! Perhaps it is not strange that I am a trifle touchy; I feel sure astrologers will agree that I am no more nervous than is excusable under the trials of the profession. Still, I repeat, I am satisfied with my vocation. I did hesitate between star-gazing and saw-filing; but I think my choice was not unwise; for, as an astrologer, I became more or less familiar with magic,—a pleasant recreation if pursued with proper discretion, but not fit for children. While I lived alone, I had no trouble with it; for although I made mistakes, I was indulgent enough to overlook them.

But when my only sister unfortunately died and left a lovely little daughter alone in the world, whom nobody else could be persuaded to adopt, I foolishly consented to bring up that child. It was



an amiable, even admirable, weakness — but, my stars! what curious things a child can do!

I had had no kindergarten experience. I was never in an orphan asylum, so far as I know, and I was an only son. I knew nothing of children, except such superficial acquaintance as enabled me to foretell their futures and to advise parents about bringing them up; and yet in my old age I was thus, by an accident, forced to take full charge of a small girl of very decided traits — born with Jupiter in the ascendant, and Mercury not far off! What bothered me most was her goodness. A bad child can be coaxed and punished; but an affectionate, mischievous, obedient, and innocent girl — what *can* be done with her?

I never thought of locking up my books of magic — and she must have read them, I suppose; for, before I knew it, that youngster was working spells and charms, fixing up enchantments, and making transformations which required more time to disentangle than I could readily spare from my business hours.

The first disagreeable experience resulted from her having read about some old flying horse in Greece, Turkey, or elsewhere, and she took to wandering about the fields keeping a bright look-out for him! I suspect she became discouraged, and resolved to make one for herself, since she caught a little colt, fixed a pair of wings by some



MY NIECE'S EXPERIMENT IN MAGIC.

spell or other upon the colt's shoulders, and attempted to harness him with flowers; whereupon he flew away! It could n't have displeased the colt,

for he was not at all sedate in character. But the farmer who owned him did not think of that. He came to see me about it, thoughtlessly bringing his pitchfork with him; so I found it best to promise to remove the wings. Luckily, she had left the book open at the very charm that had been used and I was able to undo it; though there was some delay, caused by the necessity of using a lock of hair from the head of the Sultan, who was kind enough to grow one for me as soon as he could.

Now that child did n't mean any harm; she could n't see why a horse should n't fly, — the little goose! — nor could I explain it to her very clearly. She promised, however, not to do so again, and of course we said no more about it.

The week after, coming home one day I found my room filled to the brim, so to speak, with an enormous green dragon who blew smoke from his nostrils so profusely that it gave me some trouble to convince the villagers that there was no fire and that they were nuisances, with their buckets and ladders!

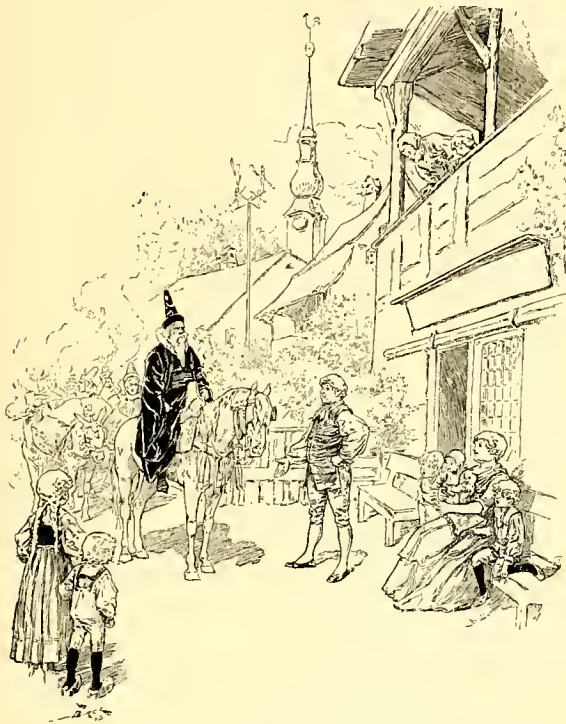
Of course my magic-books were inaccessible, and we took lodgings with a neighbor until the dragon was starved out. The dragon's skin made an excellent rug, but the experience was not enjoyable. I could not reprove my niece for this, because she explained very frankly that she had made the dragon larger than she intended; it was only a misfit.

You may think me absent-minded; but it never occurred to me to forbid these practices, although, had I done so, she would have obeyed me. I forgot about it, except when some new prank brought the matter to my mind, and then I became absorbed in remedying the difficulty caused by her experiment. Once I tried to divert her mind by inducing her to adopt a doll which the raven had cleverly secured from somebody; but her care of it was so evidently due to a desire to please me that whenever she held it I was uneasy. When the raven took the doll away again (let us hope, to return it), we were both relieved.

For a time after the dragon incident, my niece was shy of using the magic-books, and I enjoyed this quiet interval very much. I was occupied in manufacturing a horoscope for the innkeeper, who was quite well-to-do. He had promised me a round sum for a favorable sketch of his future, and I was anxious to give satisfaction and to collect my bill. But the stars indicated that only the strictest economy would tide him over a coming financial crisis in his affairs — which made me fear there might be some uncertainty about my fee. Absorbed in this perplexity, I may have neglected my niece; at all events, she got into the habit of spending her time with the innkeeper's family.

A commercial magician from Lapland, of great

dignity and little importance, chanced to arrive at the inn while my niece was there. Overhearing his negotiation with the landlord, she learned,



ARRIVAL OF THE COMMERCIAL MAGICIAN.

through the foolish talkativeness of the magician, that the long and imposing train of mules and other companions accompanying him were not, in reality, what they appeared to be, but were simply his performing company of manufactured hallucinations disguised in their traveling shapes. Imagine the effect upon the curious and ingenuous mind of my playful niece! The heedless magician, with equal carelessness, left his wand upon the table in the front hall, where anybody could reach it. You can foresee the result.

It must have been merely by chance that she succeeded in counteracting the spell by which these creatures were confined to their every-day forms. However that may be, you may imagine what happened while the magician was at dinner that afternoon. The inquiring spirit of childhood led my niece to make trial of the wand, when, of course, the mules and attendants returned to their original shapes and flew off, a buzzing swarm of bees! I was walking in the village, and so soon as I saw the swarm I understood what had happened, and must admit, I was amused.

When I arrived at the inn, the magician was

discontented. He failed to appreciate the child's ingenuity and enterprise, and really seemed inclined to speak hastily to the poor child, who stood looking on with an innocent pleasure in her success, which I found charming. But, since I was there, he only stared helplessly about and seemed anxious to say more than he could wait to pronounce, till I told him that he must have patience and fortitude. As he came to his senses, he showed signs of knowing what to do. He sent for the pepper-casters and vinegar-cruets, neatly changed them into divining-boxes, which straightway poured forth the proper necromantic fumes, and then — remembered that he needed his wand! A long search resulted in finding it up the kitchen chimney, after which a careful and laborious cleansing brought it into a suitable condition to be handled. All this, my niece greatly enjoyed. By that time, the magician was very much irritated and began a powerful invocation to a muscular spirit who would, perhaps, have brought the whole party back, in a jiffy! — but I interfered, and explained to him, at some length, that the whole episode was nothing more than a piece of girlish curiosity, not calling for any harsh methods or severe measures. I offered my assistance, which he declined, — without thanks. I shrugged my shoulders and was strolling indifferently away when he began to make an answer. I saw that he had not an easy command of language.

“What nonsense! — such a fix I'm in! — girlish



THE MAGICIAN BEGAN A POWERFUL INVOCATION.

curiosity! — Where do you think that pack of irresponsible insects has gone? — I hope they will —



Please to get away!" I withdrew. It was not my affair, but they told me that my niece, inadvertently I am sure, had injured the wand so that it failed to work, and that the magician made futile attempts to use it, until the boys laughed at him, when he desisted. Having lost all his attendants, materials, and supplies, and his wand being useless, the magician was almost distracted. He was unable to leave the village, and the landlord would not have him at the inn, so I took him to board on credit, at a reasonable charge.

When the magician took up his abode with me, my niece was somewhat fond of questioning him, but apparently found that it was not worth her time, for she seemed to lose interest in him very soon. In fact she forgot all about him and about me as well, and became entirely absorbed in an attempt to teach the raven to play Jack-stones — for which recreation he showed very little talent. As there was, necessarily, considerable noise in her course of instruction, I requested her to hold the sessions out-of-doors, and she kindly adopted the suggestion.

In order to occupy the magician's mind I gave him some copying, but he was not interested in his work. He was restless, and wandered out into the country searching high and low for the curious crowd of nondescripts which my careless niece had liberated in a praiseworthy attempt to gain knowledge. I called his attention to this view of the subject and asked whether he did not see it in the same light, but I must say he was quite unreasonable and prejudiced. He left the room abruptly, forgetting his hat, leaving the door wide open and his quill-pen behind his ear. He was gone for some time. In the afternoon he came back radiant, crying aloud:

"I have found them — I have found them!" and dancing with joy. His dancing was very good, but I was busy and paid no attention to him. If he had been a man of any tact, he would have felt my indifference; but some people can not take a hint, and he went on as eagerly as though I had shown some interest in the performance.

"As I was walking in the meadows," he shouted, "I nearly tripped over the body of a peasant lying flat upon the ground, studying an ant-hill with a magnifying-glass. I asked him what he was doing and he told me that he was The Sluggard, and that he had been advised to go to the ants and consider their ways and be wise. I inquired how he was getting on; he said he was getting on very well, that he had learned to gather all he could, to store it up where it would be safe, and to keep in out of the wet."

This bored me extremely, and I coughed significantly, but the magician continued rambling:

"I asked if I might look through the lens. He said I might, and I did. Now what do you suppose I saw through that lens?"

I had not recovered my good humor. I con-



THE SLUGGARD, CONSIDERING.

less that I am sensitive and that my feelings are easily hurt. This foolish attempt to ask me rhetorical conundrums displeased me, and I made no reply. But that man was not discouraged. He repeated the question. Turning toward him, I spoke in a way he could not misunderstand.

"Upon applying your eye to the glass," I remarked, "you were astonished to perceive that the small creatures which you had supposed to be common black ants were in reality a colony of bees, who seemed for some strange reason of their own to have chosen an abandoned ant-hill for a hive! This anomaly seems not to have attracted your notice; but, if I had been with you, I could have informed you that you might have concluded from so very significant a fact that this was the swarm which you are so anxious to find. Does not reflection incline you to agree with me?"

He was disappointed. He had foolishly hoped to surprise me — such puerility! "You are right," he replied, in a muffled sort of voice.

"Very well," said I. "Now, in my turn, I will propose a question. Your wand being out of order, how are you to get those wanderers back?" I enjoyed his discomfiture. His face was a study, and I studied it until I learned that he had no suggestion to make. His face wore no expression whatever.

Then, in a kindly spirit, I said to him: "Bring me your little wand. Sit down like a magician, and don't dance about like a dervish, and I'll fix it for you." He was visibly moved by my kindness, and agreed to all I proposed. He brought the wand and, after a keen examination, I found a screw loose and with my penknife I tightened it. A sickly smile flitted over his face. "You are doing me a good turn," he murmured. I gave him a searching glance; but the smile was so faint, and

faded so quickly, that I decided he did not mean to be humorous. It was lucky for him, for astrologers are sworn foes to humorists; and I should have broken his wand into several fragments if I had detected the slightest levity. He said no more. Having mended the wand, I handed it to him, saying: "Go, recover your chattels!" He retired with briskness, and it gives me pleasure to record the fact that I have never seen him since.

My niece told me, casually, that she was glad that the magician was gone. I offered to tell her about his departure, but she assured me she took no interest in the subject. She did not say any more about it, and, since I do not believe in encouraging childish prattle, I made no more allusions to our boarder.

I have lately asked her whether she would prefer to qualify herself to study astrology, with magic as an extra, or would be better satisfied to learn saw-filing under some well-known virtuoso. She replied

with much discretion, that she thought a quiet life was the happiest after all. So, although she has not yet expressed herself more definitely, I feel sure she is giving the subject mature consideration. I admire her greatly, and predict that she will do well if carefully neglected.

As time passes, I notice that I grow older, and, although I cannot repent having chosen the career of an astrologer, if my niece chooses the saw-filing business, I may perhaps take up some similar musical pursuit, so that we may not be separated. Meanwhile my niece is attending a very excellent school, and makes good progress in her studies. In fact her progress was so rapid at first, that she came near graduating in about two weeks; but, as I then persuaded her to give up the use of the magic-books, she is now making slower and more satisfactory progress, being quite backward.

The dust lies thick on the magic-books. Magic is amusing, but it sometimes makes trouble.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS. No. 1.



Lizbeth B. Comins



## A LEGEND OF ACADIA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

WHO has not heard of the wonderful tides of Fundy, which are ever rushing up and down that great arm of the Atlantic, seemingly with the intention of making an island of Nova Scotia and so separating Acadia, with its beautiful legends, from the rest of the world?

Strange stories come to us from the Fundy shore. Now they tell of a drove of pigs in a wild race with the rushing current; again, some farmer's chickens wander down the flats and are borne home on the crest of the "roaring bore," as the great tidal flow is called. In fact, by a patient study of all the legends of old Acadia, we would find that these tidal waves were responsible for many strange and curious happenings.

One of these natural practical jokes, as they might be called, forms the subject of our story; and, although it is told as a legend, it is not only possible, but the old residents of the land of Evangeline state that just such an incident did take place, and that it is likely to occur again — whenever such a skipper and crew sail into Minas Basin.

It seems, according to the old story-tellers, that years ago the captain of a New England coaster determined to discover the exact location of "Down East." At every port he visited, from Cape Cod to Boothbay, the inhabitants all denied that *they* lived there, and when asked where "Down East" was, only pointed mysteriously up the coast. Finally, when the skipper of "The Dancing Polly" received a cargo of goods for Grand Pré, he was highly pleased, thinking that at last "Down East" would be found, — for, in those days, Nova Scotia was considered "the jumping-off place."

One fine spring morning, the schooner got under way, and sailed merrily up through the maze of islands that skirts the coast of Maine. Fair westerly winds favored them, and on the second day they entered the famous Bay of Fundy, or Fond de la Baie, as the French call it.

The skipper had never heard of the great tide there; and when, the following morning, the mouth of the Minas Channel appeared on the right shore, he bore away for it, wing and wing, and he was soon under the shadows of the old Acadian hills.

The rich green fields and the villages along-shore seemed to give a friendly greeting; and captain and crew decided that "Down East" was a very pleasant region.

But luck is fickle; and as they were bowling along, up the basin proper, they felt a sudden jar, then heard a scraping sound; and a moment later "The Dancing Polly" was aground, under full sail.

The small-boat was put out with a kedge, and the sails were braced this way and that, but all to no purpose, — the boat was aground hard and fast, the tide was going out, and skipper and "crew" would have to wait until the high tide came to float them off. It was quite late in the day, and ere long the captain, and the cook, the great Newfoundland dog, and a yellow-and-black cat, who constituted the crew, all went to bed.

Early the next morning, the captain was awakened by the dog; and when he crawled out of his berth, he found the floor of the cabin so aslant that he had to scramble on all fours to reach the ladder. The schooner was evidently heeled over. But the captain had expected this, and made his way on deck as best he could.

Was he dreaming? He certainly thought so; and then, having some doubts, he reached over and gently touched the yellow-and-black cat's tail. An answering wail assured him that he was awake, and that he and "The Dancing Polly" were really somewhere high up in mid-air.

The bewildered skipper crept to the rail, his astonishment all the while increasing. The broad stream of the day before had vanished. Not a drop of water was in sight, but far below him could be seen a vast basin of mud, in which pigs were rooting and grunting!

For some time the skipper stood and looked; then, noticing the cook standing by and, like himself, lost in wonder, he said:

"Wal, John, I reckon we've reached here at last."

"Reached where?" exclaimed the cook.

"Down East," replied the old man solemnly.

"It looks more like 'up East' and on a powerful high perch, moreover," retorted the cook; "and I'm for striking inshore."

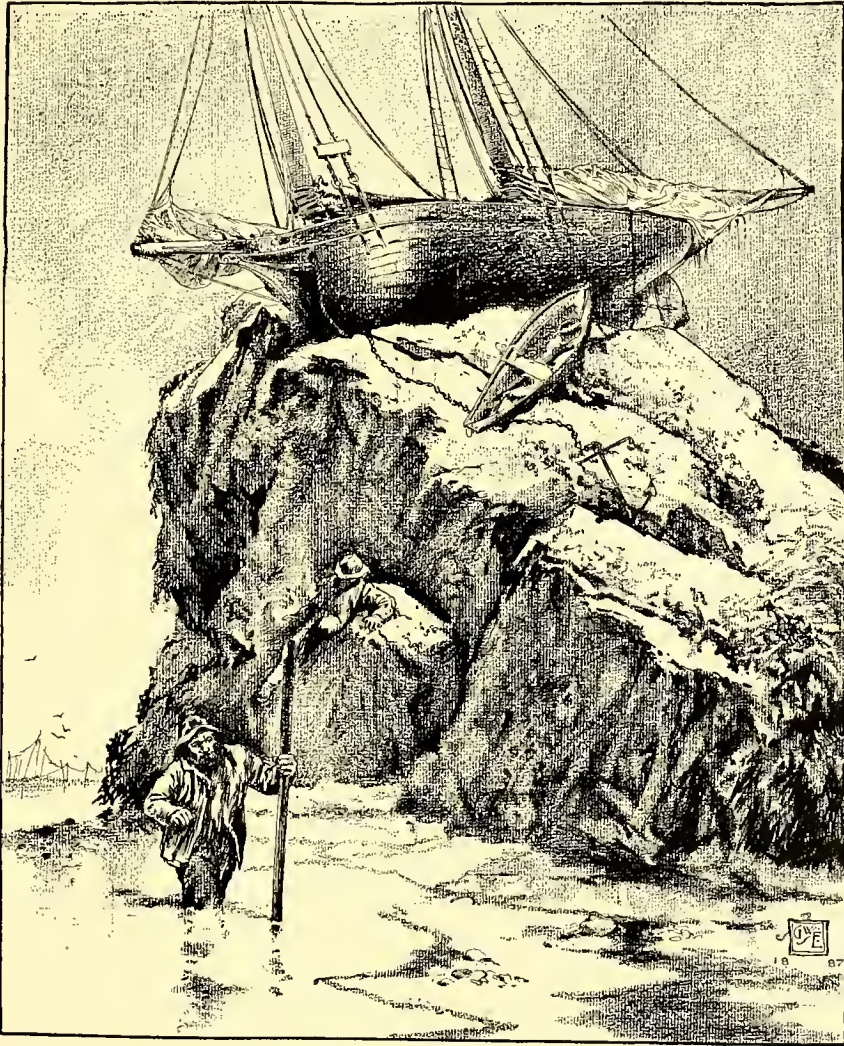
The two men started forward, and they soon found that the schooner was resting on a great ledge of rock like a tower that rose out of the mud. Lowering a rope over the side, they let themselves down upon the rock, and even then were several feet from the muddy surface.

The great pedestal upon which they stood was

covered with olive-hued and black weeds, which concealed innumerable star-fishes, sea-urchins and shells, and it gradually dawned upon them that "The Dancing Polly" had not been transported inland, but that the water had gone seaward and left them.

How to get down was the next question, and

Then and there, the Yankee navigator first heard of the Fundy tides; and several hours later, from the deck of the little craft, he saw the "bore" come in; — first a small stream, growing rapidly wider and deeper until the entire basin was filled with the surging waters that rose higher and higher, until finally "The Dancing Polly" floated



THE TRICK PLAYED BY THE TIDE.

after a debate about leaving the dog and cat, the two men finally managed to slide, slip, and scramble to the plain below, and through mud waist-deep floundered to the shore, where they were received with roars of laughter by a group of fine-looking Acadians, who had been watching their descent and their difficult progress.

free, and once more sailed away in the direction of Grand Pré.

"You Down Easters have curious ways," said the captain to his Acadian acquaintances, after he was safely moored at the dock that night.

"Down Easters?" queried one of them.

"Is n't this 'Down East'?" asked the skipper.



"Oh, no!" was the rejoinder; and pointing his arm in the direction of the sunrise, the Acadian explained, "'Down East' is up the coast, a way."

"Then I shall never get there," replied the captain regretfully — and he never did.

The curious tides which still rush in and out of the basin just as they did in the olden times, are caused by the formation of the coast. The water crowds into the Bay of Fundy as the tide rises, and, being unable to spread out in the narrowing and shallowing channel, is forced to a very great height. In the Basin of Minas the spring-tide has been known to rise nearly seventy feet, and at other times it rises as high as forty or fifty feet; at Chignecto Bay the rise is usually between

fifty and sixty feet; and in the estuary of the Petitcodiac, where the tidal current meets the river, there is formed the so-called "great bore," which rushes on with such velocity that animals are often caught and swept away by it.

These great tides are by no means confined to the Bay of Fundy. The natives of the Amazon country tell of their *porroca*, which really is a great roaring bore, where the tide-water, for a time kept back by the formations of the bars and of the channel, suddenly rushes onward in one or two or three great waves. A similar phenomenon is noticed in the Hoogly River, and in the T sien-tang in China, up which the tidal wave rushes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

## HOW A GREAT SIOUX CHIEF WAS NAMED.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.



ALTHOUGH many Indian names seem to explain themselves, young readers no doubt have

often pondered and wondered over the odd names of some of our Western Indians as published in the daily papers. Such appellations as "Hole-in-the-Day," "Touch-the-Clouds," "Red Cloud," "Spotted-Tail," "Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," and scores of others which I might call to mind, must have excited curiosity. The names here given belong to individuals of the Sioux tribe, which is the largest tribe within the United States.

When these Sioux Indians were little boys and girls, so small that they had done nothing at all

worthy of notice, they had no names whatever; being known simply as "White Thunder's little baby-boy," "Red Weasel's two-year-old girl," "One of Big Mouth's twins," and so on, according to their fathers' names; and, occasionally, — if Sioux women were talking to each other, — according to the mother's name. The earliest striking incident in an Indian's life may fasten a name upon him. A little fellow, not able to take care of himself, is kicked by an Indian pony, let us say, and, until some more prominent event in his career changes his name, he will be known as "Kicking Horse," or "Kicked-by-the-Horse." Or, a little girl, while scrambling through a wild-plum thicket, may not realize how near she is to the bank of the stream until a small piece of ground gives way under her feet, and she goes tumbling head-over-heels into the water. When rescued and brought home, she is called "Fell-in-the-Water," which probably will be wrongly translated into English as "Falling Water"; and we, hearing her so called, say, "What a pretty name!" "How poetical the Indian names are!" We should never have thought so, if we had seen the ragged little miss screaming and clutching at the grass as she went, with a splash, into the muddy creek. And even if the little girl herself could be brought to believe that it was a pretty name, I am sure she would insist that it was not a pleasant christening. Again, some little urchins, playing far away from the *tepees* (as the picturesque skin-tents or lodges are called), sud-

denly are overtaken by a thunder-shower, and they come home wet to the skin; thenceforth one may be called "Rain-in-the-Face," and another, "Little Thunder," if they are not already named. And so these slight incidents, some serious, some comical, give names to the little Sioux, until, as I have

grow before they could give him so pompous a name.

Once in a while, however, the names that the little ones have borne cling to them for life; either because nothing happens afterwards of sufficient importance to cause a change, or because they like



"HE WAS AS DELIGHTED AS A CIVILIZED CHILD WITH A COVETED TOY."

said, other occurrences or feats suggest other names, which they like better, or which they and their fellow-Indians adopt.

"Three Bears" got his name by killing three of those animals in one encounter, and he must have been well past his boyhood, or he could not have performed a feat of such valor.

"Pawnee-Killer" was not so called until he had slain a great number of Pawnees, a neighboring tribe of Indians, most bitterly hated by the Sioux. He, also, must have reached manhood before being named. Many names similarly given might be mentioned, for it is generally the names obtained late in life that are preferred, as one of these almost always recalls some great deed that redounds to its owner's credit; and this gratifies the savage vanity and pride, of which they have no small amount.

"Touch-the-Clouds" received his title from the fact that he was very tall,—over six feet in height, I believe; and of course they had to wait for him to

the old names, however simple they may be or however insignificant the event commemorated. Such was the case with the great Sioux chief, "Spotted Tail," a leader most famous among them, and one who has ruled over great numbers of that large tribe, for it should be remembered that the Sioux nation is not subject to any single ruler, but is divided into a number of bands of different names, each with a different chieftain, who has many sub-chiefs under him.

When this great chief was a very little fellow, his father left the lodge, or *tepee*, one morning, for a day's hunting after deer, which he expected to find in the brush and timber along the stream near the camp. It was an unlucky day, however,—the only thing he captured being a big raccoon, the skin of which he brought home. Coming to his lodge, and seeing one or two Indians sitting in front of it, watching the antics of his little son, he threw the raccoon's skin to the boy for a plaything. The



youngster, pleased with the present, spread it out carefully before the group of Indians; and when he pulled the tail, covered with black and gray rings, from under the skin, he was as delighted as a civilized child with a coveted toy, and he jumped up and down upon the skin, crying:

"Look at its tail, all spotted! Look at its spotted tail!"

Those around him joined in his childish glee. (For it must be borne in mind that the oldest boy-child of a Sioux warrior is a perfect prince in the household,—his mother and sisters being his slaves, and no one but his father above him in authority. So you can see why all tried to please him.) The incident was rather amusing, too, for the raccoon's tail was not spotted at all, but covered with black stripes, or rings. So, while the spectators were laughing, the youngster was immediately dubbed "Spotted Tail,"—*Sin-ta Ga-lis-ka*, in Sioux; *sin-ta* being tail, and *ga-lis-ka*, spotted—a name that has elung to him through all his eventful life. And certainly there was no lack of thrilling episodes which could have changed it, should vanity have made him desire a change. A warrior who had seen, and had been leader in, so many battles, of whom countless deeds of personal valor were recounted, and whose war-suit was trimmed with 650 scalps,\* could easily have had a pompous name had he wished it. But, like all really great men,

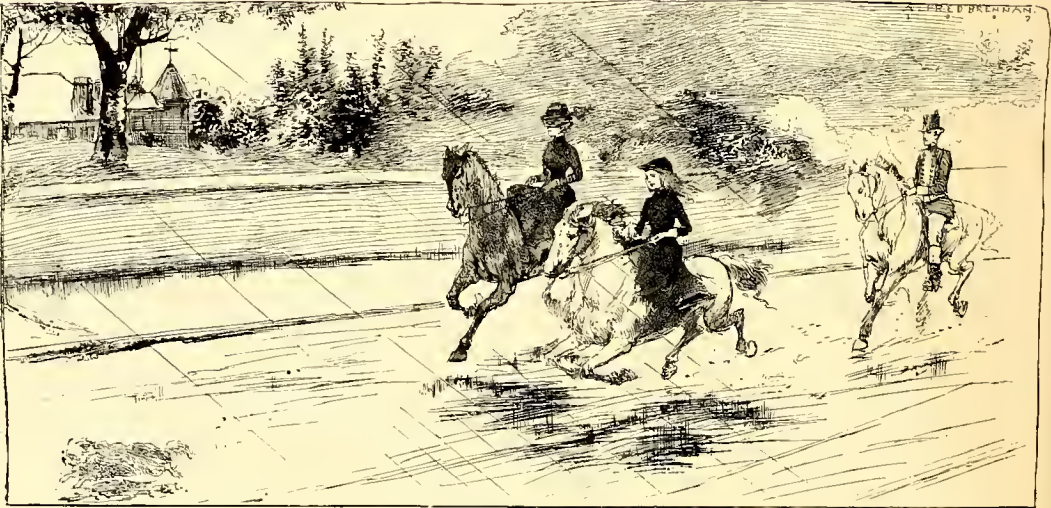
\* In trimming a war suit with scalps, only as much of each scalp is used as can be drawn through an eagle's quill, and these little tassels are then sewn in rows upon the buckskin shirt and leggings.

whether their lot be cast in civilized or in savage life, this great Sioux chief was modest; and in nothing is this better shown than in his satisfaction with the simple name of his baby-days, though it arose from such a trifling incident, and in his refusal to choose a name like "Pawnee-Killer," "White Thunder," or some other high-sounding title.

"Crazy Horse," the great Sioux chief, who was prominent in the Custer massacre, and who gained several other victories over us in war, is not given his right name, strictly speaking, for, in changing it into our language, it was misinterpreted. He was a superb rider, noted even among a nation of fine horsemen, and he could ride anything, however vicious, wild, or intractable. "Untamable Horse" would have been a better rendering of his name.

"Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," the great Ogallala Sioux chief, is also not rightly named in English. He was very careful about his horses when on the war-path, in times of peril keeping guard over them all night—a very unusual precaution among Indians. "Man-Careful-of-his-Horses," or "Man-Afraid-of-a-Stampede-of-his-Horses," would be truer to his real Indian name.

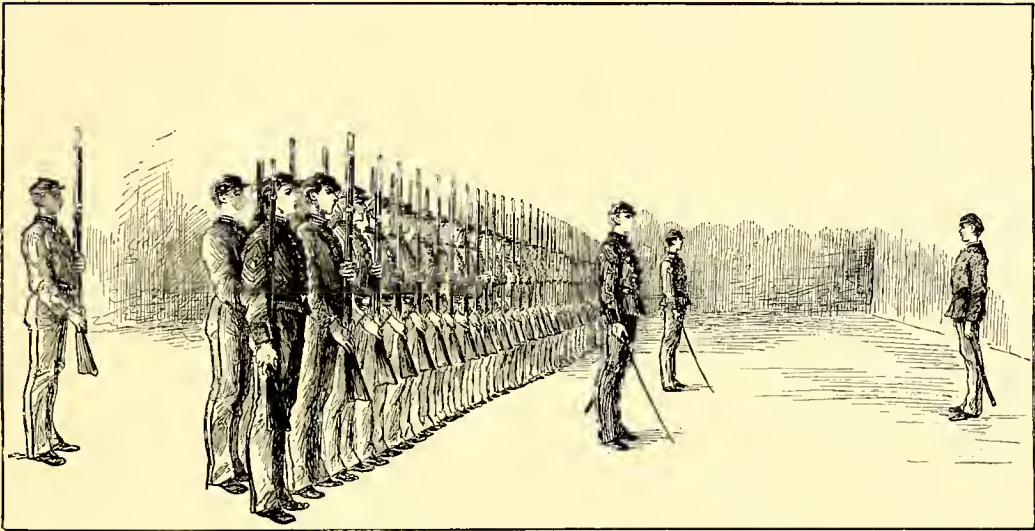
I must leave you to imagine the origin of the titles "Hole-in-the-Day," "Red Cloud," "Two Strikes," "Little Big Man," "Good Voice," and other quaint and queer Indian names which you may see from time to time.



A SHORT CUT HOMEWARD.

# DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.



## CHAPTER I.

TRAMP : tramp : tramp : tramp : tramp : tramp :  
tramp : tramp : came the rhythmic beat of feet  
across the drill-hall floor. A hundred boys in  
blue were marching in a long double line that  
reached from side to side of the wide hall; and  
overhead the great beams and iron rods shook and  
quivered in tremulous accord with the throbbing of  
the feet below, as the dark-blue ranks swept from  
end to end of the long building.

Straight onward marched the battalion, under the  
command of the senior captain, as unwavering as  
though the wall in front was about to vanish like a  
curtain and leave a clear passage out into the world  
beyond.

Clear as a bell came the ringing command of the  
senior captain :

“ To the rear ”—yet on they went, until one  
more step would dash the front rank sheer against  
the wall —

“ March ! ”

Then, as if by magic, each form whirled about  
with a single movement, and the ranks were march-  
ing in the opposite direction, with eyes fixed and  
impassive faces, so individually inexpressive as to  
lose for the time all distinguishing characteristics.

The light from the lofty windows fell upon the  
double row of gun-barrels in glittering lines, and  
shot glancing rays from the gleaming blades of the  
line officers. At the regulation distance to the rear,  
the sergeants followed their platoons, their guns  
at “ shoulder arms,” their arms decorated with  
chevrons.

Then came a quick series of commands, and the  
two ranks suddenly became a solid column.

“ Left oblique — march ! ”

And they glided away at a diagonal like a huge  
crab with a sidelong movement, and what had  
been the corner was now the advance guard of the  
troop.

“ Halt ! ”

Down came the upraised feet with a single thud,  
and the column was immovable for a second; then  
with a half turn they again faced toward the end  
of the hall. Another volley of commands, and the  
column changed from solid to open ranks, and the  
muskets rose to “ right shoulder arms.” Thus it  
went on, until the routine drill came to “ in place  
rest ” and the boys again stood in two long lines,  
but leaning on their muskets, drawing breaths of  
relief and indulging in brief conversation. The  
officers strolled toward the platform at the side  
of the hall, where the gray-mustached veteran,



General Long, was criticising the late drill and the appearance of the command as a whole. Sharp criticisms, too. The boys winced under them. He laid down the law without compunction, and the young lieutenant who was bearing the brunt grew red with mortification.

It was at Wild Lake Institute that all this happened, and in the great building which had once been used as a shelter for the exhibitors at the annual county fairs. Mr. Richards, the proprietor of the Institute, had at last secured the use of this building for a long term of years. So the windows that had looked upon piles of turnips and mammoth squashes earlier in the season, now lighted the evolutions of the school battalion during the daily two hours' drill. There was room enough for a regiment upon the floor. It was one hundred yards in length, and the lofty roof gave promise of good ventilation. No wonder that Mr. Richards felt a hearty satisfaction as he walked up and down the platform on his occasional visits, with his hands behind his back, or abstractedly pulling his nose, as he had a habit of doing. The welfare of the Institute was very dear to him, and he had a reputation, which was well deserved, of sending better prepared students to the Harvard examinations than any other teacher in the country. When he was present, the General was less of a martinet than at other times, and that, if nothing more, made the boys welcome him right gladly when he appeared.

To-day, however, he was absent, and the General had it all his own way. On the platform near a window, a young fellow with the chevrons of a sergeant on his arm stood leaning against a post. There was a discontented expression on his frank face, which was pale and rather thin. Another sergeant strolled up and spoke to him.

"Hullo, Harry! glad to see you around again. But what on earth are you looking so solemn over?"

"Drill!" was the sententious response.

"What 's that to do with it? Has the General been stirring you up? He 's been lecturing the second lieutenant for the last ten minutes, and, as I live, he 's making his company go through the manual again!"

It was even so. With suppressed indignation, the unfortunate officer had got his men into line again, and was snapping out his orders with a pyrotechnic vim that sent an answering thrill through the ranks; then they went through the manual without the word of command, tossing their muskets into the various prescribed positions with practiced hands, and the precision of clock-work.

"See that, Ed!" said his brother sergeant,

Harry Wylie, with a red spot showing in each cheek. "That 's the greatest piece of nonsense in the whole drill; and they keep it up for 'exercise!' where 's the good of it? what muscles does it train? If they only laid claim to its usefulness in discipline I would n't say a word; but to declare that a beneficial gymnastic exercise is a humbug. I 'm sick of it!"

"You 'd better not let General Long hear you, if you expect to wear a sword next year," said Edward Dane, laughing, and stroking his own chevrons complacently. "Or is 'first sergeant' the height of your ambition?"

"Hang the sword!" exclaimed Harry, indignantly. "What 's that to do with the principle of the thing? Besides,"—with a laugh—"it 's the abstract, not the concrete, that I object to."

"Well, Harry, if the principal hears of your heretical notions, he 'll abstract your name from the promotion list, as sure as fate; and if I were you, I 'd stick a tompon into the muzzle of my discontent."

"Can't a fellow express an honest opinion?"

"Hum! That depends," said Dane, cautiously.

"I 'm only saying what every mother's son of you believes in his heart of hearts. I came here to prepare for college, and as it is the best fitting-school that I know of, I shall stay here till I am ready to go; but that does n't imply that I mean to swallow a ramrod."

"Sergeant Dane, go to your post! Sergeant Wylie, go to your quarters, and report yourself after drill hours to Mr. Richards as under arrest for mutinous conversation while on duty!" With these words, the straight figure of the General suddenly appeared at the elbow of the astonished young officers.

Sergeant Dane drew himself up, saluted, turned on his heel and rejoined his company, which had been standing at "in place rest" near by. Sergeant Wylie also saluted, but began to say,

"Perhaps I 'd better explain——"

"No explanations are desired, sir. Go to your quarters at once, or I will send you under escort!"

So Wylie again saluted, turned likewise upon his heel, and departed with a new light in his eye, and wrath in his heart.

"Too bad!" muttered a private in the ranks to Lieutenant Leigh.

"Hush!" said the lieutenant between his teeth. "The old General is on his dignity to-day. He would fill the guard-house as full as a plum-pudding, and would think nothing of stuffing in a whole platoon. I 'm sorry for Wylie, but we can't do him any good."

And Leigh, on the whole, was glad that the

order "Attention" was given just then, that conversation so dangerous might come to an end.

Wylie, meanwhile, found his way across the parade-ground, which was a wide field between the drill-hall and the Institute, and entered his own room. It was not a large room, by any means, but it was light and well ventilated, and the walls were decorated by a few well-executed sketches. Harry sat down upon his solitary chair with his arms resting on the back of it, and gazed long and earnestly up at a picture of his home, over which was hung a long bow and a sheaf of arrows.

"This is the very worst scrape that I've been in since I came here," he said to himself. "I've a mind to write home all about it — hang it, no! I'll fight it out by myself." And, jumping up, he straightened up his bolster against the wall, and bestowed upon it half a dozen scientific whacks, quick as winks, and with as hearty good-will as though the unoffending article of furniture had been the cause of all his trouble. Then the maltreated bolster doubled itself over, and fell across the end of the iron bedstead to the floor, and Harry straightened himself up with a hearty laugh, saying,

"Heigho! I may as well be studying, I suppose," and, taking down a book from a little hanging case upon the wall, he began to peruse "Cæsar." The sunlight on the wall had moved several feet from its first position since he entered the room, and was gilding the wings of a stuffed "yellow-hammer"; the great clock upon the tower had tolled the hours twice, and there was a tramp of feet in the corridor and the hum of voices. Then the slamming of doors betokened the beginning of study hours, and all was quiet along the passages without. Harry had become deeply interested in "Cæsar," and he minded the noise no more than he did the silence.

Suddenly the sentinel at the door of the hall challenged, and there was the rattle of presented arms, and then the measured tramp of feet along the corridor toward his room. His door was flung open suddenly, and there was a file of soldiers with Sergeant Dane at their head.

Harry sprang to his feet and snatched at his watch. Nearly three o'clock! and he should have reported himself as under arrest at two!

"Oh, glory! I forgot all about it."

Dane said not a word, the presence of the command preventing any audible expression of sympathy. But the look upon his face was eloquent enough, and said as plainly as speech itself, "I'm sorry for you, old fellow, but this *is* decidedly the worst scrape yet."

One minute later Harry Wylie was marching toward headquarters under escort.

## CHAPTER II.

"I'M afraid that you are a little too severe, General," said Mr. Richards. "The boys are not used to it when they come, and they need gentle handling or they get a distaste for the whole drill."

"I am sorry, Mr. Richards, that you decline to give me your support," said the General, throwing back his shoulders with an air of offended dignity. "The drill was simply absurd; half the boys in the second company were three seconds behind time, and their muskets went to the shoulder like a flight of stairs or an arithmetical progression. In the service we would have kept them at it till they could do it properly, if it required a week. But if you hamper me in inflicting punishments, you deprive me of all authority, and must be responsible for the demoralization that will result."

Mr. Richards laughed quietly, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Now, seriously, General, do you think the failure to go through the manual properly, with six new recruits in the ranks, a crime that would warrant committing a platoon to the guard-house, or a company to extra duty? But that was not what I object to. What I feel the most deeply about is the free use that you make of sarcasm at times. Does it not hurt the boys' feelings needlessly? Remember they are defenseless, and must bear it silently."

The General rose and paced up and down the precincts of the library, his face expressive of conflicting feelings. The principal took up a book and leaned back in his easy-chair by the window that overlooked the campus, watching with a smile the antics of the boys who had come out from their rooms for a twenty-minute absorption of fresh air.

It did him good to watch them, and when some forty of them got up a break-neck race around the parade-ground he leaned forward eagerly to see which was the winner.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Richards," said the General, finally. "I would resign my position," he added, with a laugh, "if I did n't know that you would get a worse fellow next time."

"That is not to be thought of. I will tell you why I have such strong opinions on this question," and the principal, in turn, arose and began to pace the room. "When I was at school, a shy, sensitive, up-country lad, I once was under a teacher who had no respect for the rights of a pupil. He really insulted us often. The more hardened laughed; others were made doggedly obstinate. When the dullard of the class made some egregious blunder, he would say, 'why, even Richards ought to know better than that. I don't suppose he does, though.' And do you suppose that I



shall ever be able to forget those gratuitous, sarcastic flings? Was that the treatment necessary to bring out the good latent in every boy's heart? I have never met the man from that day to this; but for years I used to wake in the night with a start, after dreaming that I was back in that school-room. It has been said that no man can be a teacher for ten years without becoming more or less of a tyrant. When I adopted teaching for my profession, I registered a vow that I would disprove that, if it pleased God that I should live so long."

There was a sound of feet in the corridor, and the principal's little girl came running in, but stopped suddenly when she saw the General, and made a grimace of disappointment. The latter stooped and lifted her in his arms.

"What is it this time, pet?"

"I don't like you to-day, General. You scolded my boys when they did n't do anything!"

"Alice!" said the principal, quietly.

"Well, he did!" she asserted, rebelliously.

The General felt painfully embarrassed, and actually guilty, although he knew that he had but done his duty as he understood it.

"Alice!" said the principal again in the same quiet tone.

She hung her head a moment, and then looked up.

"I know I was naughty, General. I will kiss you now."

And the kiss was given. She lingered a moment when she was put down, but soon ran out of the room, leaving a silence of some duration.

"Well?" said Mr. Richards, at length, with an interrogative inflection.

"Well," echoed the General, "I give it up. You are a better disciplinarian than I." And they both laughed in unison.

They were old comrades, these two, and friends. When Mr. Richards projected his plan for the Wild Lake Institute, General Long was the first person whom he consulted, and it was by his advice that the military system of government had been adopted. The principal was not fully convinced of its usefulness in every respect, although he conceded that so far as it went it gave the best results attainable. Still, there were some phases of the discipline that did not altogether please him, and he had been meditating the advisability of just such a little private talk with the General, for some time. He was not sorry it had been carried through so amicably, as General Long had a veneration for "the service" and its customs amounting to idolatry; and, as we have hinted, he was something of a martinet in his ideas as to military exactions.

They had discussed the matter for some time, when the General suddenly started and pulled out his watch, while his face grew stern in an instant.

"I ordered Sergeant Wylie to report to you under arrest. He should have been here an hour ago."

"He has been ill," suggested the principal, gently.

"He was at the drill to-day.—With your permission—" The General reached out his hand toward the electric bell, with a look of inquiry. The principal nodded, and a pressure on the knob brought a sentinel to the door with a military salute. "Who is sergeant of the guard?" asked the General, answering the salute.

"Edward Dane, sir."

"Send him here."

Dane appeared in less than a minute, with the customary salute.

"Sergeant Dane, I ordered Sergeant Wylie to report himself here under arrest. He has not come. Take a squad and find him."

The sergeant disappeared, and soon the measured tramp of feet beneath the window, with the occasional jingle of accouterments, announced that he had departed upon his unwelcome mission. In about ten minutes the detail returned with Wylie in their midst, marching along with head erect and flashing eyes, but a face that was paleness itself. The two sergeants entered the library, the squad remaining outside, and saluted, after which Dane withdrew in response to a nod from the principal, giving a secret squeeze of sympathy as his fingers brushed those of his fellow-student.

"What is it all about, Dane?" asked one of the detail outside, the moment that the door closed between them and the prisoner.

"Why, the General ordered him under arrest, and Wylie forgot to report!" said Dane, leading the way to the hall where the guard held their rendezvous, and where the relief were expected to prepare their lessons.

A long whistle of astonishment followed the announcement. Such an act of rebellion had never occurred during the term of any of those present.

"But he really did forget," persisted Young. "There is no doubt about that. He jumped as though he had been harpooned when the sergeant opened the door. I wonder if some one of us ought n't to tell the principal of it?"

"Yes; I think I see 'some one of us' marching in upon the proceedings, unasked!" said Fred Warrington, ironically; and there was a general laugh at the picture which the suggestion had called up in each boy's mind.

Dane moved uneasily around the room. Wylie

and he were fast friends and classmates, and it seemed like deserting his friend in trouble thus to have to leave him in the hands of the General, especially since Dane had been the unconscious cause of his being under arrest in the first place. Once, under a sudden impulse, he started for the library door, and had nearly reached it before the absurdity of that proceeding struck him. Manifestly, it would do no good to interfere, and might do harm, in that it would make it appear that the disaffection was wide-spread, instead of being, as Dane firmly believed, due merely to a fit of petulance in a

not be evaded. Strictly speaking, they ought to have done that before, and Dane, as the ranking officer present, was at fault in not enforcing discipline,—a fault that would have brought down a reprimand upon his head had the General made his appearance in season to catch them at their idleness.

As it was, however, he gravitated between the window and the door with the regularity of a well-educated pendulum. Then he had an attack of thirst, which demanded satisfaction at the water-tank in the corridor just beyond the library-door.



"THE TWO SERGEANTS ENTERED THE LIBRARY."

convalescent. Ordinarily, as he knew, Harry Wylie was an exemplary student, whether on parade or in the class-room. Indeed, he took higher rank there than Dane. Altogether, the sergeant of the guard was in an unenviable frame of mind.

The others betook themselves to their books, however, since lessons were imperative evils that could

The sentinel grinned when he saw him, but made no objection, and Dane was in no haste to finish his draught. He did finish it at last, and was about to return to the guard-room, when through the door of the library came a sharp exclamation; then the sound of a heavy fall, instantly followed by the quick, fluttering jangle of the electric bell.

(To be continued.)



# THE BROWNIES AND THE WHALE.

BY PALMER COX.



S Brownies chanced at eve to stray  
Around a wide, but shallow bay,  
Not far from shore, to their surprise,  
They saw a whale of monstrous size,  
That, favored by the wind and tide,  
Had ventured in from ocean wide,  
But waves receding by-and-by,  
Soon left him with a scant supply.

And gives him aid to reach the sea."  
I catch the hint!" another cried;  
"Let all make haste to gain his side—  
Then clamber up as best we may,  
And ride him 'round till break of day."  
At once, the band in great delight  
Went splashing through the water bright,  
And soon to where he rolled about  
They lightly swam, or waded out.  
Now climbing up, the Brownies tried  
To take position for the ride.  
Some lying down a hold maintained;



At times, with flaps and lunges strong  
He worked his way some yards along,  
Till on a bar or sandy marge  
He grounded like a leaden barge.  
"A chance like this for all the band,"  
Cried one, "but seldom comes to hand.  
I know the bottom of this bay  
Like those who made the coast survey.  
'T is level as a threshing-floor  
And shallow now from shore to shore;  
That creature's back will be as dry  
As hay beneath a tropic sky,  
Till morning tide comes full and free

More, losing place as soon as gained,  
Were forced a dozen  
times to scale  
The broad side of the  
stranded whale.  
Now half-afloat and  
half-aground  
The burdened monster  
circled 'round,  
Still groping clumsily  
about  
As though to find the  
channel out,



And Brownies clustered close, in fear  
 That darker moments might be near.  
 And soon the dullest in the band  
 Was sharp enough to understand  
 The creature was no longer beached,  
 But deeper water now had reached.  
 For plunging left, or plunging right,  
 Or plowing downward in his might,  
 The fact was plain, as plain could be —  
 The whale was working out to sea!

A creeping fear will seize the mind  
 As one is leaving shores behind,  
 And knows the bark whercon he sails  
 Is hardly fit to weather gales.  
 Soon Fancy, with a graphic sweep,  
 Portrays the nightmares of the deep :

While they can see, with living eye,  
 The terrors of the air sweep by.



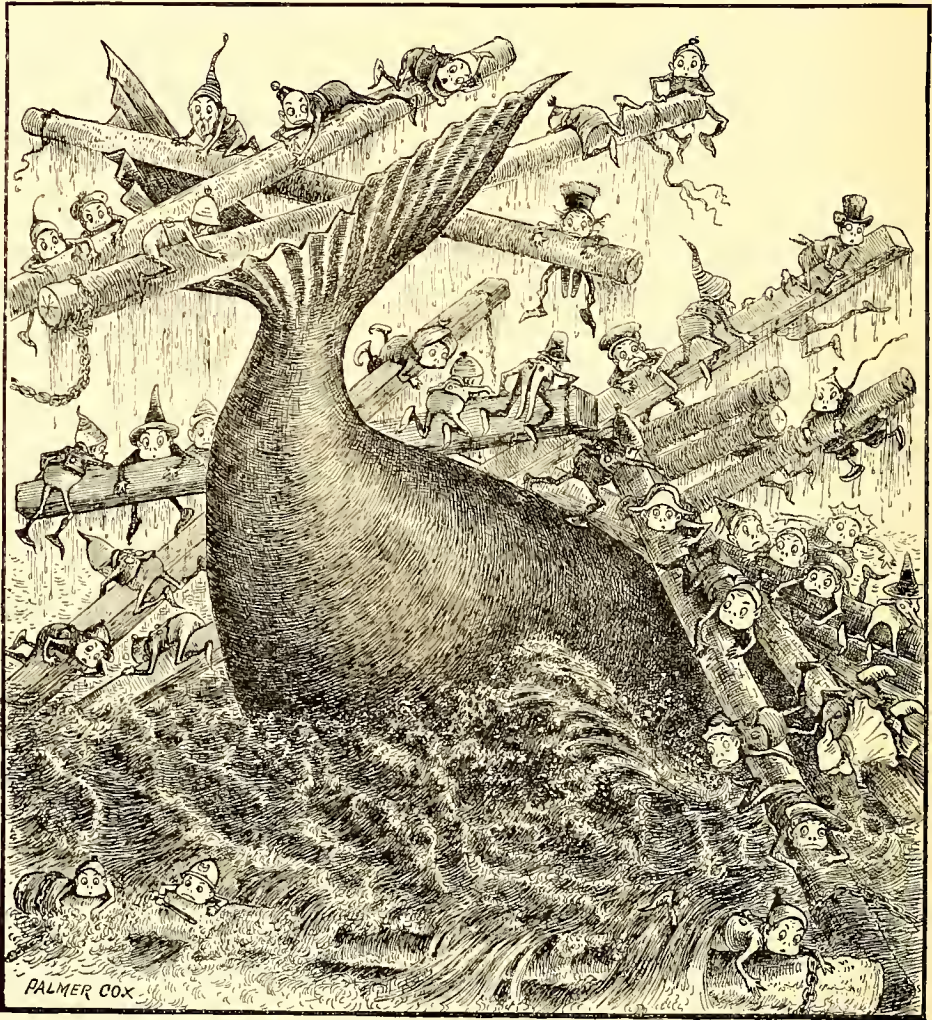
For who would not a fierce bird dread,  
 If it came flying at his head?





And these were hungry, squawking things,  
With open beaks and flapping wings.

Such fear soon gained complete command  
Of every Brownie in the band.

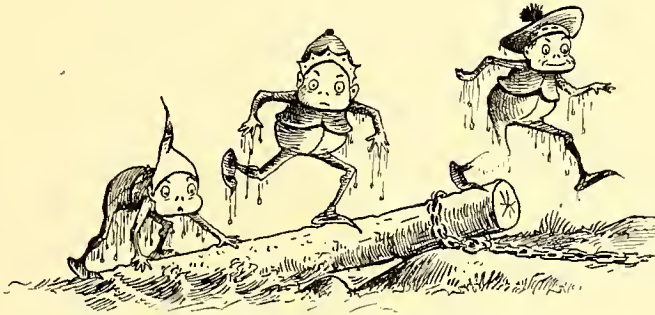


They made the Brownies dodge and dip,  
Into the sea they feared to slip.  
The birds they viewed with chattering teeth,  
Yet dreaded more the foes beneath.  
The lobster, with his ready claw;  
The fish with sword, the fish with saw;  
The hermit-crab, in coral hall,  
Averse to every social call;  
The father-lasher, and the shrimp,  
The cuttle-fish, or ocean imp,  
All these increase the landsman's fright,  
As shores are fading out of sight.

They looked behind, where fair and green  
The grassy banks and woods were seen.  
They looked ahead, where white and cold  
The foaming waves of ocean rolled,  
And then, with woful faces drew  
Comparisons between the two.  
But, when their chance seemed slight indeed  
To sport again o'er dewy mead,  
The spouting whale, with movement strong,  
Ran crashing through some timbers long  
That lumbermen had strongly tied  
In cribs and rafts, an acre wide.

'T was then, in such a trying hour,  
The Brownies showed their nerve and power.  
The diving whale gave little time  
For them to choose a stick to climb,—  
But grips were strong; no hold was lost,

However high the logs were tossed;  
By happy chance the boom remained  
That to the nearest shore was chained,  
And o'er that bridge the Brownies made  
A safe retreat to forest shade.



## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

### THE STORY OF SMALL ROOSTER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



SMALL ROOSTER was a very fine bird. He was dressed in green and gold feathers, and he wore a high, bright-red comb. And oh, how proud he was. He was proud of his green and gold dress, and his high, bright-red comb, and he was proud because he could crow so long and loud. Not one of his three big brothers or his five big cousins could crow as long and loud. That was all very well, but he should not have always crowed so long and loud just at the break of day, when almost every one else was still asleep.

"Why *will* you do it?" said Pretty Hen to him one morning. Pretty Hen was his mother.

"I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well don't do it again," said his mother.

"Yes, ma'am — I mean no, ma'am," said Small Rooster.

But the very next morning, as early as ever, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo — Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!" crowed Small Rooster at the top of his



voice, waking all the fowls for a mile around and startling his mother so that she fell off the perch. Old Chanticleer ruled the roost, though he was too old to fly up to it. At the sound of Small Rooster's crowing, he opened his



"OLD CHANTICLEER OPENED HIS SLEEPY EYES."

(Copied by permission from an etching by Bracquemond, published by Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, London.)

sleepy eyes and clucked angrily to Pretty Hen: "He's a boisterous young scamp! Scold him well!" And then Chanticleer went back to his dreams.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck," called Pretty Hen, as she picked herself up all covered with straw and sand: "What did I tell you only yesterday morning, Small Rooster?"

"Ma'am?" said he.

"What did I tell you only yesterday morning?" repeated she, shaking her toe at him.

"Not to crow again at break of day," answered Small Rooster.

"Then why did you do it?" said his mother.

"Because — because — I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well, if you do it again, and don't know, you'll go without your breakfast," said his mother.

"No, ma'am — I mean — yes, ma'am," said Small Rooster, and the very next morning crowed longer and louder than he had ever crowed before.

Then, his mother was so angry she could scarcely cluck. But when Small Rooster saw her coming toward him, he called out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo — I know, I doo-oo-oo."

"Oh, you doo-oo-oo!" said his mother. "Well, if you doo-oo-oo, you'd better tell me quickly, for I'm out of all patience with you. And mind, if it is n't a good reason, no breakfast do you get."

"I crow so long and loud at the break of day," said Small Rooster, "because — because I want to wake the boy that lives in the house near our barn, so that he may be ready in time for school. It takes him a long time to get ready, because — because he does n't get out of bed for an hour or two after I crow."

"How did you know all this?" asked Pretty Hen.

"I heard the cat talking to the dog about it," answered Small Rooster. "And now, I'd like to have my breakfast."

"Well, I can't see what good your crowing so very early does the boy after all," said his mother, "if he does n't get up for an hour or two after you crow. And then there's Saturday and Sunday and all sorts of holidays, when you do just the same. But, dear me!" She went on wrinkling her forehead, and looking at him sharply. "What's the good of talking. It's my opinion that you crow just to hear yourself crow, as many older and bigger roosters do."

Then she gave him his breakfast, for she was his mother; and, as you all know, mothers are so forgiving!

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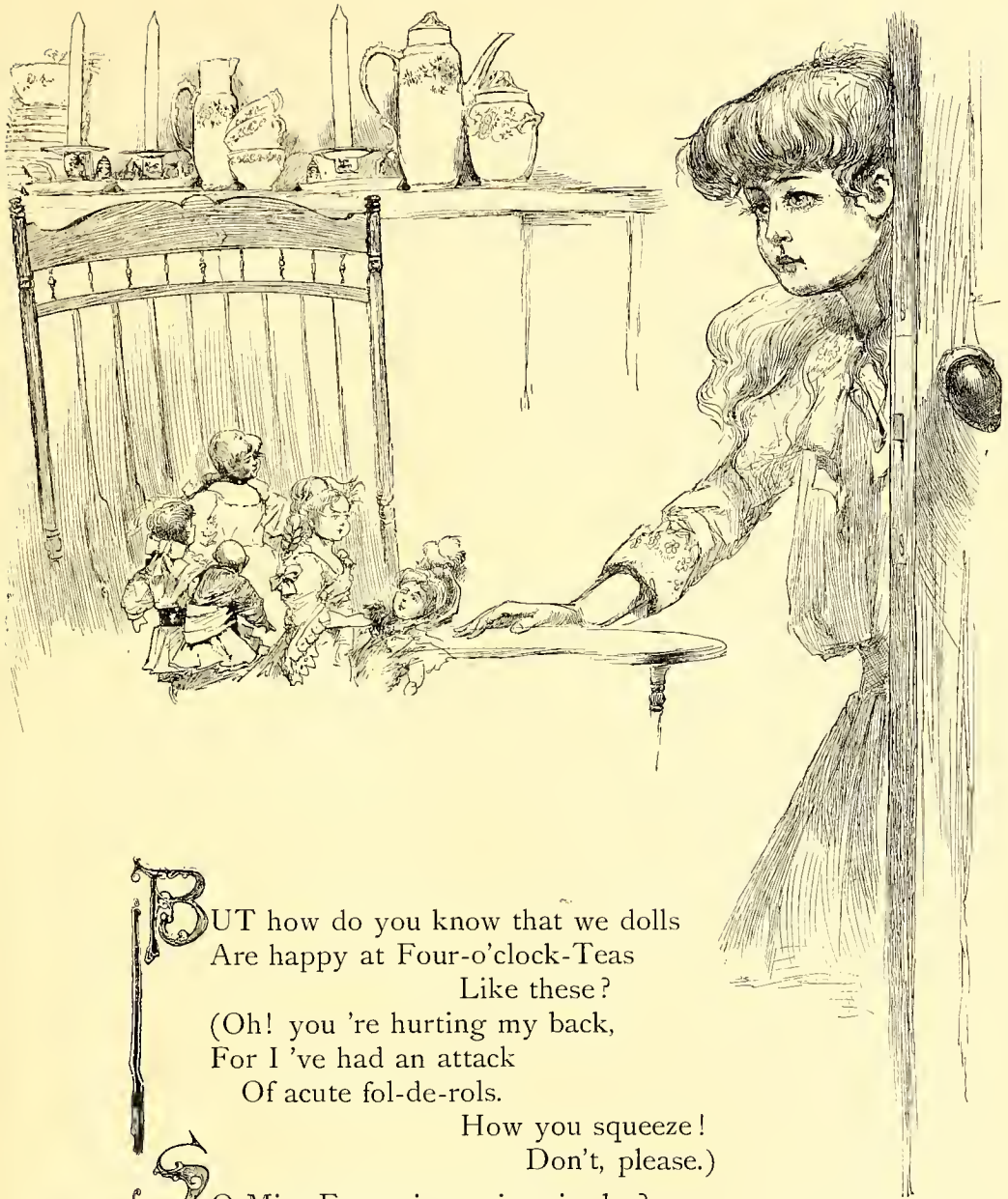


# The Dolls' Complaint.

by  
N. P. Babcock.



H! certainly, open the door:  
We have n't the least privacy;  
Dear me!  
You never *do* knock  
And we have n't a lock.  
So you've come for a Four-o'clock-Tea,  
I see.



**B**UT how do you know that we dolls  
Are happy at Four-o'clock-Teas

Like these?

(Oh! you're hurting my back,  
For I've had an attack  
Of acute fol-de-rols.

How you squeeze!  
Don't, please.)

**S**O Miss Fanny is coming, is she?  
And you want us to put on our *best*?  
We're dressed

Twenty-six times a day:

Oh! *you* call it play?

What *we* want, it must be confessed,  
Is rest."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Valentines! February is a short month, although this year—as I am told—it gives you an extra day, and even then does not quite make a month of itself; but it has done a good turn for this country by giving us one *George Washington*, of whom you all have heard. So we must not complain.

Then, again, it's supposed to be rather an affectionate, even a sentimental month. It freezes, but then it thaws, too, and so lays claim to a goodly share of sensibility. I prefer January myself, or even blustering March—that one unconvinced jurymen of the twelve, as the deacon calls him, who never gives in till he is almost ready to go. But, all things considered, perhaps, for twenty-nine days before March comes, we may as well agree to be satisfied with February, and to honor him for old Winter's sake.

AND now you shall have a letter from a school-girl, asking

## WHY HARTSHORN?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A girl in the red school-house recently took a bottle of smelling-salts from her pocket, and when asked by the dear little school-ma'am what she had there she replied, "hartshorn," and added that she used it "to help a slight headache."

The little school-ma'am, after expressing sympathy with our school-mate, asked if any of us knew anything about hartshorn, and why it was called by that name.

We all tried, but not one of us could answer her correctly, though some of us older girls said it had something to do with ammonia. I have found out since; but I think, with your permission, I'll pass along the questions to your larger class, dear Jack. The little school-ma'am says I may.

Your young friend,

A SCHOOL-GIRL.

## HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

A FRIEND of Deacon Green, Miss Ellen V. Talbot, has written some lines for ST. NICHOLAS, which go straight to the old gentleman's heart. He begs me, therefore, to show them to my boys with his best regards, and to say that it would have

saved him a good deal of unnecessary and fatiguing admiration of himself in early life, had he read just such verses at that time.

But if you imagine, from this, that our deacon undervalues a mother's praise, you are woefully mistaken, my friends. No, indeed. He only thinks that, as a rule, mothers do not always give quite so correct an idea of their sons' beauty as the average untouched photographs do. That's all.

A MOTHER once owned just a common-place boy,  
A shock-headed boy,  
A freckle-faced boy,  
But thought he was handsome and said so with  
joy;

For mothers are funny, you know,

Quite so—

About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but  
pug,

And turned up quite snug,

Like the nose of a jug;

But she said it was "piquant," and gave him a hug:

For mothers are funny, you know,

Quite so—

About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the  
sun;

But she said it was done

As a mere piece of fun

And gave an expression of wit to her son;

For mothers are funny, you know,

Quite so—

About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carrotty love-locks that covered his head

She never called red,

But auburn instead.

"The color the old Masters painted," she said;

For mothers are funny, you know,

Quite so—

About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;

Don't look in the glass,

Like a vain, silly lass,

But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;

Be as good as you're pretty, you know,

Quite so—

As good as you're pretty, you know.

## AN AMAZONIAN VILLAGE.

PARÁ, November, 1887.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You like, do you not, to hear about out-of-the-way places? So let me tell you of our experiences in an Amazonian bathing-place called Soure. This is near Pará, on a river in the great island of Marajó. The surf-bathing, except for scenery, is not unlike that at Elberon, New Jersey, though there are no ropes to hold on to, and the bathing-houses are palm-thatched *choupanas*. The Indian huts about are very picturesque, and not very un tidy, so we often made thist a excuse to get a glimpse of the interior and chat with the hospitable occupants. The church we passed daily was an oddity: the church and prison being in one building, and the convicts favored with considerable liberty.

Soure is a fishing village, so we had an abundance of fish—of rather indifferent kinds, however.

Visits outside the town are made either by canoe or on ox-back; the poor, patient oxen looked so queerly when saddled.

The quaintest of all wells ever seen, I think, is the great public well of Soure. It is in the middle of the village green, glorious mango-trees bordering it; and here, at all hours of the day, come and go loitering, chattering blacks, carrying on their heads, like second heads, jars, pails, old kerosene and butter-tins—in fact, almost anything that can hold water.

Good-bye, from your constant listener (though at a long distance),  
AMY E. S.—

THE MAGUEY.

DEAR JACK: In reading an interesting book called "A Tour in Mexico and California," I came upon a part where the author, Mr. J. H. Bates, speaks of a curious way of obtaining ice. On one very hot day in February, not far from the city of Leon, in Mexico, he saw a great number of the leaves of the maguey lying upon the ground. These were filled with a thin layer of water, and they had been placed there by the natives in order to obtain the thin coats of ice which would be formed on each leaf during the night. These thin flakes, I believe, are collected and stored away in the ground for early use. Since then I have read more about the maguey, and as some of your hearers also may be glad to look into the subject, I send you this letter. Your faithful friend, MARY D—

CACTUS FENCES.

TALKING of Mexico, this same friend (Mary D) tells me that the cactus grows to a great height in

that country. One variety, the organ cactus, as she learns from Mr. Bates's book, "has a single straight stem, made up of parts several feet long, six-sided, and joined so as to make one perfect trunk, with joints hardly visible." The larger of these cactus-stems that Mr. Bates saw, not far from the city of Leon, are six inches in diameter. He says the people plant these organ cacti side by side, and so form close, strong, living fences that answer their purpose admirably.

A DESIRABLE LODGING.

ARROJO GRAND, CAL., Oct. 16, 1887.

DEAR JACK: There is a sycamore-tree on our land that appears to be a favorite nursery for birds. Three years ago a pair of flickers or high-holders made their hole in it; next year they, or others like them, used it again, and this year they used it still again. After they left this year, a pair of bluebirds made a nest in the hole and raised their young and went away. Not more than two days after they left, a pair of swallows came in, took possession, raised their children, and went off. Did you ever know of such a case?  
EDW. ALLEN.

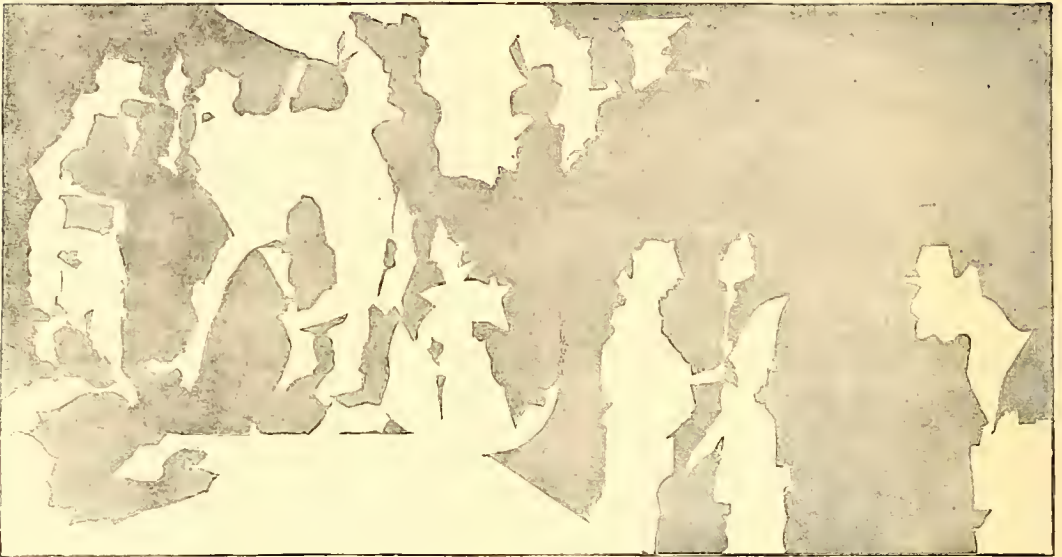


A BILL OF FARE FOR FEBRUARY.



## A WONDERFUL WALL.

BY S. MARY NORTON.



THE WALL, AS KARL FIRST SAW IT.

FOR nearly three months Karl lay in the children's ward of the hospital and looked at a piece of whitewashed wall. The window was at the head of his cot, so that he could not look out, and two screens shut out what was on either side of him. The doctor said he must not read nor have frequent visitors, and that he must sleep and "be stupid" as much as possible. But Karl could not sleep nor be stupid all the time, and in the long hours between the visits of the doctor or the comings of the nurse with beef-tea or milk, when there was nothing to do but lie still and look at the wall, he thought he would die of loneliness and pain. That, however, was before he really saw the wall. When he began to see the people in it, he would not have exchanged it for a window, a book, or several ordinary visitors. At first he only noticed that the fresh whitewash was chipped off in spots, and showed the dingier coat below. Then, suddenly, a soldier with a great hat came out,—a grave-looking soldier marching along,—with his head bent down as in a well-known picture of Napoleon. He was tall and thin, though—perhaps he was Wellington. But look! there behind him was an aid-de-

camp, and the grinning faces of two suspicious characters. The aid-de-camp did not look serious. Perhaps it was a holiday procession and the tall soldier was a drum-major, Karl thought. Why, of course; there was a funny Punchinello off at the rear, and in the front two dominos—one holding a torch. It was the carnival at Venice! Karl's father had read to him about it from a big volume a short time before. And there was a man with a wooden leg. Was he an old tar? Perhaps it was Mr. Wegg. Karl hoped it was, for Silas had been one of his favorites. Karl had read a great deal—a great deal too much, the doctor said, for a delicate boy of ten. But there had been little else for Karl to do out of school hours; for he could not play in the streets, and he had no brother nor sister nor mother to play with him at home, and his father was all day at the theaters, painting scenes. I don't know what he would have done in the little room at the boarding-house, if it had not been for his father's case of books; and I don't know what he could have done in the hospital if these people had not come out upon the wall; for he had a mind and heart that would not stay empty.



look wrong side before, and Mr. Wegg. Then, behind, near the Punchinello, two solemn brothers turned their backs on the carnival, and went down into the Catacombs with a torch. At least Karl thought they were going into the Catacombs; though it puzzled him to think that the Catacombs were in Rome and the carnival was at Venice; and he was not sure, either, that any body but early Christians and modern tourists ever went into the Catacombs, and none of them dressed like monk, or bishop, or priest. But then there were a great

But every day he could see new figures. By and by, an old man with a gray beard — Friar Tuck, | many puzzling things about the wall. Mr. Wegg's being at the carnival was one; and the Lady

came to the carnival, holding a leather bag of wine. He poured some out into a champagne-glass that an old woman held. The next one that came was a most absurdly fantastic creature, who held her skirts with one bony hand and courtesied to the dancing bear with a queer head looking like a man's face put on crooked, so as to



of the Lake's being there, too, was another. She appeared one day in her little skiff, with a high cap. She seemed a great way off; but Karl was sure it was she, and rather hoped she might come nearer. One morning she came out with a smaller cap than she had worn the day before. There was a large-sized flake of whitewash on the floor beneath.

Karl could tell a great deal more about the delightful, strange, and queer people who came out of this wonderful wall by the time he became well enough to walk with the aid of crutches. He knew them very well indeed before then, and they made him happy for many hours. I don't know much more about them, except that the wall has been whitewashed again and that they are not there now.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

MRS. BARR'S Russian Christmas story, "Michael and Feodosia," printed in this number, was unavoidably omitted from the January issue (for which it was written), because the engraving of the large illustration could not be completed in time for its appearance last month. The story will be no less welcome to our readers, who in one sense are now gainers by this after-Christmas gift.

We have received several letters complaining that the "Song of the Bee," recently printed in this magazine, had been published long before, and in several quarters; and, later, a communication from Marion Douglass has come to us, in response to our inquiries, stating that she wrote the poem in question for the "Nursery" in the year 1872.

We can only regret our recent reproduction of the same lines, under the signature of another writer. They were accepted in good faith by ST. NICHOLAS, as at that time we had, of course, no knowledge of the earlier publication.

### CAUTION TO YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A CORRESPONDENT at Cambridge, Mass., writing of the use of cyanide of potassium in making ferrotype pictures, calls attention to the danger arising from its character as a poison, and urges the use of hyposulphite of soda instead of the cyanide as advised in the paragraph on ferrotypes in the December ST. NICHOLAS. In making "tin-types" by the old method, cyanide is commonly held by photographers to produce a much better result than the "hypo," and is the ingredient in general use. Fortunately, the new dry-plate method of tin-typing does away with the necessity for using the poison. This new method, referred to in the November number, is, for this and other reasons, much better for the amateur. Hyposulphite of soda is used in fixing the dry-plates.

At the editor's request, I would here warn amateur photographers that they should remember that many of the chemicals they use are more or less poisonous. Sulphuric acid, for instance, used in making up developers, is to be handled with the greatest care. Bottles containing such acids should be kept in a safe place, and distinctly labeled. It is not a bad plan to wear a pair of gloves when handling them.

ALEXANDER BLACK.

### ANOTHER ME.

[An answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem, "My Other Me," in the ST. NICHOLAS for November.]

O CHILDREN in the valley,  
Do you ever chance to meet  
A little maid I used to know,  
With lightly tripping feet?

Her name is Alice; and her heart  
Is happy as the day;  
I pray you, greet her kindly,  
If she should cross your way.

But you need n't bring her back to me;  
To tell the truth, you know,  
I have no wish to be again  
That child of long ago.

Of course, it 's lovely to be young,  
Sheltered from heat and cold;  
But let me whisper in your ear:  
"It 's nice, too, to be old."

You see, my lessons all are learned;  
*Avoir* and *être* I know  
Clear through, subjunctive, *que* and all,  
That used to bother so.

Geometry I touch no more;  
And history I read  
Instead of learning it by heart  
As I had to once, indeed.

It 's true, I don't read fairy tales  
With quite the zest of yore;  
But then I write them with a zest  
I never felt before.

Of course, I 'm very old; but then,  
If I wish to play, you see,  
There is up here upon the heights  
Another little me.

He 's ten years old and he 's a boy;  
A mischievous young elf;  
But I like him every bit as well  
As I used to like myself.

You need n't send that little girl,  
Whose heart was full of joy,  
Back to me now; I 'd rather keep,  
Instead of her, my boy!

Don't fear to climb, dear children,  
So slowly day by day,  
Out of the happy valley  
Up to the heights 'away.

I know it 's lovely to be young,  
Sheltered from heat and cold;  
But let me whisper in your ear:  
"It 's nicer to be old."

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a letter in the November number about a kitten, and thought I would tell you about mine.

It is a dear little Maltese kitten, and came all the way from St. John. I am sure my kitty enjoyed her day in the drawing-room car, although you may be sure she was not there much of the time. Far from it—she was everywhere.

As my mother was leaving the station, she was handed through the window by the son of the lady whom mother had been visiting. The basket had a net over the top, but pussy soon got her head through that; indeed, it was wonderful she did not choke getting out of that basket. One minute she would be in the smoking-car, on some gentleman's back, and the next she would be sleeping peacefully in mamma's lap. However, she was brought home safely, and is now learning to jump and beg very nicely.

I enjoy your magazine very much, and indeed the whole family do, especially my father. I have taken you for five years.

Your admiring reader,

ESSIE T.—

SONOMA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and live in Sonoma. I love to read you. "Juan and Juanita" was a very pretty story. I always enjoy the Letter-box. I think it might interest some readers to hear about my pets; as my dog is dead, I have only four, but one is a very rare one. I have a pony, who is rather old; a black cat, a canary, and a monkey. He is a very curious little fellow; his name is "Yetto"; his size is about one foot. "Yetto" has smooth gray and black hair, a small pink face, and a funny long tail; he has large, brown, expressive eyes. I have tried for a year to tame him, but in vain; he runs and romps about in Papa's conservatory, and at night curls up in a box, in a soft shawl. He lets me feed him with bananas, grapes, apples, and milk, and bread; but if I try to touch him he makes a queer noise, "chink," and rushes up the big gum-tree. I don't go to school, but take lessons at home, English, German, French, and music, and in the afternoon I play with my four little cousins,—our gardens lie opposite,—their names are Willy, Frida, Doris, and Ernest, the baby. We have glorious times, and splendid games together. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader,

AGNES D.—

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I seldom see letters from this city in your "Letter-box."

I enjoy the "Personally Conducted" series by Mr. Frank R. Stockton the most of all. We take them to school, and our teacher reads them to us as we come to the countries. I hope that Mr. Stockton will write some more.

I have not any pets, as most of your correspondents have, but I have something that is much better, five brothers and sisters.

With hopes that you will publish my letter, I remain, yours truly,  
KATHARINE B.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old. I was born here in Washington, and all my life have lived where I could see the beautiful Capitol, with the "Goddess of Liberty" on top of the dome. I used to think she was an Indian, when I was younger. We have been taking you a long time. I enjoyed the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," ever so much, and hope the same lady that wrote it will soon write another one as sweet as that was. I like your dog stories, too. We had a dear little dog. Her name was Belle. She was so smart! One day we went out for a ride, and shut her up in the back-yard; but when we returned she had dug a hole under the fence, and was having a fine frolic out in the street. The next day, when we went out, my brother chained her up in the stable. When we came home, she had hung herself by jumping over a beam. Fortunately, she was still alive. We concluded she was too lively for a city dog, and gave her to a kind farmer.

Your little friend,  
PEARL L. H.—

DALLAS, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see in your Letter-box many questions and answers, so I thought I would get you to answer one for me; or, if you have not time, please publish it, and let any who will, answer it.

The distance from Station A to Station B, on the railroad, is five miles. The *caboose* of a freight-train one mile long leaves Station A; the conductor is on the caboose. When the *engine* reaches Station B, the conductor is on the engine, having walked the length of the train while it was moving. How far has he ridden? and how far has he walked?

I do not ask this for mere idle curiosity. I am seeking information; and by answering, you will greatly oblige me.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,  
FANNIE F.—

STILLWATER, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen any letters from this place, so we thought we would write one. We are two "chums" (in school-girl language), and are members of a delightful club called the "Belmont." We have no dumb creatures for pets, as most boys and girls who write to the ST. NICHOLAS have; but one of us has a dear little baby brother, who is just the cutest and liveliest little fellow you ever saw. His name is Tom; and as the other has no pets, we "go halves," so to speak. We are looking forward to the completion of a high-school building with great delight, as we expect to enter the school as soon as the building is completed. We both think the ST. NICHOLAS the best and most interesting magazine published, and were wild over "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita," besides numerous other stories—especially Miss Alcott's. Hoping that our letter is not too long to be published, we remain

Your devoted admirers,  
BAY S.— and HELEN P. K.—

NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I hope my letter will be printed. I have taken you for more than a year, and like you very much. My two favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I have just had one year's copies bound, and am going to have the same next year. We have just come home from the sea-side, where we were staying for two months; my brother and I bathed every day, and very often went out fishing. I am the only one at home, as my brother goes to school. We had two little canaries, but one died the other day, so now we only have one. It is so tame that it will perch on my fingers or my head. It flies about the room nearly all day, and once I found it in a room with the window open—but it never attempted to get out. I must now end, as I have nothing more to say. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,  
EVELYN G.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have two cats. Their names are Beauty and Smut. Smut likes pop-corn and candy. We have a weather-strip on our front door; it is loose at the bottom, and when we lock Smut outdoors she will knock on the door by pulling the weather-strip with her paws; we can hear her in the third story.

Beauty is timid and does not play so much, except when you pull a string around the room. She plays with the little kitten sometimes, not often.

Beauty will knock on the door if she is left out long enough. Once Beauty brought one of the little kittens up-stairs to the third floor from the cellar, but she had to drop it on every step; when she got on the last step she was so tired that she had to pant. One day my mother went up-stairs, and there was Beauty and the kitten. She went to the lounge and took the little kitten in her hands, but Beauty knocked it out. My mother thought it might be a mistake, but she did it again. Just then our dress-maker came in, and my mother told her about it. Then to show that it was true, she went to the lounge and took it in her hand, but Beauty knocked it out the third time. Smut will take pop-corn in her paws and eat it just the same as a squirrel would eat nuts. We think a good deal of our cats.

FRANK T.—

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question that I would like to ask your readers. Probably some of your English friends can answer it. Why were not all the kings of England crowned immediately upon ascending the throne?

I will this Christmas commence my eighth year of taking the ST. NICHOLAS. I would n't give it up under any considerations.

Your friend,  
M. M. M.—

STRATFORD, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, not yet seven years old. None of your little friends love you more than I do. My Uncle Jack who lives in Bartleford, N. W. T., sends you to me. I have had you one year. I like your stories so much, and can read them quite well. This place is called after Shakespeare's birthplace, and the river, too, is called Avon, and the wards of the city after characters in his plays, such as Romeo ward, Hamlet ward, etc. We have great fun here in winter, tobogganing and sleigh-riding. I hope I may see this in print, for I have often written to you but never made my letters neat enough to send. I do not go to school—my mother teaches me for one hour every day.

Your loving little friend,  
NORA M.—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. Auntie says I may tell you how we saw the Prince of Wales.

We were walking in Green Park, London, when we saw a number of carriages passing, full of officers in full dress.

I went up to a very tall policeman. He said if we walked fast we would see the Prince go from Marlborough House to St. James's Palace. We got there just in time to see the royal carriages drive out. First came the carriage with Prince Christian in it, and in the second carriage (which was all of red and gold, with coachman and three footmen in red plush and white satin liveries, and lots of gold lace, and large white powdered wigs) sat the Prince of Wales in scarlet uniform and holding his hat in his lap. He is very handsome. As we walked back, we met the tall policeman; he asked if I had seen the Prince?

I said "yes," and asked why the footmen wore those funny wigs? He replied:

"O miss, it's to keep the 'cat off their 'eads.'"

How I did laugh. Your devoted reader,

CÉLESTINE F. C.—  
(aged 10 years.)

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: For eight years you have brought joy and pleasure into our home every month. I was nine years old when my grandmother sent you to me; I am seventeen now, but enjoy your interesting stories as much as ever. I can hardly await the day of your coming; and, when you do come, I have time for nothing else till I have read you through. Amongst all your charming stories, it is hard to say which I like best. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" very much in their time. "The Brownies" possess a kind of fascination for me, and I study them by the hour. "Fiddle John's Family," as well as "Juan and Juanita," I thought lovely stories. We live in the city in winter, and at Newport in summer. When here, I study at the Art Students' League—so you can well imagine what pleasure your pretty illustrations furnish me.

Ever your affectionate reader,  
CLARE S.—

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see a great many letters in the "Letter-box," but have seen none from our town. I thought that the read-



ers of the "Letter-box" would like to hear a rather queer way to get a butterfly. One afternoon I found a butterfly-chrysalis and put it in a box. About two weeks after, when I looked at it, it was a butterfly. I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are the best stories I ever read. I have taken you two years, and I don't see how I could get along without you. So good-bye.

Your affectionate reader,  
G. C. R.—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your lovely magazine, and enjoy you so much. We take several magazines, but I like none of them so much as you. I enjoyed "Juan and Juanita" very much, and also "Jenny's Boarding-house." I love to read books, and write stories myself. I am eight years old.

Your loving reader,  
CLARA LOUISE R.—.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you have never had a letter from Sioux City. Like many Western cities it has grown rapidly, and now numbers 30,000 inhabitants. Beginning October 3d, we had a grand harvest jubilee. The first corn palace ever erected was built and covered with ears of corn of various colors, arranged in many beautiful designs. A statue of King Corn sat on top over the main entrance. The palace was lighted by electric lights, and the President and Mrs. Cleveland honored it with their presence. At every crossing down our main street there were large arches of different colored globes, also one in front of the palace. The city was decorated in every possible manner with corn, and presented a fine appearance. There were street parades every day, including the different trades, and pioneer parades. Every afternoon there were Indian, horse, and bicycle races. Nearly all the Indians from the reservation were allowed to come into the city during the jubilee. Next year it is intended to build a much finer palace. This part of Iowa is noted for the fine crops

that are raised. I was formerly an Eastern boy, but came West a few years ago. Your beautiful magazine is enjoyed by many families in Sioux City. I have taken it for three years. With best wishes for your future prosperity, I remain, your faithful reader,

FRED. R. H.—.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have subscribed to you ever since 1878, and yet this is my first letter. I have a question to ask which I hope some of your young readers will be able to answer, or give some explanation of.

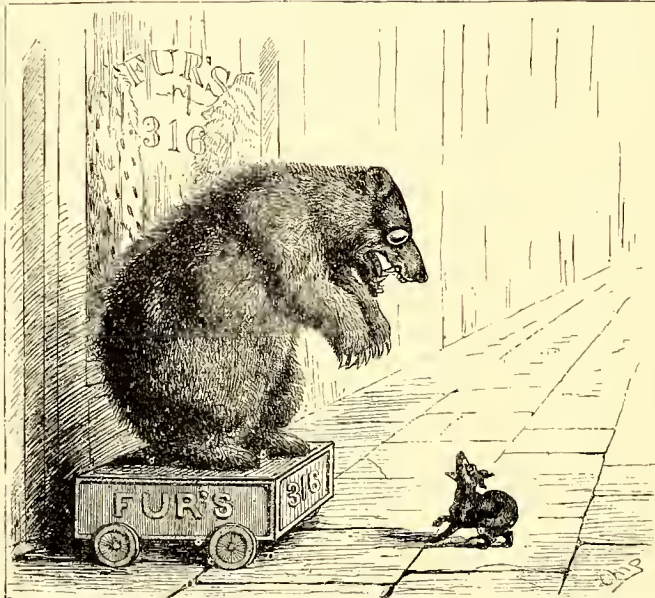
A person of moderate weight lies down on the floor, and six others stand around. Each of the six persons puts two fingers under the body of this person on the floor, and at a given signal each one of the seven holds his breath, and without the slightest effort the body can be lifted as high as the arms can reach.

Now, what is the explanation of this? I have seen the experiment tried, and I know that it can be done, if the directions are strictly followed.

Hoping that some of your readers will be able to explain this singular fact, I remain, yours truly,

FAITH M. I.—.

THE young friends whose names here follow have sent us pleasant letters, for which we present our thanks: Hortense Leffingwell, Louise Murphy, Harrie P. Avery, Ralph W. McHoes, Ida S., E. S. Cox, Eleanor A., Amy Hamlet, Alice T. R., Joseph Haines, Lillian H., Evalina Hamilton, "A Texas Cadet," Mabel H., Helen, A. M. G., Bride Curtiss, Rita and Kitty C., Madge M. Lamb, Hortie O'Meara, Neva M. Vail, Colette, Clara G. Ambrose, Sophia P., and Julia B. Hill.



SMALL DOG: "OH, HORRORS! WHAT IS THAT!!"

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

**SQUARE REMAINDERS.** S-par-k, m-ada-m, s-nap-s.  
**MALTESE CROSS.** 1 to 5, Polly; 6 to 8, tap; 9, n; 10 to 12, ice; 13 to 21, New Castle; 22 to 24, ask; 25, t; 26 to 28, tea; 29 to 33, screw; 34 to 39, Venus; 36 to 38, pea; 15, w; 19, t; 41 to 43, fly; 40 to 45, fresh; 3 to 31, Lancaster.  
**WORD-SYNCOPIATIONS.** Benjamin Franklin. 1. re-Bate-d. 2. r-Ever-end. 3. am-Nest-y. 4. re-Join-ed. 5. se-Arch-er. 6. s-Mart-ing. 7. cl-Inch-ing. 8. sen-Nigh-t. 9. de-Feat-ed. 10. be-Rate-d. 11. w-Aver-ing. 12. be-Numb-ing. 13. s-Kill-et. 14. col-Late-d. 15. f-Into-ed. 16. ho-Nest-y.  
**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Charade; finals, Enigmas. Cross-words: 1. Charge. 2. Hidden. 3. Alumni. 4. Rising. 5. Asylum. 6. Dahlia. 7. Easels.  
**EASY BEHEADINGS.** Grant. 1. G-oat. 2. R-eel. 3. A-den. 4. N-ape. 5. T-ray.  
**WORD SYNCOPIATIONS AND REMAINDERS.** Edmund Burke. 1. Bayonet, e, botany. 2. Ponder, d, prone. 3. Thimble, m, blithe. 4. Bundle, u, blend. 5. Wonder, n, dower. 6. Candle, d, lance. 7. Marble, b, realm. 8. Scout, u, cost. 9. Somber, r, besom. 10. Sketch, k, chest. 11. Hermit, e, mirth.  
**INVERTED PYRAMID.** Across: 1. Pensioner. 2. Noetian. 3. Mealy. 4. Sly. 5. Y.

**GEOGRAPHICAL BEHEADINGS.** 1. K-opal. 2. P-rone. 3. K-rav. 4. H-owc. 5. S-wan. 6. J-ava. 7. T-anna. 8. P-alma. 9. R-hone. Pt. O sad-voiced winds that sigh about my door!  
 Ye mourn the pleasant hours that are no more,  
 The tender graces of the vanished spring,  
 The sultry splendor of long summer days,  
 The songs of birds, and streamlets murmuring,  
 And far hills dimly seen through purple haze.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

**FINAL ACROSTIC.** Napoleon. 1. HeaveN. 6. Banana. 3. EntraP. 2. GrottO. 8. BraziL. 4. ScrapE. 5. TomatO. 7. NapkiN.  
**COMBINATION STAR.** From 1 to 2, doubted; 1 to 3, dreaded; 2 to 3, dangled; 4 to 5, putters; 4 to 6, patents; 5 to 6, saddles. Enclosed Diamond: 1. T. 2. Kit. 3. Tired. 4. Ten. 5. D. Easy Square: 1. Kit. 2. Ire. 3. Ten. Kitten.  
**HIDDEN ANIMALS.** 1. Llama, goat, buffalo, paca. 2. Bear, lamb, horse, ounce. 3. Tiger, jackal, deer, ermine. 4. Lion, camel, rat, panther.—CHARADE. Car-va-n.  
**ENIGMA.** A, A. D., or, do, ado, ore, rod, red, doe, roc, ode, add, dead, dear, read, road, dread, adore, adored.  
**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "A regularly orthodox jolly Christmas is suggestive of big fires, plum puddings, and family gatherings."  
 ALICE FISHER.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Louise McClellan — "Willoughby" — Russell Davis — A. Fiske and Co. — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — Jo and I — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "San Anselmo Valley" — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Janet B. M., 1 — Gladys Delavie and Violet Howard, 1 — "Erminie," 1 — Julia P. Mitchell, 1 — "Tad," 1 — Marie La Brede, 1 — "Jolly Joker," 5 — Fannie and Marion, 2 — Mrs. Annie S. Baumann, 2 — "Nance," 1 — "January Shrub," 3 — Paul Reese, 8 — L. A. H., 1 — H. Hirshinger, 1 — Annie W. and Minnie C., 1 — "Noormabin-Noorka," 3 — Belle Larkin, 1 — Isabel W., 1 — Marion Strong, 1 — C. and N. Willis, 1 — "Jettry," 4 — "Goosie," 5 — Jennie F. Giblett, 1 — "New York City," 2 — Mary P. Farr, 1 — "We, Us and Co.," 5 — W. Leon Ingalls, 1 — Annie Van Pelt, 1 — "Sally Lunn," 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Maud S. and Martin C., 4 — Frances S. Merriman, 2 — "Genevieve," 1 — Laura F. Warren, 1 — "Buffie," 1 — L. L. and E. M. L., 4 — Max Miln, 1 — "Lilian," 1 — "Anne Hathaway," 1 — Susanna Johana Riesa, 7 — W. S. T. and A. E. T., 9 — Harry and Peter, 4 — Nellie and Reggie, 9 — "Livy," 2 — Jamie and Mamma, 9 — M. B. Lersch, 2 — Harry C. Carr, 1 — "Miss Flint," 10 — "Alpha Alpha, B. C.," 8 — W. C. F., 3 — F. W. and L. E. Maas, 1 — Kaifan Emerawit, 9 — "May and Jo," 8 — A., C. and M. Kane, 4 — "Tomatoo," 2 — L. Rettoy and others, 6 — A., S. and A., 2 — V. P. C., 1 — E. A. S., 2 — Sister and I, 1 — L. Estelle S., 4 — Kaite Mather, 1 — "Fox and Geese," 6 — Hikeydum, 8 — Hattie B. Weil, 3 — Irvin Gillis, 4 — "Diana Vernon," 1 — "Eureka" and "Miss T. Roe," 5 — A. C. R. and H. A. R., 10 — "Lynn C. Doyle," 3 — "Henry and Margaret," 1 — Charles Leonard Rigby, 3.

### SINGLE ACROSTICS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Epochs. 2. A cellar. 3. Javelins. 4. Farming utensils. 5. A song of triumph. 6. The chief officer of a municipal corporation.

When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, one row of letters will all be the same, and the row next to it will form the name of an extensive country.

"P. UZZLER."

### BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a basin, and leave to assert. 2. Behead an effigy, and leave a magician. 3. Behead approaches; and leave parts of the head. 4. Behead pacifies, and leave charity. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave wide awake. 6. Behead a tag, and leave a Biblical name. 7. Behead an iridescent substance, and leave a piece of land.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous American.

### A TRIANGLE.

		1
		12 2
	13	3
	14	4
	15	5
	16	6
	17	7
	18	8
19		9
20		10
21		11

1, a Roman numeral; 12 to 2, a pronoun; 13 to 3, aista; 14 to 4, prosecuted judiciously; 15 to 5, the joint on which a door turns; 16 to 6, one of two kingdoms into which the Jewish nation was divided

on the death of Solomon; 17 to 7, pernicious; 18 to 8, overshoes; 19 to 9, a town of Central Africa, in Soudan; 20 to 10, to expand; 21 to 11, a treaty.

From 1 to 11, the name of a famous musical composer, born on February 6, 1809. From 12 to 21, the name of a great and good man.

GILBERT FORREST.

### CHARADE.

If a man will, too much, my *first*,  
 Ignoring, too much, my *second*,  
 When worst has come to worst,  
 He will the *whole* be reckoned.  
 And when he's reached the end,  
 Then, like the Lord of Linne,  
 He should resolve to mend,  
 And *second*, then begin.

J.

### DIAMOND.

1. In sleigh. 2. To increase. 3. One of the Muses. 4. A winter amusement. 5. The name of a Scottish loch. 6. Single. 7. In sleigh.

DYCIE.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-two letters, and am a quotation from Epictetus.

My 30-78-5-44 is the monarch of Persia. My 13-65-41-63-1-75-6-26-24-39 is excitable. My 55-57-67-43-11 is the reverse of salt. My 18-79-20-4-68-69-42-62 is an important class of animals. My 33-34-81-36-17-10 is to occur. My 35-72-14-80-22-23 is a seasoning. My 32-47-16-54-28 48-29-49-60 is often alluded to as Boreas. My 45-76-7-8 is a bird which the ancient Egyptians considered sacred. My 2-31-38-66 is store. My 50-3-64-56-9-46 is celebrated. My 25-37-73-58-19 is part of a door. My 61-59-53-70-82 is a prickly shrub. My 71-12-40-74 is part of a boat. My 21-77-51-52-27-15 is said by Emerson to be "its own excuse for being."

R. C. R. F. G.



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE eight words of this acrostic are pictured instead of described. When the words are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one of the United States.



RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. Imbecile. 2. A mountain nymph. 3. An old word meaning to endeavor to excel. 4. To work for. 5. Appears. DOWNWARD: 1. In salad. 2. Nay. 3. Rage. 4. Found in all optical instruments. 5. The edges of the roof of a building. 6. Dreadful. 7. A Biblical name. 8. A printer's measure. 9. In salad.

II. ACROSS: 1. Combats. 2. To supplicate. 3. A girl's name. 4. An instrument for threshing. 5. To enrich. DOWNWARD: 1. In weed. 2. Aloft. 3. A shade tree. 4. Part of a plant. 5. A valuable fur. 6. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 7. A cover. 8. An interjection. 9. In weed.

III. ACROSS: 1. A small leaf. 2. To terrify. 3. Concise. 4. An oral utterance. 5. A store-house. DOWNWARD: 1. In bestow. 2. Letters which every English artist would like to place after his name. 3. An ecclesiastical tunic. 4. To find fault. 5. Three objects united. 6. A lake. 7. A dandy. 8. An interjection. 9. In bestow. "EUREKA" AND "DYCIE."

PI.

MECO wenh eth rasi  
 Heav gazeld het nows dan holdcet eth reste whit cie,  
 Wehil cht staln nus fo brafyue sprou  
 Tino eth browes a lodof fo tighl.  
 Poarchap!  
 Eth critused acesurfi halls pearub tyh pess  
 Dan het borad chingar spaltor fo eth verog  
 Wecolem yth rentgine.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate a certain kind of cloth, and make a humble dwelling and a measure. Answer, cot-ton.

1. Separate a cloister and make to study and a small aperture.
2. Separate a very hard substance, and make a masculine name and an insect.
3. Separate an ornament, and make part of a bottle and a delicate fabric.
4. Separate the corner of a leaf in a book, turned down, and make certain animals and spikes of corn.
5. Separate a city in British India, and make fortune and at this time.
6. Separate a certain part of the day, and make smooth and current.
7. Separate an island in the North Atlantic, and make fashioned and a masculine name.
8. Separate reciprocal succession, and make to change and a people.
9. Separate renders keen, and make acid and entity.

The initials of the first words will spell the name of a religious festival celebrated on February 22. The initials of the second words will spell the name of a saint whose festival occurs on February 14th. CYRIL DEANE.

WORD SQUARES.

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- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An apology. 2. To include. 3. To gain by labor. 4. A feminine name.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Watches. 2. A famous college. 3. A feminine name. 4. A bench.
- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Artifices. 2. Scarce. 3. A vegetable growth. 4. Perceived.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Domestic animals. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. An affected laugh. 4. To dispatch.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A nozzle. 2. Part of a range. 3. To hurl. 4. Concludes. ALL, GERTY AND ELLA.

ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters, reading downward, and the fourth row of letters, reading upward, will each name a famous general.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Charming. 2. An old word meaning an address. 3. A colonist. 4. Longs for. 5. Frivolity. 6. Beginners. 7. A coronal. 8. Ploughing. 9. Motives. 10. The sea-unicorn. "SCALY FISH."







FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

"BABIE STUART."

PAGE 436 )

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 5.

## AN ANCIENT HAUNT OF PIRATES.

BY EUGENE V. SMALLEY.

IT was on the 26th of February that we took leave of the hospitable home of our friend the Governor, on the lower Mississippi, and started for Grand Isle, which lies on the Louisiana coast of the Gulf of Mexico, separating the Bay of Barataria from the sea. There were two of us, I should explain,—the artist and the writer. We wanted to see the islands, bays, and bayous which, in the early part of the present century, were the haunts of the pirate brothers Pierre and Jean Lafitte. For a conveyance, we had a large half-decked cat-rigged boat, which happened to tie up at the governor's sugar plantation while we were visiting there. Her name was the *St. Mary*; and her crew consisted of the captain and one man. This man was called the mate; but his chief duties were to cook the victuals, hoist and lower the one sail, and laugh at the captain's stories. The captain was one of those roving fellows who are at home in any part of the world. A Welshman by birth and a sailor by choice, he had dug for diamonds in South Africa and, as a volunteer soldier, had fought the Bushmen, Boers, and Zulus. At the time he encountered him, his business was selling cheaply to the negroes on the plantations, up and down the Mississippi, and buying old bottles, which he disposed of in New Orleans for three times what they cost him. He was an odd character, and was never tired of telling astonishing tales about his adventures in Africa.

The *St. Mary* drew only two-and-a-half feet of water, but that proved to be too much for the shallow bays and channels we were to cruise in, as

we soon found out to our sorrow. Before you go sailing, it is well to ascertain how deep the water is likely to be. This is one thing I learned on the trip to Grand Isle.

We started from the head of a canal (called Socorra's Plaquemines Parish Canal), into which boats are admitted, by locks, from the river. The Mississippi in all lower Louisiana is several feet higher than the surface of the country, and is kept from overflowing the land by levees, which are embankments of earth built close to the water. When you sail along the river, you look down into the fields and the door-yards of the houses, just as you do in Holland. It is very droll, and you wonder what would become of the people if the bank should give way. From the deck of our boat, in the canal, we could look away up to the grassy wall of the levee, behind which the swift, yellow waters of the mighty river were rushing on to the ocean.

For a little while we sailed between fields where negro farmers were plowing the ground to sow rice, and cattle were grazing. The canal was so narrow that the end of our boom frequently swished against the reeds on the bank, making the boat jump into their holes, and once frightened a negro who was sunning himself in a soft place on the muddy shore. Soon all signs of human life were left behind, and we were in those great lonely marshes, raised only a foot or two above the tide and covered with rushes and wild cane, which border the Gulf of Mexico. The only objects that relieved the monotony of these vast,





OUR CAPTAIN.

soggy plains were the occasional clumps of live-oak trees, thickly hung with the long, gray, trailing festoons of Spanish moss. The live-oak is a noble, courageous tree. As soon as the swamp is built up, by the overflow of the muddy river, so as to have the least solidity, with its sturdy trunk and wide-spreading branches it occupies the ground. And then comes the moss and fastens upon its limbs, even out to the smallest twigs, giving it a mournful look.

Now, as we go sailing along the canal and the bayou into which it leads, let us talk a little about

the famous pirates, the Lafittes, whose boats, loaded with the rich plunder of Spanish galleons, used to pass through these same water-courses. Our grandfathers knew all about them,—or at least thought they did,—for many was the thrilling romance printed at that time, and eagerly read by the boys, about the “Bold Buccaneers of the Gulf.” Much that was printed, however, was fiction, made up to sell. Pierre and Jean Lafitte did not call themselves pirates. They were, in their own estimation, nothing worse than smugglers and privateers,—and, consequently, gentlemen. A smuggler is one who brings dutiable goods into the country secretly, without paying tax to the Government. A privateer is a man who fits out an armed vessel and gets authority from some country at war, to prey upon the vessels of its enemy for his own profit. The name is also applied to the vessel he owns. Privateering is almost done away with nowadays by agreements between the great nations of the world that they will carry on war upon the high seas only with regular war vessels. Smugglers still exist, but they are sneaking fellows, and not bold, defiant men like the Lafitte brothers.

In the early years of this century, when there were slave insurrections in the West Indies, and wars for independence in Mexico, Central America, and South America, many people were driven from their homes in these regions, and came to New Orleans as a place of refuge. Among them were two brothers, Pierre and Jean Lafitte. They were Frenchmen born in Bayonne, but they had lived for several years in the West Indies. Both were tall, handsome men; but Jean had the stronger character. For a time, they carried on the trade of blacksmithing. Their shop stood on St. Philip street, between Bourbon and Dauphin. It was pulled down only a few years ago. Bold and enterprising in disposition, and of commanding presence, the two brothers were fitted by na-

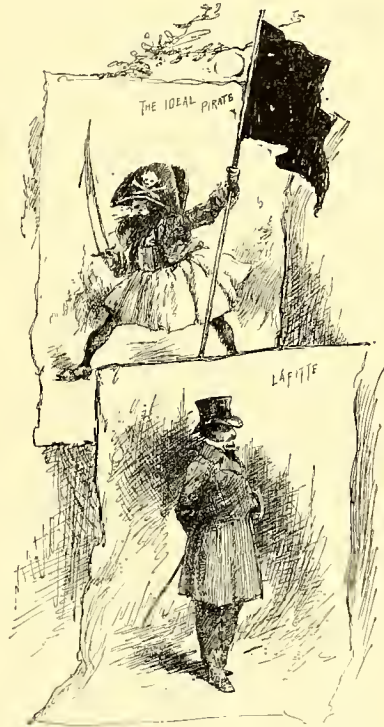
ture to be leaders of men. Jean, especially, was of an appearance so striking that strangers, meeting him on the streets, turned for a second look at him.

The brothers soon tired of the hammer and anvil, and surrounding themselves with congenial spirits, engaged in smuggling. At first, they were only the agents in New Orleans for smugglers who brought merchandise and slaves into the bays and bayous along the Louisiana coast; but it was not long before they became the chiefs of the most powerful organization of lawless men that ever existed in this country. In 1810, they made their headquarters on the islands at the entrance of the Bay of Barataria, where they built a fort and a village. They obtained from the republic of Carthage, in South America, then at war with Spain for its independence, letters of marque which authorized them to capture Spanish vessels wherever found. They fitted out and armed fast-sailing schooners, which were the terror of the Gulf. According to common belief at the time, these vessels were pirates, which did not hesitate to pick up any merchant-ship they could overhaul, no matter what flag it might carry; but the Lafittes denied these reports, and insisted that they were honorable privateersmen, only attacking the ships of Spain, as, under the laws of nations, their letters of marque gave them the right to do. That they were smugglers, violating the laws of the United States, they did not deny. Louisiana had but lately been purchased from France, and the United States tariff-laws were not favored by the people. Likewise unpopular was the law which made the bringing of slaves from Africa a crime, putting it upon a par with piracy. Certain people of Louisiana wished more slaves, and they wished cheap foreign goods. They assisted the pirates of Barataria, buying not only the smuggled goods, but also the negroes brought over from Africa.

In vain did Governor Claiborne issue proclamations, commanding the people of Louisiana to arrest the Lafittes and their men. Jean and Pierre came often to New Orleans, and read the proclamations posted on the walls of the old government building, on the Place aux Armes. Once there was an effort made to arrest Jean, as he was passing through a bayou with a boat-load of smuggled goods. A party of custom-house officers attacked him from the shore. There was a fight, and Jean and his crew beat off their assailants. Afterward, Jean sent a polite letter to the captain of the custom-house force, in which he said: "I am a man of peace, and do not want to fight; but I would have you to know that I am at all times ready to lose my life rather than my goods."

It does not appear that the Lafittes went to sea

themselves. They hired bold and skillful men to command their ships, and themselves remained at Grand Isle, to manage the business of selling the goods and slaves and to govern the pirate community; dividing the gains, and settling the disputes of their reckless followers. They were, in fact, rulers of a wild band of smugglers and buccaneers. They had agents in all the Louisiana towns. Occasionally they held an auction at Grand Terre, and many planters came from the interior to buy negroes and merchandise. After the sale, there would be feasting and dancing.



THE IDEAL PIRATE AND THE ACTUAL PIRATE.

They became very rich, and at one time showed their power in the courts by securing the dismissal of a suit brought against them in New Orleans on account of the wounding of two customs officers in a fight with one of their boats. They employed two lawyers to defend them, agreeing to pay each twenty thousand dollars. One of the lawyers, whom we will call Marks, was at that time the United States Attorney, whose duty it was to prosecute the smugglers; but he resigned his office to take their case. The other we will call Mr. Henderson.

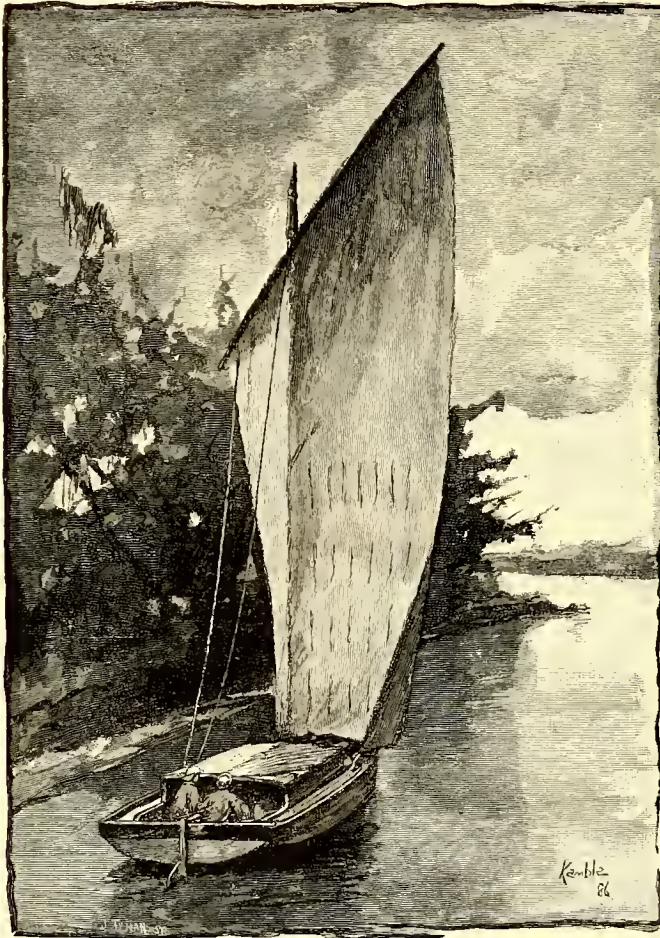
When they had won their case,—so the story goes,—the two lawyers consulted as to how to get their money from the Lafittes. "I dare not



go among them," said Henderson. "I am a respectable citizen, and they might hang me. Now, you, Marks, are a man of their kind. You and the pirates will get along together famously. Suppose *you* go, and get the money for both of

doubloons. He told his friends that it was too bad to call the Lafittes and their men, pirates; he had found them to be high-toned gentlemen.

When General Andrew Jackson came down to Louisiana to defend New Orleans against the Brit-



A "LUGGER." (SEE PAGE 328.)

us." "I'll go," replied Marks, "if you'll give me ten per cent. of your fee." "Agreed," said Henderson.

So Marks set out, in a boat rowed by a negro. He was met in Bayou Baratavia by Jean Lafitte, in a fine vessel manned by men in handsome uniforms. According to some accounts, Marks was escorted to Grand Isle, the pirates' capital, and entertained in sumptuous style; others say the money was paid him on the bayou, and the very spot is pointed out. Certain it is, that he returned to New Orleans with his boat loaded with Spanish

ish, at the close of the War of 1812, he denounced the Lafittes as "pirates and banditti"; but he had then too much on his hands to think of breaking up their haunt on the Bay of Baratavia. After a while the famous brothers offered their services and those of their men to help him protect Louisiana against the foreign foe; but he declared he would have nothing to do with pirates. A few months later, however, when the British landed a powerful army below New Orleans, and Jackson had only a few regiments of raw militia to oppose them, he was glad to call the Lafittes to his aid.

They were present at the battle of New Orleans, with most of their crews; and one of their lieutenants, who bore the odd name of Dominiquc You, commanded Jackson's artillery.

This was the one glorious episode in the career of the Lafittes. On account of their conduct in the battle, they were pardoned for all their previous offenses against the United States. However, they kept up their old trades of smuggling and dealing in slaves; and in 1816 the Government sent a force to Baratavia Bay under Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross which broke up their rendezvous, capturing several of their vessels and destroying their fort. Most of the pirates retreated to Dernier Isle, a little west of Grand Isle. Some remained on the islands as peaceful fishermen and farmers; but the more adventurous followed the Lafittes to the present site of Galveston, Texas. There the brothers intended to build a fort, and to carry on their warfare against Spain. Our Government thereupon sent a messenger to them, warning them that, as the United States claimed that part of Texas, it must not be fortified and made a base for attacks on Spain. It is believed that the Lafittes and their crew then went to Buenos

died, is not known. This, then, very briefly told, is the history of the famous pirate brothers.

Now, let us return to the cruise of the St. Mary, which was left sailing along the bayou. Just where the bayou empties into a lake, our boat stuck fast in the mud. Passengers and crew tried in vain to push her off with poles. The poles sunk deep into the soft ooze, but the boat would not move. A big lugger, with a red sail, came sweeping by. I suggested to the captain that he hail her and ask for help. "Dagos would n't stop for anybody," he said. "Dago" is a name indiscriminately applied in lower Louisiana to all Italians, who are fishermen, boatmen, or fruit-sellers. Perhaps it is a corruption of "Diego," a Spanish name.

Our captain, with his skiff, put his passengers ashore in the marsh, got out his ballast, and, after an hour's hard work, managed to set the craft afloat. The mate said the name of the lake was "Lac aux Cochons," or, Pig Lake; a good name for the muddy, shallow water, in which our boat almost wallowed. At its outlet we again stuck fast. No use to push with poles now, for they go down so deep in the miry bottom that it takes the united strength of two men to pull each up. Fortu-



THE LAWYER RETURNING FROM HIS VISIT TO "THE HIGH-TONED GENTLEMEN."

Ayres, in South America. They disappeared from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. What their subsequent career was, and where and how they

nately, the tide was coming in. "Let us have our dinner, and wait for the water to lift us off," I suggested. The men were quite willing. They





"JUST WHERE THE BAYOU EMPTIES INTO A LAKE, OUR BOAT STUCK FAST IN THE MUD."

took a long time to prepare and eat the dinner — not forgetting that we had hired them by the day. They had a peculiar iron pot, made for burning charcoal, and this they placed in the little undecked space at the stern of the boat. On the glowing coals, they cooked a big skilletful of rice mixed with pieces of salt pork; then made tea in a saucepan, produced some pilot-bread from a locker, and the dinner was ready. It tasted better to me than many a meal I have eaten at the great New York hotels.

At last, after two hours' delay, the rising tide lifted us out of the mud. We sailed through a wide bayou, and soon came out into Baratavia Bay, a broad inlet of the sea, with low, desolate, marshy shores. Save the flocks of wild ducks that rose out of the reeds, there was no sign of life in those melancholy marshes. The salt wind dashed the water into white-caps, and gulls screamed around us. Everything told of the neighborhood of the sea. When night was approaching, our captain, not knowing the navigation of these waters, was unwilling to run any longer; so he ran the *St. Mary* close in-shore, in a narrow bay, and fastened her, hooking her anchor into the bank. We built a bonfire of drift-wood, and with our pocket-knives cut a lot of dry grass and reeds to make a bed in the hold of the boat,—a dog-kennel sort of a place, where there was not room

to sit upright. Then we ate some more rice and pork for supper—the sailors called it *cabian*—and turned in, to hear the rain rattling all night on the tarpaulin pulled over the hatch.

The morning brought fresh trouble. During the night, the wind had so driven our boat into the mud that, with the receding tide, it was impossible to push her off. The rain was falling steadily and drearily, and a strong north-easter was blowing. Here was a pretty fix.

Should we lie in our kennel and wait for the next high tide? The land was a miserable, soggy, uninhabited island. The storm might last for days. Ah! the rain moderates enough for us to see a big lugger lying at anchor out in the bay. We put our baggage in the small boat, and, wet and unhappy, row out to her. She was named the *Aïda*. There were three men on board—"Dagos," our captain said. They proved to be very kind; they were Italians from Trieste, and agreed to take us to Grand Isle for four dollars; they offered us their best; put us down in the dry fore-castle, and made us some good, strong coffee. Then they weighed anchor and hoisted the one big sail. The lugger rig is unknown in Northern waters. A lugger has a very strong mast, and across it hangs, when hoisted, a long yard, about two-thirds of which is on one side of the mast. The short end is high in air, the yard hanging at an angle of

forty-five degrees with the mast. There is no boom, the sail being fastened to the deck at one lower corner, and held by the sheets at the other. A green lugger with a red sail produces a picturesque effect against a background of blue sky.

The rain abated long enough for us to enjoy the swift motion, the dash of the waves against the bow, the keen salt air, the sight of flocks of penguins and gulls, and of a big porpoise (which tried to run a race with the lugger, but was soon left astern). Soon the slender white shaft of a light-house appeared ahead, and, close by, the huge bulk of Fort Livingston, which commands the entrance

on Grand Terre are the light-house keeper and a Cuban gentleman, named Pepe Lulu, who used to make sugar until a tidal-wave ruined his plantation, and who now keeps cattle for a living. This Cuban used to be a famous duelist in his younger days. During the Cuban war for independence, he published a letter in a New Orleans paper, challenging any and all Spaniards to fight him. Nobody accepted the challenge, for he was known to be a dead shot.

A good story is told about this combative old gentleman. He had some difference with a former light-house keeper, who used to be his friend,



THE PARTY OF "DAGOS."

to Baratavia Bay. Light-house and fort are on an island called Grand Terre. Only one man stays in the fort, an old sergeant, who looks after the government property. The other persons living

and for two or three years the two neighbors did not speak to each other. A mutual acquaintance ventured to remonstrate with Pepe Lulu.

"You two men are here alone on this island,"





THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND FORT LIVINGSTON.

he said, "and you ought to be on good terms with each other. You ought to meet and arrange your little difficulty to your mutual satisfaction. Now, let me see Douglas and tell him you will meet him."

"Very well," replied the Cuban, with his strong Spanish accent, "you may see Mr. Douglas, and say to him that I am ready to settle our little difficulty. I will be on the beach to-morrow morning with my shot-gun. Let him be there with *his* shot-gun, and we will settle to his entire satisfaction."

Pepe Lulu was on hand at the hour he appointed, but the light-house keeper did not appear, and their quarrel has not yet been adjusted.

West of Grand Terre lies Grand Isle. The two are separated by a narrow channel which leads out into the open sea. It was on Grand Terre that the Lafittes had their fort. Their people lived on both islands, but principally on Grand Isle. Behind the shelter of these islands their vessels were moored, when they returned from cruising; and the merchandise and slaves they had captured were put upon luggers and row-boats, and taken inland through the net-work of bays, bayous, and rivers which run back from the coast.

The captain of the *Aïda* was not willing to run up a lagoon which skirted Grand Isle, so as to land us on the inhabited part of the island, and he put us ashore near the mouth of the lagoon, on a small islet, where a negro lived with his family. These black people were the only inhabitants. They had a sandy garden, where they raised early vegetables, and had also a small orange orchard. The man welcomed us to his cabin. Most of the space in its one room was taken up by three beds. There was a big fire-place, where something was being cooked in an iron pot; and before it sat a little black girl, with a tame chicken in her lap. There being two other daughters and the man's wife, the small space in the cabin was filled up, without admitting the strangers. There was, also, an old, battered-looking, white man, engaged in mend-

ing a bucket; and while we were talking the mosquito-netting over one of the beds was raised just enough to show a black head, tied up in a handkerchief, and a hand with long, claw-like nails. The owner of the head and the claws did not speak a word, but kept his black, glittering eyes fixed on the strangers.

Our host said the man was sick, and only stopping with him till he got well. So there were seven persons at once in the one room of the cabin. It had no window, but daylight enough came in through the cracks. The doors opened out, like those of a stable.

The white man said he owned the place, but did not usually live on it. He offered to take us up the lagoon in a sail-boat, and tried hard to do so; but there was a stiff wind blowing, and he could not make an offing. We were driven ashore in a marsh,—and it was lucky we were; for we should probably have been capsized in the lagoon, if we had fairly started on the voyage. The negro man came to the rescue, in a skiff. He impressed me afterward, when I had an opportunity to compare him with the white inhabitants of Grand Isle, as one of the most capable men in that region. He was efficient, prompt, and honest. His name, he said, was Abner Jones; but everybody called him Charlie Rigaud. His old master's name was Rigaud, but when the war made him a free man he took a new name. He had been a soldier in a Federal regiment during the war.

Abner set us ashore near a little group of brown houses. Some men were unloading a lugger, into carts, drawn by horses about as big as calves. To get to the lugger, they drove out into the water until it was almost up to the little horses' bellies. One of the buildings appeared to be kitchen and dining-room for the whole settlement. In it were a number of people, dressed in coarse, brown clothes. Abner told them, in French, that we wanted something to eat. An old woman shook her head and said they were poor people, and had

nothing fit to give us. I told her we had eaten nothing since the day before, and would be thankful for anything she had, and for leave to dry our wet clothes by the fire. Hearing me talk French, these people — who at first had been cold and suspicious — became cordial at once. The old woman made coffee and cooked some eggs. She had no milk or butter; but for hungry men, bread, black coffee, and eggs made a good enough breakfast. The oldest man in the company took us to an odd little house, near by, which he said was built by his grandfather one hundred and thirty

steel-engravings, of paintings by Le Brun, representing scenes in the career of Alexander the Great. They were made in Paris, in the time of the first Napoleon. The artist wished to buy one of them; but the old man shook his head, saying: "I am old; but these pictures are older. They belonged to my father. I will never sell them!"

When we left, these good people, poor as they were, would not accept money for their hospitality. So we shook hands all around; then, piloted by Abner, carrying the luggage, advanced into the island, admiring the trim gardens of the inhabit-



"PEPE LULU WAS ON HAND AT THE HOUR HE APPOINTED."

years ago. The artist made a sketch of it and of the old man's face, to the great delight of all the people, who chattered in French and followed with their black eyes every line he made. "Ah, quel génie!" said one. "Voilà! — comme c'est beau!" exclaimed another. "C'est un grand artiste!" declared a third. In the old house hung six large

ants, their little pink-and-green houses, and the gigantic live-oak trees, and listening with delight to the roar of the surf on the outer shore. Grand Isle is only a little strip of arable land. On one side is the sea; on the other the bayou with its marshes. The farms are narrow belts running from water to water. Along the backbone of the



island extends a grove of live-oaks. We stopped to rest at a store, approached through a gate in a high picket-fence. It was kept by a woman, who, when she saw strangers approaching, hurried into her house and covered her face with white powder. This is the custom of the women of the island. They think it improves their looks, but it gives them a ghastly appearance. The store-keeper was very friendly, and insisted on treating us to claret wine.

After a long walk through the fields, Abner quartered us for the night at the house of some people who did not understand a word of English.

They had an orange orchard and a field of cucumbers and squashes. Although it was in the month of February, the vegetables had already sprouted. Each hill was protected by a little hood, made of stakes and dry grass, which kept off the north wind from the growing plants. The season is about two weeks earlier on Grand Isle than in New Orleans, and the people get a good price for their vegetables, which they take to the city in luggers. Our hosts had one of the best houses on the island. It was pink, with green board shutters, and had bands of white and blue around it just above the ground. The stairs led up from the broad piazza, and the kitchen was in a separate building. Dinner was served on the piazza. It consisted of fresh eggs, bread, and very black coffee. All the French people in Louisiana make coffee so strong that a stranger hesitates to drink it. They think it is an antidote to the malaria that rises from the swamps and marshes.

After dinner we walked through the cucumber and squash fields, looking, with their rows of droll little hoods, like the encampment of a Lilliputian army; and, going in the direction of the sound of the surf, came suddenly out from among the live-oaks upon a broad sandy beach, strewn with broken limbs and trunks of trees. All this wreckage of forests is brought down to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi river and then thrown back upon the shores by the waves. The river undermines its banks, and the trees fall in, to be whirled along in the yellow current of the river, perhaps for a thousand miles or more; carried out to sea, tossed and beaten by the salt waves, and, at last, blown ashore in some hurricane. Some of them then serve a useful purpose, for the beach is the store-house of fuel for all the people who live on the islands. Wood costs them only the labor of chopping the trunks and branches which the sea casts up almost at their doors.

The people of Grand Isle are of three kinds,—white, colored, and black. All of mixed blood are called colored. These three sorts of inhabitants associate together in the most friendly way, except at parties. There each keeps strictly to it-

self. Their children are not allowed to go to the same school, and as the islanders are too poor to maintain three schools, they now have none at all.

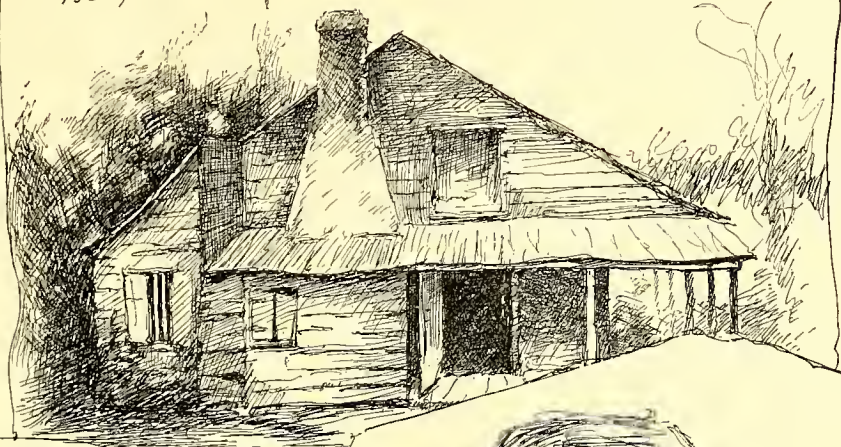
All the people on Grand Isle, and on the neighboring islands of Grand Terre and Le Chenier Comidada, speak of themselves as poor. They never suffer for lack of food, however, for they have but to wade out to the oyster-reefs in the bayous to fill their baskets with nice, fat oysters. Fish and wild fowl abound, and vegetables grow luxuriantly in the warm soil; so they always have enough to eat. But there is not much they can sell, and they have little money with which to buy fine clothes and luxuries. Books are scarce among them, and the only newspaper one sees is an occasional copy of *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*, which in English means, "The New Orleans Bee."

When we were ready to leave Grand Isle, Abner hired a lugger for us, and brought his skiff into a little inlet to take us aboard. The water was so shallow in this creek that the negro had to wade, pushing the skiff before him through the mushy mud. Our lugger was commanded by a black fellow named Isaac. I think he was the blackest negro I ever saw. He was a good sailor, and knew every turn in the intricate net-work of bayous, through which we were to sail to reach New Orleans. To assist him in working the boat, he had a Creole lad named Giovanni, who was mate, cook, and all hands.

Isaac provisioned the craft with oysters, rice, salt pork, bread and coffee. The cruise, he said, would last two or three days, depending on the wind. At last all was ready. The anchor was lifted out of the mud, the great sail hoisted, and by the aid of much pushing with a pole, we slowly moved out of the lagoon into the broad Bay of Barataria. Beyond the bay were the salt marshes, threaded with innumerable bayous. Sedgy shores and brown waters all looked just alike to us; but Isaac knew them all. This jutting Cape was "Camp aux Fricots," because the crews of passing luggers sometimes stopped to cook their suppers there; this broadening out of the channel was "Bai Sans Bois"; the other one, "Bai Baptiste"; this wider expanse, "No Name Lake." Every turn the lugger made among the sedges was a landmark to our black pilot. The day was superb. Although it was February, we lay upon the deck, without our coats, glad of the shadow of the sail as a protection from the hot sun.

A porpoise kept ahead of us for a long time, and was followed by a sea-gull. The gull seemed to regard the porpoise as an intruder; and every time his arched back showed above the water, she would

Victor Rigaud house.  
130 years old.



His grandfather was a bold bad  
pirate.



A NATIVE



Aduroy  
Native



Victor Rigaud



Madame Rigaud



swoop down with angry screams. We saw only one alligator. His ugly head, just showing above the surface of the water, looked like a big chunk of rotten wood. Isaac said alligators were getting scarce. There is such a demand for their skins, that many negroes make a business of hunting them. A large

damage to the rice crops. Now the rice farmers wish more alligators.

The only human habitations we saw that day were two shrimp-factories, run by Chinamen. The fishermen are "Dagos" and "Manilla men"; but the shrimps are put up by Chinese, who sell



GATHERERS OF DRIFT-WOOD.

skin is worth two dollars. In Plaquemines Parish, a local ordinance has been adopted, forbidding the killing of them. The alligators eat the water-rats, and the water-rats eat the rice. Since the alligators have been hunted so much, the rats have increased in number, so as to do considerable

them to their fellow-countrymen in California. We had expected to pass one or two nights on the lugger, and had filled her hold with dried reeds and grass, making a soft bed; but her progress was so slow that we abandoned her that night, and went on board the only steam-craft navi-



ABNER JONES, OUR PORTER.





"ISAAC PROVISIONED THE CRAFT."

gating these waters, — a little tug, commanded by Captain Mike, a jovial Irishman. Captain Mike's business was to take the shrimps from the factories up to the city, and also to buy from the hunters wild ducks and coon-skins, which he sold at a good profit. Black Isaac was sorry to part with his passengers; but when we paid him the ten dollars agreed upon as the hire of the boat for the whole cruise, he was grateful and delighted.

The tug tied up that night in a bayou, where there was a store kept by a "Manilla man." I asked him where his customers came from. He said they were hunters and fishermen, who came in boats. In summer, he put his goods in a sort of "Noah's Ark" flat-boat, which he showed us,

pulled up on the bank, and went cruising through the bays and bayous in search of trade.

We slept in bunks belonging to the cook and engineer of the tug, who obligingly passed the night on the floor of the little cabin that served as kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room. Next morning we were in Bayou Baratavia, famous in Louisiana for its beauty. The monotonous salt marshes were left behind.

Here we saw cultivated shores, frequent habitations, large groves of live-oaks, and, for a background on either side, the cypress swamps. We sat in the pilot-house, listening to Captain Mike's funny stories and anecdotes of the war. The cook brought up cups of strong, black coffee, and, at nine, invited us down to a substantial break-

fast. The tug stopped occasionally to take on a bale of dried moss or a lot of wild ducks.

After the bayou came Lake Salvador; then another bayou, winding between desolate shores; then a long, straight canal; then a big lock, cut in the grassy wall of a levee. We knew that above us, and behind the levee, ran the swift, turbid flood of the Mississippi; but we could see nothing but the gates and muddy sides of the lock, until the water, surging in from the outer gates, slowly lifted the tug. What a striking change it was!—to be raised from the dismal swamp, with its sluggish

Right before us were the huge buildings of the Exposition. Below, the Crescent City stretched out its twelve miles of river frontage. Great white steamboats passed us. In the stream, two French men-of-war lay at anchor. We met a huge British steam-ship just come in from sea. All was life and animation.

Soon the tug was fast to the levee, and we were back in the busy life of New Orleans.

Yet it was only an hour before that we were in the solitudes of the swamp—the great world seeming far, far away.



THE "MANILLA" MAN.

water-courses, its reeds and sedges, and its mournful moss-covered trees, up into the sunlight and fresh air, and to sail out upon the mighty river.

And so, in a moment, our week's cruise near the ancient haunt of pirates on the Bay of Barataria came to an end.



## TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

OF all the feats common to hunting-life and woodcraft, none seems to me half so wonderful as tracking or trailing. As practiced by man, tracking is wonderful enough; but far more marvelous is the power by which a dog or fox can follow its prey at full speed, guided only by scent without erring or being led astray.

To us, the word scent has but little meaning; it is the name of a power with which man is, comparatively, almost unendowed. We go into the woods and see nothing but a leaf-strewn ground, thinly scattered over with herbs and thickly planted with trees; we see no quadruped, and find no sign of any, perhaps, save the far-away chatter of a squirrel. But our dog, merrily careering about, is possessed of a superior power. At every moment of his course he is gathering facts, and reading a wonderful record of the past, the present, and even of the future. "Here," says his unseen guide, "is where a deer passed a minute ago," or "an hour ago"; "this was the course of a fox a week ago"; "that was the direction in which a rabbit flew by a few minutes ago, and, oh! there was a weasel after him!" "This is the track of a woodchuck leading away to yonder hole; there he lies still, and with the help of your master, you will take him home with you."

Such is the curious record of scent, revealed to the dog but hidden from the man, and even inexplicable to him; for though we have a theoretical knowledge of the subject, it is too imperfect to make us fully understand that not only has every kind of animal, but each individual animal, its own peculiar scent. Thus, the dog can distinguish not only the bucks, does, and fawns of the deer tribe, but can pick out of a dozen the track of the particular buck that he is following, and never leave it or lose it. Moreover, he can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail. Now, when we compare this wonderful power with our own feeble sense of smell, we will be ready to admit that it is a faculty of which man, comparatively, has little.

Let us suppose that you were to awake some fine morning and find that, as in the old fairy tales, a mighty genius had conferred on you a new and

wonderful faculty, that enabled you to go forth and read the running records with even greater accuracy and ease than can the hound,— what a marvel it would be, and how intensely interesting its exercise to a lover of Nature! And yet this very miracle is what actually takes place every year in our northern country. The great genius is old Boreas, and the means by which he confers the new power is the first fall of snow.

This first snow-fall makes the beginning of the real hunting-season with most of the northern tribes of men; for until then it is chiefly by chance that the hunters find their game. Now the hunter has the power of the hound, in that he can follow a track, and read accurately the record of the animal's actions, its appearance, and even of its very feelings. And it was with a view to showing and explaining some of the curiosities of "the trail," that I made, in the woods, the notes and sketches here presented. The snow, at the time, was light and powdery, so that the minute details of each track were unseen, but to one with even a slight knowledge of the subject, the size and general form of the marks is enough to give all necessary information about the animal that made them.

In the beginning of this article, I alluded to a dog's power of reading the trails on the bare ground. Now here is a sketch of those trails as we would see them in the snow. First of all, the large, sharply defined tracks, ending at D, are those of a deer; not a very large one, because the marks are small and nearly in one line.

The trail marked F is that of a fox. The tracks are small, neat, and nearly in a straight line. The forking of his trail shows that he afterward returned for some distance on his old tracks.

H is the trail of a white hare, bounding at full speed, and over it are the tracks of his terrible enemy, the white weasel or ermine, the stroke in the middle of the ermine's track being made by the tail. The small track M, crossing the corner, is that of a mouse. He came up through the snow, but found the weather too cold, and decided to go down below again.

Thus, in this little square, we see a record, not



FIG. 1. FOOT-PRINTS, IN THE SNOW, OF A DEER, A FOX, A WHITE HARE, AN ERMINE, AND TRACK OF A MOUSE.

only of the animals, but of their actions. The deer was at first walking quietly along; at D P he had been pawing in the snow to seek for acorns; at D L he had stopped to lick up some snow; at D S he was startled by a suspicious sound or scent, and stood for a moment with one foot raised and barely touching the snow, and afterward he had somewhat increased his speed. The fox was evidently foraging, and the poor hare running for its life.

Even in the tracks of the hunters themselves we may read a curious history. Thus an old hunting comrade of mine, a broad, athletic man, made a track like C, in diagram No. 2. Another, a tall, thin man, made a track like B. A is the trail of an Indian; D is the trail of a European accustomed to wearing sharp-toed boots. The Indian's foot, you see, is set straight, and his stride is long; the track D shows that the Englishman's foot is much turned out, and his stride short; while the tracks of the moccasin-wearing white men are between the two extremes. I found that in the morning my feet were more nearly straight than at night — also, that by turning in the toes the length of the stride was increased. Another advantage from a straight-set foot is that

in returning on one's trail, it is easy to step exactly in the old marks, and in warfare, or in deep snow, this is often a very important advantage to the Indians. If D were to come back on his old tracks his feet would cross them at right angles.

Most of us have read stories in which Indians give accurate descriptions of persons from their tracks; and from this we may learn some real and applied science, and understand how scientific men have been able to describe, to some extent, certain extinct quadrupeds from tracks left in the mud which was once the shore of their marshy haunts.

The first diagram was taken from an open place on the edge of the woods near my prairie home; and now, in No. 3, we have an illustration of trails seen in the deepest woods. In this, the great track like a dumb-bell



FIG. 2. THE TRACKS OF THE HUNTERS.



is that of a moose. The hoof of the animal went down, making the round opening at one end of the foot-print, through the deep snow till firm footing

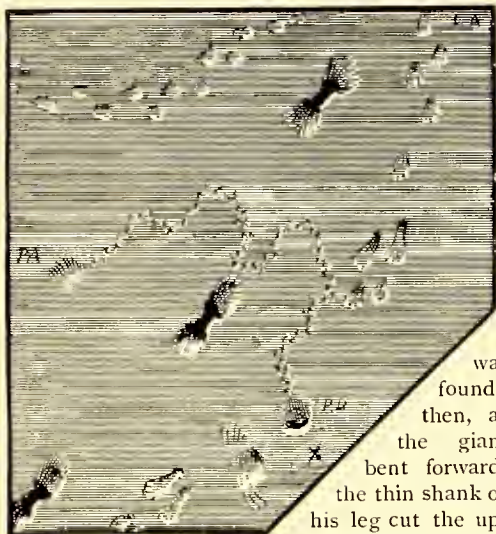


FIG. 3. TRACKS OF A MOOSE, A PARTRIDGE, AND A LYNX.

rounded opening. At P A is seen a round hollow, which was made by a partridge alighting. After this, his zigzag trail shows that he had been picking off the buds of such twigs as protruded above the drift. But night was coming on, and he decided to retire; not into a tree, but down under the snow—for such is the habit of the species in cold countries. At P D is seen the hole through which he went down. At L we see the track of a prowling lynx, and at L A it again appears; he has noticed the zigzag trail and also the hole in the drift, and now the poor, unconscious partridge is indeed in greatest jeopardy. Slowly and cautiously, the crafty lynx approaches; already his nose indicates to him that the sleeping bird is almost within reach. He is preparing for a spring; but so near is he at this moment, that the faint grinding of his padded feet on the soft snow awakens the bird. Instantly the bird springs up, bursts through the roof of his cot, and, bounding up in the air, eludes the spring of the lynx, and, in another moment, is safe, far away.

It will be noticed that the partridge seemed to have turned in the drift, or he would have come out at X. I always found that this bird thus leaves its couch, by coming out at one side. The reason for this is simple: The breath of the bird freezes and hardens the snow that is just under X, in front, so that it can not easily force a way through this now

icy wall; while the snow at the sides is as light and powdery as ever.

Next after man and the wolverine, perhaps the wolf is the most cunning of all the foes against which harmless birds and beasts have to guard; and here, in diagram No. 4, we have an instance of its cunning in the record of a curious game of "diamond cut diamond"; for this represents the attempt of a hunter to entrap a wolf. At T, the man buried his steel trap under the snow; carefully covered it up, leaving as few traces as possible, and then, after throwing a few scraps of meat about, he passed on. The wolf, coming from W, scents the meat; but he also scents the trail of his enemy. With caution, therefore, he makes his approach; circling around to catch all possible scent. At the track in line with W T he turns and slowly approaches the coveted dainties; in another minute, if the trap is well laid, he will be trotting about picking up the scraps, and will almost surely put his foot on the "pan" and be caught. But he is not rash. Step by step he advances, sniffing the snow and the air, until almost within reach of the first bait. He is just about to seize it, when, suddenly, he stops. What is that? Too well he knows. Mingled with the delicious odor of the meat is a taint,—the scent of a human hand! Not so fast, O cunning trapper! You remembered to rub the trap with blood, that thereby it might bear scent of neither man nor steel; you thought you handled everything with gloves. But, in a heedless moment, you chanced to touch that scrap of meat with your bare hand, and so you spoiled your whole plot. Instantly the wolf checks his ravenous appetite, steps back in his own tracks with the utmost caution and precision, and, in spite of the hunger that is inwardly

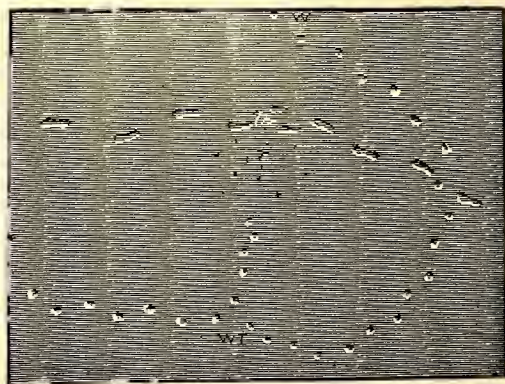


FIG. 4. TRACKS OF A MAN AND A WOLF.

consuming him, sets out to seek his dinner somewhere else.

In diagram No. 5, we see inscribed an incident

in the life of a hare. At A he had been sitting in his form or couch under a sheltering tussock; his sitting posture is shown by the deep hollow and the mark of his tail. But he heard something which made him move out. B, C, and D show his tracks at an ordinary pace; at E and F, he began

speed at which he flew. It may be a satisfaction to some young readers to learn that in a fair race, such as this, I never knew a fox to catch a hare.

But, in conclusion, I will add another chapter of hare history, read in the snow, and one in which the hare found a different and more dangerous enemy.

In a place where I had never before found a hare, I came on a fresh trail, which showed that Bunny had been flying from some foe,—but who or what his foe was, I could not learn from the signs. After following a few yards, I found one of those sudden doublings, as at H, in diagram 5, and very soon another, and again a straight trail for a few yards, and more doublings, and then a few drops of blood. As I followed, there were more doublings and more blood, until at length I discovered the remains of the hapless hare. His enemy had eaten all but the head and the feet. It was plain that this was not the deed of a fox, nor a marten,—for no track was to be seen. A weasel might, indeed, have been clinging to the hare during the run, and so have left no track; but then a weasel, could not have eaten the hare, and would not have done much more than suck its blood. As I looked about for signs, my eye caught a broad, soft feather sticking to a sapling near by. “Aha! a hawk,” I thought. But on looking again at the bloody place on the snow, I saw the faint print of a

large two-toed foot, and knew at once, by its size and shape, that it was the track of a barred owl. And then the mystery of the doubling and running from an unseen foe was solved.

I left the spot; but on returning a few minutes later, I was startled by a loud screeching, and immediately the guilty one appeared. After flying around my head two or three times, he settled on a limb near by, and gave me an opportunity to sketch him,—I would rather have shot him, but I had no gun with which to avenge the death of the poor unfortunate hare.

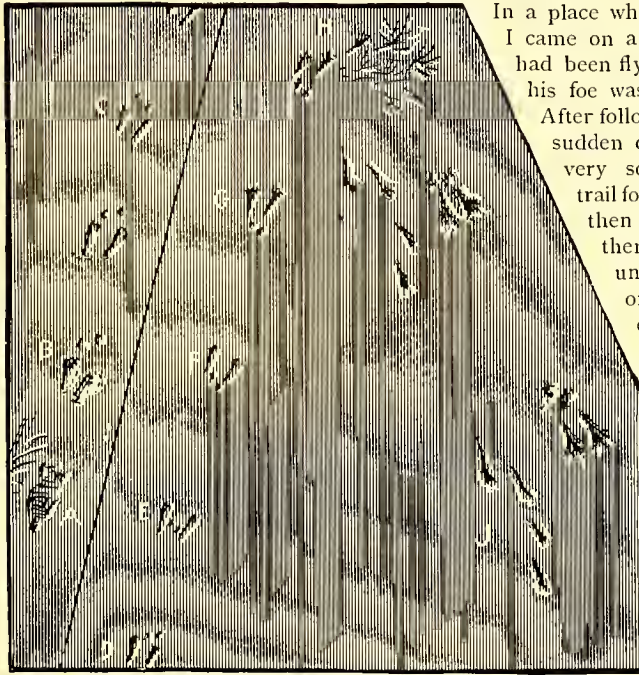
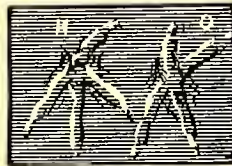


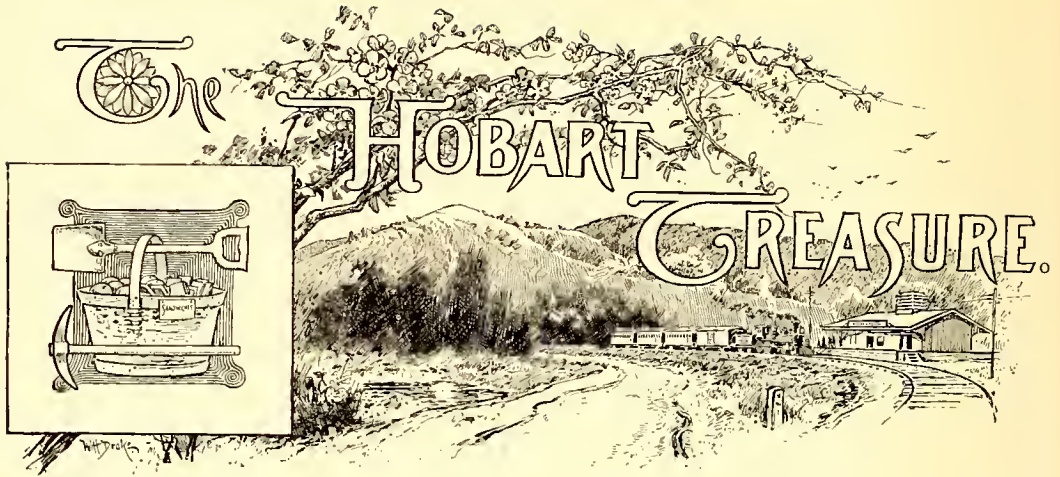
FIG. 5. TRACKS OF A HARE AND A FOX.

to go faster, and here we see a peculiarity of the hare's track. As he increases his speed the hind feet track as far forward as the fore feet, and at G the fore feet actually track behind the hind ones. But at H we see that the foolish creature had been running right into danger, and here for the first time we note the track of his enemy, the fox, pursuing at full speed (I and J). Poor Bunny's frantic efforts to turn about are plainly graven in the snow; and his widely spread feet, his vast bounds, and the far backward marks of the fore feet in the subsequent signs, show the tremendous rate of



FOOT-PRINT OF HAWK AND OF OWL.





BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE rain was over. Masses of clouds that had hung low all day, parted and flew before the fresh wind that shook the drops from the young leaves of the maples, and sent the falling apple-blossoms dancing under the arching branches of the elms which, for half a mile, made the glory of the village street. Jenny, as she stood in the door of the old house, at the turn just beyond their shadows, looked wistfully down the long arcade, as if waiting for something. Beyond her, on the other side, lay the valley and the winding river, and the blue mountain that kept watch over all. Her eyes turned to it now as if some token must come from it to her. Many times a day her eyes sought it involuntarily, for all her life she had felt as if it held strength, and quiet, and all good things: everything that she most needed to-day. She must tell Tom. It had been delayed long enough.

Tom, curled up in the corner of the window overlooking the orchard, was reading, when she went in, a lately printed history of the village that the old Doctor had lent him. He was amazed to find how much history the village really had. Nobody had ever told him any of these stories of the early settlement and of the Indian troubles, more exciting than any dime novel that had ever been smuggled into school. He had seen Captain "Tom" Hobart's grave among those of all the other Hobarts in the church-yard, and Uncle Sol, the village shoemaker and the village authority on all matters of family tradition, had once said that he was a queer case, and that Tom must n't take after him. Why had he not said more, for here,

in the book, was the whole story? Tom's cheeks were red and his gray eyes dark with excitement as Jenny came in and stood in the door-way. It was most extraordinary that nobody should say a word about it; and yet this man whose name, even, he had never heard, knew it all, and had written it here where all could read it.

"I'd have stopped him," Tom muttered. "It was n't his affair. What business had he to write it all out?"

"Write what out?" Jenny said.

"All about the buried treasure,—the Hobart treasure."

"Oh, that old story?" said Jenny, indifferently. "I wish the Hobarts had a treasure. I should know what to do with some of it."

"Then you knew!" cried Tom, still more indignant. "And you never told! That's just like a girl! How do you know but what it's there now?"

"Don't be a goose, Tom. How many times do you suppose this place has been plowed up—every inch of it, since great-grandfather bought it? And it might have been in the wood-lot or anywhere. There are only two acres right here, and the 'jog' out of Judge Cushing's land, with the three old apple-trees on it. There is n't any treasure."

Tom shook his head.

"I don't believe it," he said. "He buried it somewhere, and nobody has ever found it. Now listen!" and Tom eagerly read the paragraph that had aroused his curiosity in the beginning:

"Israel Hobart, the second, married Hannah

Hapgood. They had four children, sons, all of whom served in the war of 1812; Thomas Hobart, the eldest, having been the captain of a privateer and having come into possession of much money. A portion was invested in real estate in the village and elsewhere, but the larger part he gave many to understand he had buried on the home-  
stead, his sudden death preventing any further knowledge as to where or when. Diligent search was made, but no trace has ever been discovered, and the story has become a mere village tradition. There seems to be no question, however, that a sum was buried, and that its sudden discovery may one day enrich the few remaining descendants."

"There! What do you think of that?" Tom added, after an impressive pause. "Jenny, something ought to be done about it. You're not paying attention. What's the matter?"

"Tom, listen to me," Jenny said. "Do you know what was in that letter you brought me yesterday afternoon?"

"How should I? It was Mr. Branson's writing. Money, I suppose."

"Not one cent, Tom; there is n't any dividend. I don't know what we're going to do. I've been trying to think it out ever since."

Tom had dropped the book, and sat looking at her blankly.

"No dividend?" he said. "Why, but the dividend is what we live on! It's all the money we've got. Where is it? Is it stolen?"

"You must ask the directors," Jenny said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Branson says there has been cheating and bad management, but he thinks it will be arranged, after a while. In the mean time, here we are;—just fourteen dollars in money left, and not one cent coming in, so far as I can see, before next January."

"I'll hire out on a farm," said Tom. "Unless," he added, "you're going to borrow of somebody."

"Neither borrowing nor begging, Tom; nor hiring out, either, except to me. We've got the house, and the taxes are all paid. There are a great many things on hand; the hens and the cow will help us out. I've a plan, too, that you can help in. I depend on you, Tom. You're always to be depended on, when there is real trouble."

Tom colored a little as he caught the cadence in his sister's voice. He knew what it meant. They were the best of friends, but his carelessness in all ways had made her endless trouble in the two years that she had been his sole guardian.

"Read the letter," she said. "I like to have you know just what is said."

Tom looked up gratefully. Jenny always treated

him as if they were the same age. Even when she found fault, she always said: "Of course, if you stopped to think, Tom, you would know how it is"; and of late he had been making faithful effort to take more responsibility, and to become what she seemed so sure he wished to be. He read the letter carefully, finding nothing in it that her words had not already made plain.

"I'd choke 'em, every one, if I could get at 'em," Tom said, wrathfully. "If I don't hire out to a farmer, you'll have to put me to some trade, Jenny."

"That would n't bring any money for a good while. No, Tom; there is something else—and if you are willing, it need not interfere with school or anything else. But you'll hate it. It will be hard. I dare say you will feel ashamed."

"The Hobarts have never done anything to be ashamed of, yet," Tom said, proudly, "unless it was when that confounded great-uncle Tom buried that money. Uncle Sol says we've done more for the town than any six other families together, and that it's a great shame you have to work so hard."

"There are plenty that work just as hard, Tom, and have n't any one that they care much for to make it easier," Jenny said, with a look at which Tom sprang up and tumultuously threw his arms around her.

"By George, Jenny!—you're a brick. There is n't such another sister in town. Out with it! What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to turn peddler an hour each day."

"What?" shouted Tom.

"Wait a little. I've thought it all out. You know what a place that junction is, and that lunch-counter, with those fat, fried pies and chippy sponge-cakes. You know there is always ten minutes' stop there, and the poor passengers get out and look at the cold beans and the fried pies and the muddy coffee. Everybody is hungry, and sometimes they really buy something; but the last time I came from Boston, I heard a lady say: 'Some woman that knew what decent food meant might make a fortune here. I'd give anything for a really good sandwich and some fruit.' A good many had lunches, but there were more that had none. Now, Tom, it may come to nothing; but I want to make the experiment. There are those crowded express trains each way, and always new people to buy. You know how good my sandwiches are?"

Tom's mouth watered involuntarily, but he preserved a stern countenance. To peddle sandwiches struck Tom as the extremity of degradation; but Jenny's calm face gave no hint of any sympathetic recognition of such an opinion.

"You can't make enough to amount to anything," he said. "It's one thing to make them



for the sewing-society or a picnic, and quite another to prepare enough for a whole trainful of people. Who 'll help you?"

"I can get help, if I wish it, or need it. I've calculated it all, Tom: the actual cost of the bread and the ham, and everything else. What I wish to do is to give two good sandwiches and a ginger-cake, or something of that kind, tied neatly in a white paper, so that all will look fresh and attractive. I have that great flat basket that Cousin Myra had here three years ago. Line it with white napkins; have the whole thing dainty and spotless and I believe that you could sell enough in one hour a day to keep us till something better can be thought of—if anything *can* be. Now, Tom, will you do it for me?"

"Everybody in town will be laughing at us," said Tom. "I should n't think you 'd be willing, Jenny, to turn cook for Tom, Dick, and Harry, or to make me into a train-boy!"

Tom's tone was one of deep injury, and he looked reproachfully at Jenny.

"I've been cook for Tom so long that I don't see why I should n't be allowed the variety of catering for Dick and Harry," she said, laughing, although her eyes were troubled. "It 's either this, Tom, or taking in sewing, and I can not sit and sew all day. I want you to try this, for me; but, if you feel that you can not, I can get one of the boys in the Hollow. But you will do the thing like a gentleman. People will buy of you, who would not look at a common boy."

"I'll think about it," said Tom, thrusting his hands into his pockets and marching away; and Jenny, who knew that he would be ready when the time came, turned toward the sunny kitchen with a lighter heart. There were so few ways of earning money in this secluded village. At best there had been but little money, and she had had to learn during her father's long illness how to manage it with closest economy. He had been the village doctor, like his father before him, and Tom was to follow in their footsteps. In fact, Jenny's own ambition for him pointed in the same direction, but she had been recalled from school by her father's illness, and by her father's death she became sole guardian of Tom. He was seven years younger, and clung to her as if she were mother, rather than sister. Such money as there was had all been invested in railroad stock, which had in the beginning given large dividends, and seemed to promise even more. Then had come entanglements and a steady lessening of the income.

"It will take a turn. It is sure to take a turn," Dr. Hobart had said; but the turns had been for the worse, till now this final disaster was upon them. Jenny's courage had not failed. Tom

should go to college yet, and keep up the succession. She had tried to keep down all false pride, but she shared with him the feeling that the Hobart name must never mean less to the town in the future than it had in the past. At least, whatever came, they would neither borrow nor beg, and Tom was now old enough to agree with her in full. He loved the old home, and had no wish for city life; even a winter in Boston having failed to convince him that anything could take the place of the open air that was his life. Jenny made home so jolly; the boys looked up to her just as he did. Why should he want to leave it?

He went out now, and after an instant's hesitation walked down the garden path into the orchard. The thought of the buried treasure still so occupied his mind that it crowded out even any thought of what he felt himself pledged to do the next day.

There were a dozen or more young trees, apple and pear trees of different varieties, but in these he had no present interest. Beyond stood three old apple-trees whose chief crop had been blossoms, only a barrel or so of fruit having been gathered from all combined. Old Uncle Sol could remember when they were planted, for a butternut had stood there, and the great storm of 1836 had overthrown it.

Tom nodded as he looked. The tallest apple-tree was in the old tree's place, but the butternut roots had stretched far and wide. There, if anywhere, would be traces of the buried money, and he purposed to make such an examination as no one before him had had enterprise enough to undertake. He would do it alone. Nobody should know, and for this reason he would work only in the evening. He was strong; he could dig like any laborer along the railroad. With another wise shake of the head Tom rushed off for a game of base-ball. He loved study. There was no fear that he ever would shirk his work, but he loved with equal ardor games of all sorts, and Jenny had rejoiced to see the delicacy of his childhood giving place to sturdy boyhood. She was glad now, as from the window she watched him for a moment, and saw that his face was bright, and his playing as energetic as if no weight lay upon his mind. If only this plan might succeed so well that there need be no fear of failure! She minced the ham with an energy that rivaled Tom's base-ball, and then she made a seasoning according to a recipe used in the Boston Cooking School. When the smooth mixture was ready she put it away, with a conviction, born of actual knowledge, that a sandwich made from it would inevitably induce the buyer to call for more. There were still a few Spitzenberg apples in the cellar, and when she carried the ham downstairs, she brought them up and polished a dozen or two,

till they shone like satin. The long "brick" loaves, just the shape for a handsome slice, were baking; and by the time they were done, Jenny had her little pans filled with the mixture for "Grandmother's spice-cake," the rule for which was in an old book begun by the grandmother herself, her faded writing still plain enough to read. Like everything that Jenny made, they came out done to a turn, with a spicy smell which was an invitation in itself, and she eyed them curiously, wondering how many would come back to her. Three dozen little cakes and one hundred sandwiches to be made in the morning, while Tom was at school. Since he had had trouble with his eyes, she had allowed him to go for only half a day, and this left him free for the afternoon, excepting for his German, which she taught him orally. She was tired through and through when night came, quite as much from anxiety as from actual work, and after a little reading with Tom went to bed an hour before her usual time.

It was bright moonlight; and Tom, as the door closed behind her, seized his cap, went softly through the kitchen, and then for an hour dug with great energy on the northern side of the tallest apple-tree. He meant to do the work systematically, filling up one side as soon as he had settled definitely that there was nothing there, before he began upon another. The sod was tough and thick. It taxed all his strength, but Tom was patient and resolute, and not to be stopped by ordinary obstacles. He knew it would be no joke, and had made up his mind to do the work thoroughly if he did it at all. He went to bed sore, and woke up stiff, but did not mind it.

Jenny thus far suspected nothing, and the trees not being in sight from the road, he hoped to do the work undisturbed. In any case, there was nothing to be ashamed of. Noon came. Tom rushed home from school and ate his dinner without a word as to the new enterprise. The "up train" was due at 1:20, and the "down express" fifteen minutes later. The junction was exactly half a mile from the village, and the road went only to the station,—a fact on which Tom privately congratulated himself.

"Well, Jenny," he said, meaningly, after a general talk over the morning's happenings. Jenny opened the kitchen door and pointed to the basket.

"You are a blessed boy!" was all she said, and Tom, without a word, but with rather a grim countenance, took the basket and marched down the road, while Jenny watched him until he was out of sight.

"Home-made sandwiches," she had written on a bit of paper pinned to the basket. Tom would do better if he had no drilling beforehand. She

hurried through her work, her hands trembling nervously. It was ridiculous to be in such a state, and she forced herself to move slowly, and even tried to repeat the verse of German poetry she meant to teach Tom that afternoon. It seemed hours before she saw him coming, and then she could not determine from the way he carried the basket whether it were full or empty. There was no doubt five minutes later, for as Tom came to the turning and saw her at the window he tossed the empty basket into the air, and then made one wild rush up the hill and into the house.

Jenny stood there, quite pale, and as Tom shouted: "They're gone! Did you ever hear of such a thing?" she began to cry, the tears running down her cheeks as she stood looking at him.

"Why, Jenny!—why, Jenny!" Tom said, and then, deciding that the best medicine would be a full dose of all the particulars, pulled her down into a seat beside him on the sofa.

"I tell you, I hated it," he said. "But I just set my teeth, and the minute the train stopped I boarded it. That little Billy McGuire was there with oranges, peanuts, and bananas. 'Go ahead,' I said, 'I'm not going to interfere with you,' and I just called, 'Home-made sandwiches, ten cents.' I did n't think anything about the cakes, only I knew they were two for five cents, and I went along. That first car, I only sold five, but before I'd got through the second one, a man called me back. 'Here,—if you've got more of the same sort, I want half a dozen,' he said, and he took them. I was called back three times, that way. The down-train had an excursion party along, and I could have sold two hundred, as well as one. I got change for a dollar at the ticket-office, and—it's fun! And, Jenny, what do you think? A gentleman looked out of the parlor-car window. 'What kind of apples?' he said. 'Good for anything?' 'Spitzenbergs,' I said. 'By George!' he said. 'Come in here.' So I went. 'How much?' he said. 'Two for five cents,' I said, and he took every one, and after I'd gone on he called me back. 'I paid eighty cents a dozen for Spitzenbergs, last week, in Boston,' he said. 'Here's another quarter, and I'd like to know why a boy like you is peddling apples?' I laughed, and then he laughed, but I had to hurry to get off. It's fun, Jenny, though I never thought it would be. Only, one woman tried to beat me down, and said I ought to give more for ten cents. Here's the money, Jenny, and you won't have to talk to me any more. It's a go, and I'll do anything you like,—but that lunch-counter girl will be on the war-path. She just glared! Now let's count. Five dollars for the sandwiches, ninety cents for the cakes, and sixty for the apples, with



the quarter, thrown in — makes six dollars seventy-five! Hip, hip, hurrah! What a beginning!”

“We must try it for a week, before we brag,” said Jenny, cautiously; but there was no doubt in her face; and, when the week ended, it was quite certain that the way to earn money had been found.

Tom kept up his digging with grim determination. Long before the week ended, Jenny knew about it. In fact he could not confine his work to evenings, but at last gave all his spare time, till every foot of earth had been searched and replaced again, when Tom gave up the quest with a determination to begin upon another point as soon as he could settle where he was most likely to find something.

In the mean time, the business grew. Billy McGuire was enlisted and carried a basket devoted to cakes alone, and his mother also found daily employment in helping with the mincing and kneading. Jenny made no change in her programme; her sandwiches had become famous, and it often happened that people looked out as the junction was reached, and called to Tom:

“Hallo! Are you that sandwich-boy?”

“I wish there were more Spitzenbergs,” Jenny had often said, “but they all seem to have died out.”

“Plant some more,” Tom said, “and I’ll go on a hunt for that gentleman and promise to make him take the lot at eighty cents a dozen.”

Jenny laughed, but a few days later she came in from the garden and stood by Tom.

“Tom, if things go on all right,” she said, “I think you will find that there is treasure under the old apple-trees, after all.”

“Why?” Tom said, too deeply interested in his book to rouse himself readily.

“The little apples have not tumbled off this year as they have always done for years. They are firm and sound. I think your digging has given the old trees a new lease of life.”

“Can’t believe it,” said Tom, returning to his book; but by fall he had changed his mind. The branches hung low with the weight of perfect fruit, and Jenny put away each as if it had been the last they were ever to see, and she was able to draw upon the stock all winter. Fried pies had no possible chance; and the “lunch-counter man,” in disgust, decided to hold an interview with the young woman who was spoiling his custom; and, being sensible, suggested on the spot that if she could be induced to take an interest in the lunch-counter his fortune would be made.

To Jenny nothing could have seemed less probable; but, having spent a day in thinking it over, she decided that it would be quite profitable, provided she were left to carry out her own plans without interference.

How this was done need not be told here. It is sufficient to say that there is, on that particular line of road, one place where the traveler finds, to his amazement, food that can be eaten with a relish, and passes on wondering what mysterious power has brought about this result.

Jenny is the owner of a thriving orchard of young trees, producing the very choicest Spitzenberg apples, and, thanks to Tom’s efforts, the old trees still yield. Tom is in college, and though the dividend is still in the future, other dividends come in with a regularity which renders ownership of railroad stock an unnecessary luxury.

“There is one Hobart treasure that is sure and certain,” Tom says; “and if any one tries to take it, he’ll have to look out for himself. It’s a jewel of the first water, and its name is — Jenny.”



## THE PEOPLE WE MEET.

“PERSONALLY CONDUCTED” SERIES—TWELFTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



**I**N our travels in the various countries through which I have conducted you, the people we have met have contributed very much to the interest of our journey. The natives of these countries attracted our attention because they were French, or Italian, or German, or Dutch, and had, as nations, some habits and customs quite different from our own; but in traveling about we naturally saw a great deal of other travelers, and the peculiarities of these people

were very often odd and amusing.

You all remember that wherever we went it seemed impossible to get rid of memorials of the ancient Romans, long dead and gone. But we could not fail to notice that it was equally impossible to get rid of the modern English and Americans, who, very much alive, are to be found wherever we go. These two nations are great explorers and travelers; if there is anything worth seeing in any part of the world, they wish to go there and see it. There are now so many Anglo-Saxon tourists on the continent of Europe that it has become necessary in all good hotels to have some person who can speak English, and it is only in places which are seldom visited that we can find no one to whom we can talk in our native tongue. A German, Italian, or French waiter, who can speak English, finds it much easier to obtain employment at good wages than those who know only their own language; and many continental waiters and barbers go to London, and serve there without pay for the sake of becoming acquainted with the English language.

French used to be, and is still, the language most general in Europe, and one who speaks it readily can travel almost anywhere, and make himself understood; but in many parts of Europe.

English is now so generally taught in the schools, that it will not be long before our language will be as useful to travelers as the French.

Although the English and we ourselves both speak the same tongue, we do not speak it in the same way. An American in London can seldom say five words before the English people who may hear him will know that he came from across the Atlantic; and we, on our part, seldom mistake an Englishman for our countryman. It is in the tones of the voice and the methods of pronunciation that the differences exist, and when we first hear English people talking, and when they first hear us, there is often, I am sorry to say, a little inclination on each side to indulge in ridicule, but, if there were no other reason for refraining from such impoliteness, we should do so, because it stamps us as ignorant people who have not traveled much.

Both Americans and English, like all patriotic people, believe their respective countries to be the best in the world, and many of them consider it necessary, when they are traveling, to show this. Persons like these, however, be they Americans or English, do not belong to the better class of travelers. The more we travel, and the more we see of other nations, the better we become acquainted with their merits and virtues. Their oddities and their faults naturally are the first things which strike our attention; but if we have seen nothing but these, it is a proof, either that we have not traveled enough or that we are not qualified to travel with advantage. The more the right kind of an American journeys the more he is likely to be satisfied that he is an American, but the better he becomes acquainted with other nations and learns not only to avoid their faults but to imitate their virtues, the greater advantage is he to his own country.

Next to our own fellow-countrymen, I think we shall like the English better than any other travelers we meet. Most of us will know, if we think of it, that if our forefathers had not chosen to emigrate to America we should now be English people ourselves; and aside from any feeling of kinship, the English travelers we meet, and in whose company



we may be thrown, are likely, after we become acquainted with them, to prove very good-natured and pleasant people. As a rule, they are very well educated, and speak French fluently, and often German; but in almost every case we shall find them lamentably ignorant about America. We, who have studied at school the geography and history of England, and know just how that country is bounded, and what are its principal rivers and towns, besides a great deal about its peculiar manners and customs, are, naturally, so surprised to find that these well-educated English people know so little about America that we may be excused from supposing that in English schools there are classes where ignorance of America is taught to the pupils. An English lady who had traveled over the greater part of Europe said she had a great desire to come to America, and her principal object in doing so was to shoot Niagara. I rather opened my eyes at this, and said that I thought she must refer to the celebrated trip down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but she was very positive on the subject, and said she meant Niagara, and nothing else; she had understood that they did it in a steamboat, and she knew she should enjoy the sensation.

A well-educated middle-aged gentleman told me that the reason our civil war lasted so long was that we had no military men in our country, and that a war carried on entirely by civilians could not proceed very rapidly. If any of you have ever seen an English atlas you will understand why it is difficult to get from it a good idea of America. We shall find, in such an atlas, full and complete maps of every European country and principality, a whole page being sometimes given to an island, or to a colony in Asia and Africa; but the entire United States, with sometimes the whole of North America besides, is crowded into a single map. Some of these are so small that the New England States are not large enough to contain their names, and are designated by letters which refer to the names printed in an open part of the Atlantic Ocean. No wonder that the people who use these maps have a limited idea of our country.

But it is not only English people who appear to know very little about America. A German countess once asked me if we had any theaters in New York, and when I told her that there were not only a great many theaters in that city, but that it possessed two grand opera houses at which, at that time, two of the leading prima donnas of the world were singing on the same nights, she was a little surprised. It is quite common in various parts of the Continent to hear people speak of the late war between North and South America. They knew that the war was between the North and the South,

and as it was in America, the mistake is natural enough to people who have studied only European geography.

But, on the other hand, we meet with many travelers, especially English, who, if they do not know much about our country, are very kindly and sociable, and glad to talk about American things and people; and as travel is greatly increasing across the Atlantic Ocean, it will not be long before the people of the two continents learn to know each other better.

Some of the Americans' who visit Europe are such odd personages that it is not to be wondered at if they give the people they meet a queer idea of our nation. Some of these are very fond of boasting that they come from a part of our country where currants are as large as grapes, grapes as big as plums, plums the size of peaches, peaches like melons, melons as big as great clothes-baskets, and other things to match. Others complain if they can not have ice-water and griddle-cakes in every European city they visit; while others again are continually growling and grumbling because waiters and drivers expect small fees, not considering that at home they not only pay very much more at hotels, and for carriage hire, but sometimes are expected to give fees which are ten times as much as the poor people of Europe are accustomed to receive. I once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich since her education had been finished, who was walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some

pictures by Raphael, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and turning to a companion she said: "I do believe this painter must have been a Catholic!"

But such Americans are not true representatives of their country; and it is very certain that Europe contains no more delightful people than many of our countrymen and countrywomen with whom we become acquainted abroad.



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

The English people, whom we may visit at their homes, are very kindly and hospitable, and give us a welcome as strong and honest as they are themselves. Shopkeepers, and tradesmen of all sorts, are very civil and obliging. The officials on the English railways are peculiarly pleasing

to Americans, who contrast their agreeable and efficient way of taking care of travelers with the manners and customs of many of our railroad clerks and employees.

In France, the servants, shopkeepers, washer-women, and nearly everybody who may serve us for money will be found to do what they have to do in a very kindly and obliging way. It is a pleasure to be served by such neat maids as we find in hotels and "pensions," or boarding-houses; and the women who wait on us in the shops always greet us pleasantly, and show a kindly interest in helping us to select what we want. Of course this may be attributed to a desire to sell as much as possible, but this is a very proper desire for people in business, and if they endeavor in this civil way to induce one to buy, it is far better than the rude and importunate manner of shopkeepers in some other parts of the world. There are places, particularly in Paris, where strangers will be dreadfully cheated if they make purchases without understanding their value, but people who spend their money without knowing what they are about must expect that.



A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

gown pleases." One of the most polite and well-bred personages with whom I ever had conversation kept a little shop in the Latin quarter of Paris. She was a middle-aged woman, with sunburned face and coarse hands, and wore a blue cotton dress, and a plain cap. I frequently went into her shop, and though I often bought nothing more than a two-cent box of matches, she always welcomed me as cordially and courteously as if she were receiving me in a fine *salon*; and if she had not what I wanted, put herself to trouble to tell me where I could get it; and, when I went away, bade me good-bye as if I were a

friend of her family whom she hoped to see again.

It is particularly noticeable in continental shopkeepers, and persons of that class, that, although they are very civil, it is seldom that we meet with the servility and obsequiousness which is somewhat common among the London tradespeople. It will be found, also, that although the English servants are generally most admirably trained and efficient, it is not as advisable to speak to them as freely as we do to persons in like positions on the Continent, for the British waiters or maids are apt to lose respect for the person who is inclined to be in any degree sociable with them.

The French people, especially the middle and lower classes, have strong family ties, and in the country, when the sons and daughters marry, they generally remain in the old home, where the father or grandfather is head of the house as long as he lives. It is very pleasant to see the old grandmothers in the public parks and gardens, busily knitting, and taking care of the little grandchildren, who play about them. The French people have faults enough, but many of these, if the traveler does not look for them, are not apt to trouble him.

In Italy, as well as in France, we often find a pleasant disposition to offer service, even if it is not directly paid for. I was once in a city of northern Italy, where I needed some articles of



FRENCH "BONNES" (NURSES) AND THEIR CHARGES.

French servants, as well as those of Italy, Switzerland, and some other countries, always salute us pleasantly when they enter our room, and are often intelligent, and one may be a little sociable with them without fearing that they will presume upon it; they are always ready to give us any information that they can, and if they can speak even a little English, they are quick to let us know it. Sometimes their courteous manners and expressions amuse us, as when a French dressmaker said to a lady who had expressed satisfaction with her work: "Ah, madame, the skies smile, when the



clothing. Having just arrived I was entirely unacquainted with the place, and inquired of a clerk at a forwarding or express office, where I had some business, the address of a good shop where I could buy what I wanted. He thereupon put on his hat and said he would go with me to one. I did not wish him to put himself to so much trouble, but he insisted that as I did not know the city it would be much better for him to accompany me. He took me to the best place in town, helped me in my selection, made suggestions to the shopkeeper, and when I had finished my business, offered to go with me to buy anything else I might want. It is possible that he may have been paid for bringing purchasers to this shop, but the price I paid for what I bought was so small that there could not have been much profit to anybody, and I do not believe that the large and wealthy firm by whom this young man was employed would allow one of their clerks to go out in this way merely to give him a chance to make a little money. Let any stranger in one of our cities enter an express office and try to get one of the clerks to go with him to a tailor's store and help him to select a suit of clothes, and when he has made known his desire, let him wait and see what happens next.

The Italians of the working-class are generally very industrious; for the poor are very poor indeed, and they have to work hard to live. Even in Naples, where idleness and beggary used to be so common, the people have very much improved of late years. Italian beggars, however, are very persistent, and stick to a stranger like a burr,



ITALIAN BEGGARS.

until they get something. The easiest way of ridding ourselves of them is to lay in a supply of small copper coins (they have coins here which are equal in value to a fifth of a cent, although

these are not often met with, except among the very poor), and when a beggar receives anything he usually will go. This is a sort of toll one has to pay on the roads about some of the cities of Italy, and a stranger must generally pay it, or be very much annoyed. Sometimes a miserable old beggar with a broken back, one blind eye, one arm gone and the other one withered, and with, apparently, only half a leg, bounds in some miraculous manner beside a carriage for a quarter of a mile or so, until some one throws him a copper. Then he stops, his back straightens itself, one



FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.

arm comes back to him, and the other regains its power; his legs drop out to their natural length; and he walks slowly back to his post by the roadside, where, the moment he sees another carriage approaching, all his infirmities again seize upon him. Children are very annoying as beggars, especially in the south of Italy; for half a dozen of them will sometimes cluster around a stranger, imploring him to give them something. One of the ST. NICHOLAS artists traveling in Italy had a curious way of ridding himself of these youngsters. He carried a toy watch which was a little out of order, and the hands of which, when it was wound up, would go round with a buzz, until it ran down. He would fix this in one eye like an eye-glass, and turn fiercely upon the importunate youngsters. The sight of this revolving and buzzing eye scared the little rascals, and they fled in every direction. They thought it was the "Evil Eye," of which they are very much afraid.

There is not much begging in and about Rome. Even the poorest people seem too dignified for that sort of thing. We shall meet on the street, however, men, women, and children who offer all sorts of things to us for sale, and if we buy any of these articles, we must be careful or we may pay too much for them. Even in respectable shops, Italians generally ask strangers more for their goods than they are worth, and it is necessary to bargain a good deal if we want to get things at proper prices. As a rule, purchases can

be made at a very moderate rate in Italy if we know how to buy.

It is easy to see that Italy is a country of Art, not only in her pictures, statues, and architecture, but in the costumes and manners of the people. They are very fond of bright colors and pretty effects, and even when they hang up tomatoes and

some of the richest parts of the country, the barn, the stables, and the dwelling-house are all under one roof.

In our various travels we shall doubtless meet with a great many Russians, and, as a rule, we shall find them very intelligent people. I once met a Russian gentleman who not only spoke excellent English, but who knew more about American politics and our affairs in general than could be reasonably expected of any one who had never seen our country. All Russians, however, do not understand us so well. A young lady from Siberia who was very desirous of hearing about America, once asked me if it was true that people in our country could go out and look for gold, and when they had found it, could have it for their own. She could not understand why the Government did not require them to deliver it up. In Russia people can not go about digging gold and silver in uninhabited mountains and plains any more than they can walk into houses and take money and jewels; and she thought our Government very foolish to allow anybody who chooses, to go into the far West, and dig up the gold and silver that he may discover there. She had no idea of a country which truly belonged to its people.

It is likely that in Switzerland we shall meet with a greater variety of travelers of different nations than in any other country. Some parts of this land of lake and mountain are very pleasant in the summer-time, while other portions are agreeable in the winter. The living here is also very good and cheap, and there are probably more hotels and boarding-houses to the square mile than in any other country. At a hotel, where I once staid, there were English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Spaniards, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, Dutch, French, and a family from the Cape of Good Hope. I once met with a Parsee gentleman who had traveled a good deal in Europe, and had some idea of visiting America. He had heard that it was sometimes very cold here, and asked me how we heated our houses; he particularly wanted to know what kind of stoves we used. When I told him that these were generally intended for coal, but that in some places we used wood-stoves, he looked a little troubled, and after a moment's reflection asked me how we prevented the wood stoves from burning up when a fire was made in them. His knowledge of English was not sufficient to enable him to see the difference between "wood" and wooden.

Mistakes in regard to the meaning of expressions in English are, of course, quite common among continental Europeans. A Swiss lady once asked me if American women took much interest in poli-



AN ITALIAN "MODEL" WAITING FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

cabbages in front of a shop, they arrange them as tastefully as if they were decorating a little stage for an exhibition.

In Switzerland we see this same disposition to arrange common things in a tasteful and orderly way; and although the Swiss are not so artistic as the Italians, and do not care so much for color, we sometimes find the winter's wood built up into the shape of a little dome or pagoda, and even the smallest piles are arranged as symmetrically and evenly as if they were never to be moved. The ears of corn, which we often see hung in a row on the fronts of houses, are carefully arranged with regard to their size, and hang in as regular order as if they were files of well-drilled soldiers. The Swiss cottages, although they are much more elaborately decorated with carvings and inscriptions than those of the poor people in any other country, would not be pleasant places for any of us to occupy. The cows and the people live too close together. In



tics now that they were allowed to vote. "But they are not allowed to vote," said I. She looked surprised: "Not allowed to vote!" she exclaimed. "What then is the meaning of the Emancipation Act of which we have heard so much?" When I assured her that this celebrated Proclamation merely referred to negro slaves, and had nothing



COPYING IN THE GALLERY.

to do with white women, she said she thought this was a very queer country.

When I was in Antwerp I met with a person who interested me very much. I was in the picture gallery there, and had walked through a long line of rooms to the end apartment. There I saw upon an easel a picture nearly finished, which was a copy of a very fine painting upon the wall. I was attracted by the beauty of this copy, which seemed to me as well painted as the original close by it; and I was just going away when I saw a tall, elderly man come into the room, and take his seat upon a stool in front of the easel. He wore large, loose slippers, and, to my astonishment, the first thing he did was to kick them off. Then I noticed that

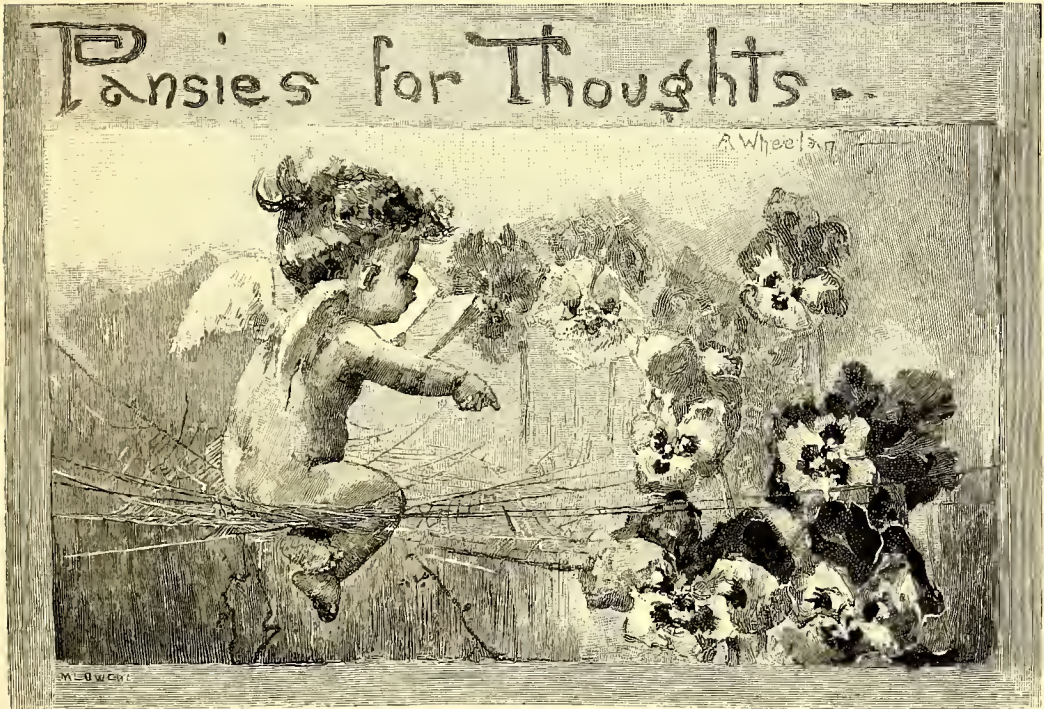
his stockings were cut off a little below the instep, leaving his toes exposed. Leaning back on his stool, he lifted up his two long and active legs and took up his palette and maul-stick with his left foot, putting his great toe through the hole in the palette, just as an ordinary artist would use his thumb. Then he took a brush between the first and second toes of his right foot, and touching it to the paint on the palette, he began to work upon the painting on the easel. This artist had no arms, having been born without them, and he had painted the beautiful picture on the easel with his toes. It was astonishing to see him leaning back, with upraised legs, and putting the delicate lights and shades into the eyes of the portrait on his canvas with a brush held between his toes. He has long been known as a most skillful and successful painter in certain branches, and his beautiful work is not only interesting in itself, but it points a moral which we can each think out for ourselves.

Wherever we go, in any of the galleries of Europe, we find artists copying the noted and famous pictures, sometimes two or three of them at work copying the same painting. In this way hundreds and thousands of copies, not only of the great works of the famous painters, but of their smaller and less celebrated pictures, are given to the world; and, in many cases, these copies are very good, and give a fair idea of the originals. There are artists, and some of them gray-headed, who never paint any original pictures, and make their entire living by copying paintings in the public galleries of Europe. This copying business, however, is often a great annoyance to visitors. Sometimes a person takes a great deal of trouble to go to see a famous picture, and when he reaches the gallery he finds that an artist's easel and canvas is set up before it in such a way that it is difficult for him to get a good view of it. A young copyist in the "Salon Carré," the room in which the finest pictures in the Louvre are collected, conceived the grand idea of painting the whole room, pictures, people, and all; and the immense canvas which he set up acted as a drop-curtain so far as a general view of this celebrated hall was concerned. In some galleries there are appointed times for the artists, and other times for the public.

It is very natural that we should want to find out all about the people we meet while we are traveling in Europe, but we shall soon discover that many of them are equally desirous of getting information from us. This is because we are Americans, and in the countries we have visited,—excepting, perhaps, France, where the people have but little desire to emigrate,—America is considered as a land, not very good to live in, perhaps, but as a great place to make money; a country where the

poorest person can go, accumulate wealth, and return to spend it in his own delightful native land. I remember a guide who took me through the ruins of Pompeii who was a very good instance of this tendency. He spoke good English, and was fond of conducting Americans through the dead little city. The desire of his heart was to go some day to America, and his mind was so full of this idea that he cared a great deal more to

ask us about things over here than to tell us about Pompeii. It was rather funny to see him sit down in the Temple of Isis, and to hear him talk about General Grant and the poet Longfellow, and other famous Americans whom he had served as guide. If some people in a higher rank of life were as anxious to inform themselves about things American as was this man, I think it would be well for them.



BY F. H. WHEELAN.

ONCE on a time a Cupid, who  
For learning had a bent,  
Insisted that young pansies should,  
To some good school be sent.

He sat him on a spider's web,  
And said, with knowing wink,  
"Since you young pansies stand for 'thoughts,'  
You must be taught to think."



## TOM'S RIDE.

BY ROBERT E. TENER.



It was a wild ride, and this is how Tom Pierce happened to take it.

Times were dull in San Francisco; for the first time in its history men were glad to work for a dollar a day. Tom's father, Joel Pierce, though he was a good mechanic, failed to find employment even at such wages; and so, leaving his wife and little daughter in the city, he took Tom with him and went to the country to seek work. But city and country were alike dull, and at last Joel was glad to find, a hundred miles from home, employment in the mountains as a wood-chopper.

Here he built a little cabin of boards split with the ax out of redwood-trees, roofing it with small, thin boards, called "shakes," similarly made. At one end he built a huge fire-place, of stone at the bottom, and of redwood-sticks and mud at the top. Opposite the fire-place was the door, and against one of the side-walls, two bunks, one above the other, served him and Tom for beds; while the rest of the space, lighted by a little window, was their parlor, kitchen, and store-room, all in one.

The hillside on which the cabin stood rose high above it at the back; while, in front, it sloped away to a little stream that ran not far below. Redwoods and pines, with a few other trees, grew thickly on all the hillside, both above and below the cabin. Near the foot of the hill ran a rough road, over which the cord-wood was hauled away during the summer; but in winter this road was hardly passable, even by horsemen. Two miles away on the road stood a farm-house, where lived Mr. Gregg, the nearest neighbor the Pierces had, and, ten miles farther on, was the town. To be sure, there were other choppers' cabins scattered about; some even nearer in a direct line than the farm-house, but to reach them it was necessary to climb steep hills, and to cross deep gulches, so that they were far more inaccessible than mere distance made them.

Thus it happened that Tom and his father sometimes for weeks together saw no other human being. But they were both too busy to feel lonely. Joel Pierce labored with ax and saw from sunrise

to sunset, happy to see the great pile of cord-wood growing, and to know that each blow he struck so sturdily meant food and clothing for his little ones.

To Tom's lot fell the cooking ; he soon became an expert, and when not thus employed he had many ways of spending his time which seemed to him better fun than any game he had ever enjoyed in his city home. There were trout to be caught in the brook, and rabbits in the woods, while the beautiful Californian quail with nodding plume ran on every hillside. Tom sometimes borrowed an old shot-gun from the farm-house, and with this, and with traps of his own construction, plentifully supplied the cabin with food. To get a rifle and shoot a deer was now his great ambition, for more than once he had come upon fresh deer-tracks and lamented the uselessness of following them without a weapon. Nor did he fail to do a share, though a small one, of his father's work ; for with his light ax he often added a little to the growing pile of cut wood, or lopped off the smaller branches from the trunks and limbs of the trees his father felled. In a few months Tom, who had been rather a pale and sickly little fellow, became so bronzed and active that his mother would hardly have known him. He learned, too, to ride fearlessly, though until now he had never even mounted a horse.

Joel Pierce kept a small mustang pony for convenience in making trips to the town when necessary. Most of the time the pony roamed the woods at his own will, finding abundant food in the wild oats and grasses that grew everywhere. At the beginning of the rainy season, a little hay was fed him, and Joel built an open shed for him not far from the cabin, where he could be sheltered from heavy rain. Tom hunted the pony up, when needed, and caught him by enticing him within reach with a hatful of barley.

On this wild, half-broken horse Tom took his first riding lessons, and met with more than one tumble before he learned to hold on in spite of the little mustang's rearing and bucking. When he did manage to stay on, though, the battle was won ; for Jack, as Tom named the pony, seemed to feel kindly toward the boy, and obeyed his young master thereafter as he would obey no one else. Mounted on Jack, Tom explored every nook and corner in the hills for miles around, wherever a horse could go, and once every two or three weeks he rode into town to buy supplies, and to get from the post-office the longed-for letters from home.

Thus several months passed. The rainy season had begun early and was severe ; and by Christmas many heavy showers had fallen, rendering the roads nearly impassable, raising high the waters of every mountain stream, and making the rich

grass start up on every hillside, lately so brown and bare.

On Christmas morning a heavy storm of wind and rain from the south-west came on, and raged all that day and night, nor did it cease the next day, nor the next. Joel went about the necessary outdoor work in water-proof from head to foot, while Tom was kept closely penned in the cabin, as a moment in such a rain would have soaked him through. The third day the rain abated a little, but the wind rose in fury, and the great trees groaned as it swept through their lofty summits. Now and then a branch would yield to the gusts, and, wrenched from the trunk, would come with a rush, like the roar of waters, to the ground. The great rain-drops, driven by the fierce wind, sounded like hailstones on the "shakes" of the roof, and many fell hissing on the fire through the broad chimney. But, though so much water was around them, the inhabitants of the cabin could have none for their own use without making a trip to the creek at the foot of the hill ; and, on the third morning of the storm, Joel, buckets in hand, went out, as he usually had done to fetch each day's supply.

Tom was deep in the pages of "The Swiss Family Robinson," the delightful book which his father had given him on Christmas, and he read on after Joel left the cabin, only raising his head to glance out when an unusually heavy gust threw the rain sharply against the little window. But at last it occurred to him that he had read a long while, and he began to think it strange that his father had not yet returned. He became uneasy, and, opening the door, looked down the path as far as he could see. But only a few yards away it turned abruptly to one side, and the thick trees and brush hid the rest of the path from him. The slanting rain was still falling, and the wind, though a little less violent, was shaking the giant branches against the stormy sky. As Tom looked he saw one great limb snap off, and heard it fall to the ground with a rushing sound, like the dash of a great spray of water, carrying other smaller trees down with it.

"What if such a limb should fall on Father?" thought Tom, a sudden fear seizing him.

Hastily pulling on his rubber coat and cap, he rushed down the path. A little stream of water ran in the beaten hollow and struck against his heels ; the rain poured from the rim of his cap, and the long, whip-like shoots of the hazel-bushes, swept by the wind, scourged him as he ran. The gaunt, gray, leafless branches of the buckeye mingled with the dark crimson of the madrona, and above them towered the redwoods, bowing their lofty tops before the gale.



Tom ran on, his anxiety increasing as he went, and in a few moments he found his fears only too well-founded. A redwood-tree lay across the path, its branches shattered by the fall into a mass of twigs and splinters. The trunk itself was smashed near the top; and the roots, forced from the ground by the tree acting as a great lever in its fall, had thrown up a mass of black soil on the hillside above. Tom heard a groan from among the branches, and cried:

"Father, oh, father! Are you there?"

"Yes, Tom, my boy, I'm here, sure enough!" replied his father's voice, and Tom, guided by it, forced his way to the center of the fallen tree.

Joel was lying on the path, the two buckets by his side. He had an ugly cut on the forehead, from which blood still flowed. His head and one arm were quite free, but the rest of his body was tightly pinned down by the tree. Luckily, the stumps of two broken limbs supported the trunk above him, so that he was only held and not crushed by it.

"It was a narrow escape, my boy," said he, as Tom reached his side. "This big fellow," waving his hand toward the tree, "turned up his toes just as I was passing, and I could n't get away in time, though I saw him coming. I guess I must 'a' been stunned by a tap on the head, for I did n't know a thing for a while; and then, when I came to, I found myself in this fix. These branches are run deep into the ground, and they just hold the trunk high enough to let me breathe, but I can't move an inch."

"Let me get the ax and chop you out, father," said Tom.

"No, no, Tom, there's work for men, here. You must get me free, but not with your ax. I'm afraid my leg's broken, and besides, if this big log is moved it may crush me. Do you saddle Jack, and ride down to Gregg's, and tell them about me, so a lot of their men will come up and get me out. Then you, or some one, go on to town for a doctor. Don't be scared, Tom, I can stand it a while longer, only send the men quick."

Tom wasted no time in talk, but saying only, "All right, father!" he sprang up the path to Jack's shed, and quickly threw the saddle on his back and drew the straps tight, paying no heed to the vicious snaps the mustang made with lips drawn back from his white teeth. A moment later, he was plunging down the steep path that led to the road below, and Joel soon heard the quick hoof-beats die away as he galloped toward Gregg's.

Tom rode furiously along the rough road, and soon reached the farm-house. He swung the gate open without dismounting, and galloped to the

door. Withdrawing his foot from the stirrup, he kicked vigorously.

Mr. Gregg himself answered to the violent summons. He was a heavily built, square-jawed man, with a mass of black beard on his face. He frowned when he saw the boy on horseback.

"What do you mean, boy?" said he, in his deep voice. "Can't you dismount and knock properly?"—

Tom interrupted him.

"Father's caught under a fallen tree, and his leg's broken. Won't some of your men go up and get him out?"

"Hello! you're Pierce's boy, I see," said Gregg. "All right, we'll go up right away. Say, Dick," he added, turning to a man in the room, "call the men together, and get a lot of saws and axes, and a couple of jack-screws. Where are you bound, my lad?" he said to Tom, who was turning his horse's head again toward the road.

"For the doctor," answered Tom; "father's right on the path to the cabin; you can't fail to find him, and I can better be spared than one of the men."

"You're a thoughtful boy," said Mr. Gregg. "Go ahead, only you'd better take the hill road, for the ford road is dangerous after such heavy rain."

Tom only nodded in reply, as he let the strap fall heavily on Jack's shoulders, and galloped away. The road lay for a mile along the middle of a little mountain valley, and then entered a narrow gorge. Here it forked,—one branch keeping along the crest of the hills, the other hanging on the side of the cañon wall. The first, Tom knew, was the safest, but then it was fully two miles longer than the other. No, he would not lose such precious time; and, scarcely pausing, he dashed into the ford road. As he went on, the road rose higher on the mountain-side, till it became a mere shelf with a precipice rising high on the right, and sinking away to depths on the left. The forest raised its mighty, bristling growth, like the lances of an army of giants, on the steep slope both above and below the road, but here and there Tom could catch a glimpse of the stream below, dashing in foam-covered currents among the stones. The last time he had ridden by, there had been scarcely any water in the brook's bed,—only a few quiet pools joined by a slender silver thread of trickling water; now, the noise of the swollen stream rose above even the moaning of the trees and the whistling of the wind.

The narrow road was much washed in some places, but Tom did not slacken his pace on that account. He knew that every moment might be priceless to his father, and also that each moment

the water was rising higher at the ford beyond. As he listened to the roaring of the stream below him, he almost repented choosing this road; but it was too late to return and, so far, he had met nothing to delay or to alarm him. The mustang's unshod feet seemed to cling like a cat's to the slippery ground; and though he sometimes made a misstep, he recovered himself, never falling. Tom's long lash often played round his shoulders, and the steady gallop did not pause for an instant. The rain, driven by the south-west wind, struck full in Tom's face and nearly blinded him; but he managed to see far enough ahead to avoid running full on a fallen tree, or over a land-slide. Most of the road was thus safely passed, and Tom began to hope that he would reach, without accident, the valley where lay the village, when Jack suddenly turned a sharp curve, and Tom had only time to see that there was a great gap where the road had fallen away bodily into the cañon below, leaving a smooth, sheer incline at the break.

Jack saw it also, and tried to check his headlong pace; but in vain — he was already on the treacherous, crumbling edge of the break, and his feet slid from under him. Tom felt the horse reeling beneath him, and had but an instant to kick away the stirrups and to grasp the low branch of a live-oak tree before the mustang, with a snort of terror, rolled headlong into the deep gulf below!

Tom could hear him crashing through the undergrowth after he was hidden from sight, and at last a splash showed that he had reached the stream. Tom knew that it was useless to attempt to recover the horse; for, even if by any chance he was unhurt, it would be impossible to get him up to the road again. He therefore swung himself down from his tree and looked about for means of continuing the journey on foot, heartily sorry now that he had not taken farmer Gregg's advice and chosen the hill road.

He examined the slide, and saw that it was made by a large portion of the hillside, just above the road, having fallen down upon it and having carried away the lower bank also. He saw that his only chance was to climb past above this avalanche of loose soil. Selecting a place where the bank was not very high, he clambered up, and then by the aid of the bushes and ferns on the hillside drew himself higher and higher, till, with much toil, he succeeded in crossing many feet above the break. The yielding earth sank under each footstep, and made his progress very slow; but once having begun his descent, it was as rapid as the ascent had been slow, and he soon regained the solid road on the townward side of the break. Unhorsed and weary, there were yet two miles of road and the ford between him and the town. Fortunately, it was all

down-hill, and he ran on as rapidly as possible, more anxious about the state of the ford than anything else.

The crossing was just where the cañon broadened out, opening into a large valley, and the road crossed the stream, continuing to the town, a mile away on the farther side. Tom, from the bank, viewed the ford with the first feeling of despair he had yet admitted. The stream, instead of being the shallow rivulet which only bathed the hoofs of the passing horse, was now a wide, muddy torrent, bearing on its turbid surface massive logs and roots, and every moment increasing in power and velocity. Tom knew that there was no other ford for miles below, and yet, how was he to cross here? He would certainly be swept away should he attempt it. If some of these logs which were drifting past would only lodge for a moment, he might try to cross on them; or, if that great, branchless, dead tree leaning over the water would but fall, what a bridge it would make! So thinking, he looked wistfully at the tree, and saw that the water was actually undermining its roots, and that, at any moment, it might fall as he desired. But then he had seen trees, apparently less firmly held, which had clung thus for years, defying wind and storm, and he had little hope that this one would fall just when it happened that its fall would be convenient for him. But, even as he doubted, he saw it topple and bend over the water. Slowly, then more rapidly, its top described part of a great circle in the sky, and then the tree struck the water with a blow that sent the spray high in the air.

Tom now had his bridge; still, he almost wished the tree had not fallen, for it made him shudder to think of crossing by it, though it reached from bank to bank, making a firm path. But there was no time to lose, and, gathering his whole stock of courage together, he jumped upon the fallen trunk. It was so large and free from branches that its rounded form did not interfere with firm footing. But the current ran angrily against it, and began to rush over it in the middle, like waste-water over a dam, and as Tom passed this part he had some difficulty in keeping his footing, and was glad to cling to some stumps of branches which here remained on the tree. An ominous crackling at the same time warned him to hasten, and, indeed, he had barely set foot on the firm ground upon the further side, when the tree, which was quite decayed within, parted in the middle, and was swept away down the stream!

Tom now tried to hasten on, but found his progress slower than ever; for the valley soil was a tough adobe, and stuck to his boots like wax, making each step an effort. But at last he arrived



at the doctor's house, which, luckily, was the first one on that side of the village.

The doctor listened to a hasty recital of his adventures, and made him change to a dry suit belonging to his own boy, and swallow a cup of hot coffee; and Tom felt his troubles were over when, soon after, he was seated by the doctor in a buggy, speeding behind a pair of fine horses, back to his father's aid. But you may be sure the doctor took the hill road, and crossed the stream far up the cañon on a high bridge.

When they arrived at Gregg's they found Joel

and raising it by means of the screws, they were at last able to pull him out; and here he was,—badly bruised, to be sure, but nothing worse. So the only prescription the doctor could give was that everybody, himself included, should take a good rest; and he hastened home for his share of it, through the muddy road, under the trees, now covered with diamonds, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, which shone triumphantly over the fleeing clouds.

Two days later, Tom, to his amazement, found Jack in the shed. He was covered with scratches,



"TOM KICKED AWAY THE STIRRUPS AND GRASPED THE LOW BRANCH OF A LIVE-OAK TREE."

there, seated in an arm-chair at the fire, and with no broken bones after all.

He told them that Gregg's men had placed jack-screws under the tree trunk on each side of him, and then sawed out the section above him,

but otherwise unhurt. But never, after that ride, could his young master, either by coaxing or threatening, prevail on Jack to travel on the ford road, of which he retained so lively and disagreeable a remembrance.

## THE BRONZED KID SHOES.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.



RIGHT, in the sun, as bur-  
nished gold,  
And, in the shadows, brown,  
A dainty little pair of shoes  
My father brought from  
town.

For me! for me!  
It could not be!

They seemed too fine to wear—  
Less fit for treading dusty ground  
Than skimming sunny air!

Not, till, close-fitted on my feet,  
I saw them brightly shine,  
And I had tied the strings, myself,  
Could I believe them mine!  
Then, with proud sense  
Of consequence,  
I felt them press my toes,  
And wore them, with the full delight  
That only childhood knows!

When Sunday came, thrice welcome day!  
As if with sunlight shod,  
Down the long street that led to church,  
Exultantly I trod.  
And when, alas!  
It came to pass,  
Some dust my shoes made gray,  
I took my little 'kerchief out,  
And wiped it all away!

But the third time I put them on,  
One morning in July,  
I chanced, out in the mowing land,  
A ruddy flame to spy;  
A signal fire!  
With glad desire  
My childish course was turned—  
For where it glowed, I knew the rare,  
Tall meadow-lilies burned.

Quick as the thought, I climbed the wall,  
And, through the grass, I sped,  
Out 'mid the fern, and where the flags  
Were higher than my head;  
One bound I took,  
And crossed the brook—  
Nor, for an instant, stopped  
Till, down among the lily-flowers,  
All out of breath, I dropped.

But, as my hand was on the prize,  
Soaked through with heavy dews,  
And covered with the brook-side clay,  
I saw my precious shoes!  
A sorry sight!  
Within the light,  
No more they gleamed like gold!  
But, dingy purple, seemed as though  
They had, at once, grown old.

In vain I dried them in the sun;  
I could not make them shine;  
There was not, 'neath the sunny sky,  
A heavier heart than mine!  
O, what were all  
The gay and tall  
Black-spotted lilies then?  
I lost them, one by one, as I  
Went sobbing home again.

Since childhood's pride, that summer morn,  
Those shining shoes brought low,  
Ah, from how many glittering things,  
I've seen the glory go!  
Now old and wise,  
Alone I prize,  
As worthy of my care,  
Those friends, those pleasures, that will  
stand  
The test of common wear.





W. H. Drake

Edward Athoy.

the home of  
"Teddy."

BY ROY MCTAVISH.

ONE hazy October day, when the Sharp and the Red Mountains were decked in all the brilliant hues of the American autumn, one of those misty, dreamy days when vanishing summer seems reluctant to say farewell, a little boy was born. The cottage in which the little one first opened his eyes was perched high upon the side of Red Mountain. Its whitewashed clapboards, straggling slat-fence, the long eaves (so near to the steep hillside that a spotted goat had leaped to the roof and nestled against the huge stone chimney), and the coalshed, forming a part of the fence at the roadside, all indicated the home of a collier.

The big brown eyes looked their first look upon whitewashed beams overhead. A pretty baby, indeed; a laughing, crowing, healthful child, that seemed so soon to grow into a mischievous little urchin, who chased the chickens, whipped the hissing geese, rode the goat, and wrestled with the big white bull-dog which loved to sit upon the doorstep and dream dog-dreams in the warm sunshine. The good priest had baptized the child "Edward Athoy," so, all through the patch, he was known as "Teddy." In the pure air of the mountains, he became strong and robust.

Climbing the hills, gathering brushwood, driving the goats, frolicking with the falling leaves, and chasing the butterfly soon gave him strength and vigor, and tanned his cheeks until he looked as brown as a gypsy. His bright, happy life was a joy to himself and a joy to the toiling father, who, when returning from his work in the mines, would let the little fellow carry needle, or scraper, or some other light tool. Great was the boy's pride when he, for the first time, marched into the house with a large needle over his shoulder like a gun, and set it down in the chimney-corner with a resounding ring which could be heard at the garden gate.

As Teddy grew, cares were added to his childish pleasures. Two other little brown-heads, a brother and sister, came to keep him company. All about him Teddy saw that in the world the lot of the men was hard work, while the tasks of women, if not as hard, were seemingly never-ending.

For him, to be able to work was to be a man. To be unable to work was to be worthless and contemptible.

Early in the morning, before the dews were dry, the men went down into the deep mines, or into the

great, black breaker, of which the pointed gables could just be seen over the opposite hill-top. When at school in the winter, he heard the larger boys boasting tell when and where they should begin work "next year." He looked forward to the day when he could go into the black breaker and earn thirty cents a day by picking slate as the time when he would begin to be a man.

At last the day came, and all too soon. When nine years old, his father bought him a little two-quart tin pail and a tin water-bottle. His mother packed the pail with bread and butter, bacon, and a "turned-over" egg; filled the bottle with sweetened tea; passed the long cord of the bottle through the bail of the pail, and then, putting the loop of the cord around his neck, gave him a gentle push, saying playfully: "Be off with you to your work."

Now he was to "work." It was a happy day. He tramped over the hillside, treading under foot the frost-touched, dew-decked maple leaves which looked so clear and fresh in the early morning sunlight. This was a memorable day, a day he would never forget. All the world seemed bright because he was so happy. As he mounted the crest of the hill, he looked back and saw against the opposite hillside his home, and his mother standing in the doorway, with his brother and sister on either side. He raised his cloth cap, waved it about his head, and gave a loud, glad shout, and then turned toward the breaker. Never before did it look so high, so black, and so dirty. The great eulm-pile stretched far away along the mountain-side and far down into the deep valley below. As he put foot upon the first step of the ladder-like stairway which climbed the side of the building, how the whole structure seemed to groan and creak, and to tremble, like a thing of life! So it was; filled with life. Through the sashless windows were thrust dozens of heads. Paddy Dooley, Tim Murphy, little Mike Reilly, and Dutchy Kootzman—who walked all the way from Tremont, over three miles—were all there, and many, many other boys.

As he reached the top of the stairway and stepped within the door, he discovered the boys standing about a big iron stove. Their dinner-pails and water-bottles were hung on nails under a long row of windows without glass. There were big glass slides in the shingle roof, but they were so covered with dust that little light found its way through the panes. Huge dust-covered beams thrust their great black bodies out of one dark corner only to hide in another. At his feet were long troughs made of shining sheets of iron, and, at regular intervals, boards were placed across for seats.

As he looked up the incline of these shining

troughs, he saw the "big screen" turning, and felt the whirl and rumble of the great iron rollers which crushed the coal. The machinery was all in motion. Far down below, on the railroad track, he saw the locomotive push a long train of empty ears into the switch, and pull out a longer train of loaded ears piled high with the glistening coal. He had seen this many times before, but everything seemed different now. He felt that he himself was now a part of it all. He belonged to this great work-house, and, in an undefined way, it seemed, likewise, to belong to him. Never before had old Sandy MaeGaw ("Old Scotty," the boys called him) looked so cross. He carried his long switch lightly eluted under his one arm while rubbing his iron-rimmed spectacles with a particular part of the tails of his ragged coat which he always selected for this especial purpose. Teddy, despite his joyous heart, felt just a little awed by his surroundings.

It was his first day. Would the boys play him tricks? Would they exchange his dinner-pail? Would "Old Scotty" switch him? Just as he was wondering what *might* happen, the whistle gave a long shriek followed by two little screams, and the machinery throbbed with increased life. All the boys took their places upon the seats and sat expectant. There were a few great puffs from the big engines,—clouds of steam blew through the open windows, and then came a short hush, followed by a heavy jar, a rushing, crushing sound, a stifling black dust, and then coal commenced running through the screen into the iron troughs. By these sounds Teddy knew that a car-load of coal had been lifted out of the deep shaft from the mines below, and was coming through the breaker. His quick eye soon saw the pieces of slate, dull and black against the bright coal running so swiftly beneath him. While his feet in the trough kept back the running coal his nimble fingers picked out the slate, and by a quick movement of the wrist tossed it into a box at his side. When the box was full an old man came with an empty box, and took the full one away. He looked its contents over carefully, picked out a few pieces of clean coal, which Teddy had carelessly mistaken for slate, then weighed the slate and dumped it into a hole in the floor. Old Scotty took the pieces of clean coal, showed them to Teddy, told him that he would get the birch if he was not more careful, and then turned around just in time to see Morgan Williams let a bushel or more of slate mixed with coal pass into the pockets below.

Morgan was not a "new hand," so the birch fairly cracked over his shoulders, while the boy, without moving a muscle of his face, quietly kept at his work.



Old Scotty was the "Slate Boss." His whole duty was to watch over the work of some fifty boys. He rarely spoke, but his birch rod was seldom idle all the day long. This was breaker "discipline." Such was Teddy's work and that of many thousands of boys in the coal regions, some even younger than he. Soon his face became black with dust, his eyes looked very white and bright, the lips unusually full and red, and every time he smiled his teeth looked like burnished ivory.

Day after day, month after month, year after year did Teddy stoop over the trough. Soon the novelty wore away. And how cold his fingers would get!—so numb that they felt dead. His feet, ever on the chilly iron, became like icicles; but still he must pick, pick, pick unceasingly, with bent back and drooping head in the dust-laden air.

The warm summer days seemed to laugh at him, and in mockery to ask whether he remembered the butterflies on the mountain-side. The great flakes of falling snow which in winter shut out the wooded mountains seemed so pure and soft that Teddy often wondered whence they came, looking so spotless and innocent. At last, he was promoted. He was put on the "dump," and drove a mule. He now received fifty cents a day.



A DRIVER'S WHIP, AND SPRAG FOR SCOTCHING THE WHEELS OF THE CAR.

He would open a sliding door in the side of the breaker, let the slate and coal, too fine for market, run into a car to which he had hitched his mule; and then he would drive along the mountain-side to the end of the great waste-heap, where he would "dump" the car. The mule was so accustomed to the work that Teddy had little to do except the hitching and unhitching, or, whenever "Blind Jerry" refused to pull or became cross and kicked, to whip him with a long braided whip.

When twelve years old, Teddy took the next great step in this school of labor. He went into the mines. He became a "door-boy." With a lighted lamp on his hat, it was his duty to stand on guard at a great door which served to direct the flow of air into the workings. This door he would open whenever he heard the shrill whistle of the men who were running the coal cars through the dark passages of the mine. Far back in the darkness would be heard a shrill cry. In a few moments would follow a dull, rumbling sound of wheels; then the "trip" of cars would dash through the open door-way,—the lamps on the heads of the runners

sending out long streams of fire, like the tails of miniature comets. The heavy door would then swing back with a muffled, booming sound, and Teddy would again be alone in the stillness and darkness.

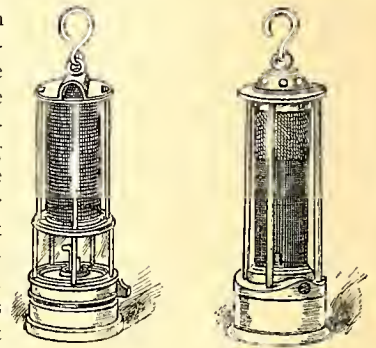
Each morning, at five o'clock, the men were lowered into the mine and remained there until six at night. In winter many never saw the light of day for weeks at a time,—excepting on Sundays; to such toilers it is a day of rest, indeed.



A "DRIVER."

Being now a big boy, his next promotion made him a driver. With his mule hitched to a car he would traverse the long gang-way, stopping here and there to open a door in the great timbers overhead. Down through this door great masses of coal would fall, filling the car. Then the car was hauled to the main road where, with others, it was made up into "trips" and run to the foot of the shaft.

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MINERS' LAMPS.

Great changes were coming to Teddy. One winter his little brother fell ill. "A cold," the doctor said. The little hands were hot and fevered; the great brown eyes looked over for Teddy, while the dark ringlets were never at rest,



A MINER'S HAT-LAMP.



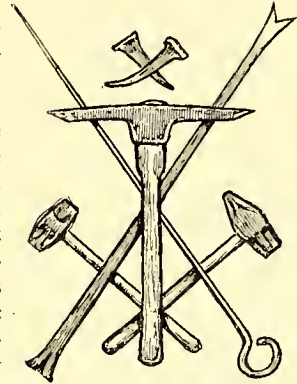
A POWDER CAN.

except when in Teddy's arms. When little Will grew worse, he cried so piteously while Teddy was away at work that the boy at last made up his mind to stay at home for the child's sake.

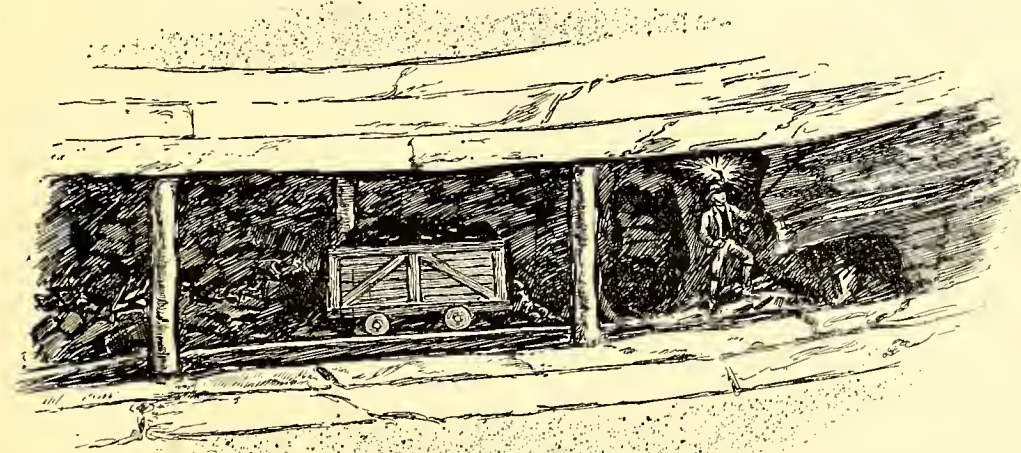
Not many days were lost. The little hands grew thinner, the little head heavier, as it lay against Teddy's arm. Once the child, nestling his fevered cheek against his brother's, clasped his little arms about his neck, and whispering, "Willie loves 'oo," sank into a tranquil sleep; so deep a sleep that the brown eyes did not again open, and the little form grew cold.

This was Teddy's first great grief. That winter

tavern or the store; and during the long winter nights, he would sit before the warm stove, in company of men no better than himself, telling, over and over again, the story of some great feat of work he had performed, or some great danger he had escaped. With each telling, the story departed further and further from facts, until it at last became of that weird, startling type so common to the coal regions; a type wherein the narrator is both the hero and the victim, or oftener the sole actor. For such a man the future had no promise. All that was worthy and creditable in his life was comprised in the "had been." Ambition, or even any high purpose, in however humble a sphere, was to him undreamed of and unknown. Labor, grinding labor, held him captive, and was his life; what he thought "good-fellowship" was his only pleasure. He was incapable of conceiving any other condition of life than toil, alternating with



MINERS' TOOLS.



A SECTION OF A "CHAMBER" IN A COAL-MINE.

small-pox raged in the patch. Sister and mother were laid beside the little brother. The father, without wife, children, or the comforts of even his lowly home, sought in drink to drown all thought and memory. He became an idler, frequenting the

ease, and he thought it happiness if he had enough money to satisfy his bodily wants for the time being. Strong drink produced a quick and violent excitement, was ready at hand, and, in consequence, was much resorted to. The future well-



being of his son, or his own failure to perform the duties of a father, gave him not a moment's disquiet. Though young in years, he would soon become an old man physically. Then he would be supported in idleness by his son. He had done a good work in life, this father, according to his way of thinking. He had "brought up" a strong, robust youth, who, until of age, would toil for the father's benefit. Teddy's father considered himself a manly man, and, in his own way, was perfectly happy. Though proud and boastful of his son's strength, he did not see any wrong in spending all of the son's earnings for his own sole benefit. For was not the boy under age, and did not the *Law* of Pennsylvania make the father sole guardian absolute? A boy could run away from home, to be sure; but so long as he had enough to eat, clothes to wear, a little money now and then, to spend at the church fair or a merry-making, did he not have all the law allowed? Certainly. The father

man to make good use of such opportunities. The page under his name was very one-sided,—very wrong-sided.

Teddy thought it perfectly right that his father should spend the money he earned. Though he often wished for better clothes, or for a little more spending money, yet he never for a moment thought himself wronged. On the contrary, he had a sense of satisfaction that his earnings were large enough to permit his father to work or not as suited the father's fancy. Michael Athoy was not, at heart, a bad man. He wronged his son because he knew no better, and the son was perfectly satisfied to submit. Month after month rolled by, without change in the life of either father or son. One day, while the boy was at his usual work, there came down the gangway a heavy gust of air, blowing out the lights and filling the place with stifling dust. Knowing there had been a fall of "top," or roof, somewhere along the gangway, and

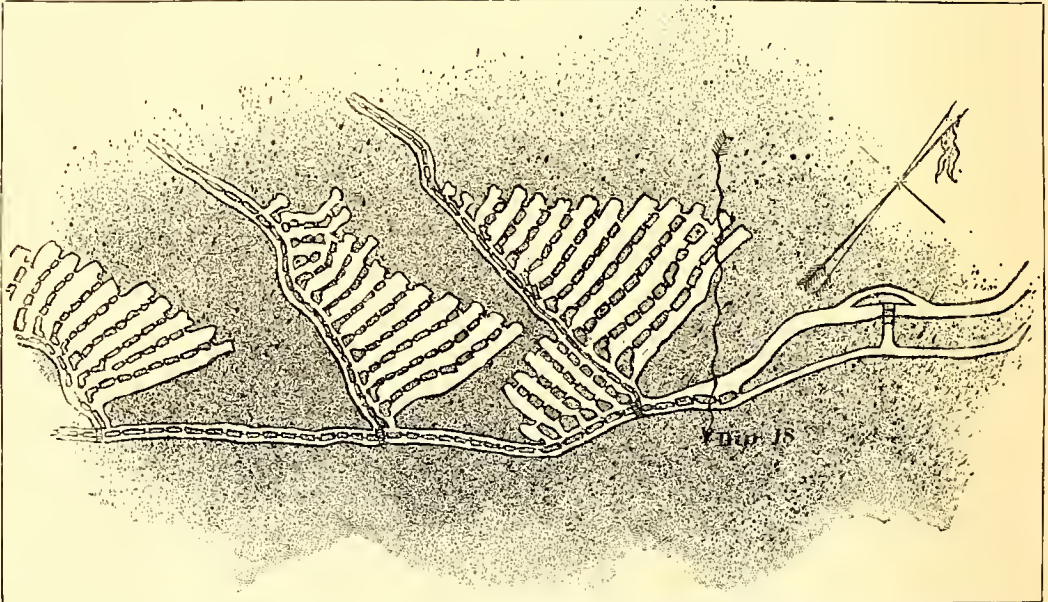


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GROUND-PLAN OF A COAL-MINE. THE WHITE SPACES INDICATE CHAMBERS FROM WHICH COAL HAS BEEN TAKEN.

of such a fine, strong youth had a perfect right to his earnings.

The fact that the youth was a man in stature and in wage-earning ability, although lacking in the requisite twenty-one years, made the guardianship all the more desirable. There was more to guard. When earnings were squandered, was there not the "Company's store,"—that institution for the improvident, which is so apt to lead its patrons into debt? Michael Athoy was just the

it being against the rules to relight lamps, he and the "loaders" groped their way in darkness toward the lamp-station. Arriving there, he saw a mine-car approaching from the darkness, and there was a board laid across its top and something lying on the board.

He had seen just such a sight many, many times before, so he simply asked, "Who is it?" "It is Mike, your old man," was the answer. Teddy stood still for an instant, uncertain how to

act. A great lump rose in his throat when he thought of his little brother, his sister, and his mother. Now, the last link in this world that bound him to them had gone. The rough, but kindly mine-boss touched him gently and said:

"Dinna ye mind it over much, laddie."

Teddy choked down a sob, silently put his shoulder to a car and helped to push it to the shaft. It was only "an accident," one of those losses of life which occur daily, in one mine or another; the old, old story of careless indifference to danger. Rather than perform the extra labor of setting a few more timbers, Michael Athoy had been content to work in daily exposure to a danger threatening instant death. The fall of rock and coal came, as such falls usually do, without a warning, and two lives paid the penalty of his recklessness,—being snuffed out as quickly and silently as was the flame of Teddy's lamp.

This young boy, who had never been beyond the encircling range of mountains, was now utterly alone in the world. He was self-reliant and without dread of the future. The loss of his father did not crush him with the sense of his loneliness. Even in his sorrow it gave him a half-defined sense of freedom. Now he was his own master. Now he could spend his wages to suit himself. Now the "Company store" could not absorb all his earnings to cover and make good the folly, dissipation, and idleness of his father. To be sure, his father died in debt to the store, but that did not trouble Teddy at all. No sense of obligation weighed upon him. His training in life had not taught him the higher principles, and, as he had not incurred the debt in his own person, he did not think himself responsible for its payment. Teddy did not study out these questions for himself. Custom had clearly defined his course. An unwritten law guided him in every act. He did simply as others had done before him—he gave his father a costly funeral, and had masses said for the repose of his soul. Just as this course was established by many precedents, so, by as many was it enjoined that he should refuse to pay any of his father's debts. He obeyed the one custom just as unquestioningly as he submitted to the other.

One day, while listening to a miner, who was telling of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, where all the workings, being "flat,"—that is, not going down into the earth,—are different from anything he had ever seen, there stirred within the boy a desire to see more of the world beyond the surrounding mountains. To conceive a new idea was, to him, more difficult than to act upon it. Packing his few belongings into a carpet-bag, he bade his fellow-workmen "good-bye," walked to the railroad station at Tremont, and was soon on

his way to Pottsville. Here he took the train to Tamaqua, and from there, through the Nesquehoning tunnel, he rode to Mauch Chunk.

The rapidly changing views so charmed the boy that, pulling his cap tight down upon his head, he stationed himself on the rear platform of the last car, and gave himself up to the fullest enjoyment of the novelty of his surroundings. Past mine after mine, breaker after breaker, through towns and villages, along by yards surrounding blast-furnaces, and iron-works, the train rushed. At last it rounded a curve, bringing into full view the rapid, whirling Lehigh, with its "coal-chutes," "slack-water," and canal-boats, and the steep mountains on either side. After a ride of only a few minutes more the conductor cried:

"Mauch Chunk! All out!"

This was Teddy's first "outing." What a sense of freedom he felt. How his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed, when he looked, for the first time, upon the bustle and activity of a railroad town! Such a strange town, too. One street along the river was lined with stores having bright awnings, and hotels with wide verandas and cool, inviting, waiting-rooms. At every corner were fruit-stands, piled with bright-colored, tempting fruits from every clime. Then, too, the moving crowd seemed countless. Here was a railroad hand, with greasy, soiled "jumper and overalls"; there, a conductor, with gold-lined cap and brass buttons. Next there would be a lady, dressed in some beautiful white material, and decked with gay ribbons, or a little girl, wearing a great, wide-rimmed hat. Then he could see long rows of houses, rising one above the other, on the steep hillside. Teddy looked upon all this, and drew a long breath of delight. It was a different, and a brighter, fuller life. This he noticed. Though having but a few dollars in his pockets, he gave little thought to the future. He was strong, self-reliant, and perfectly happy.

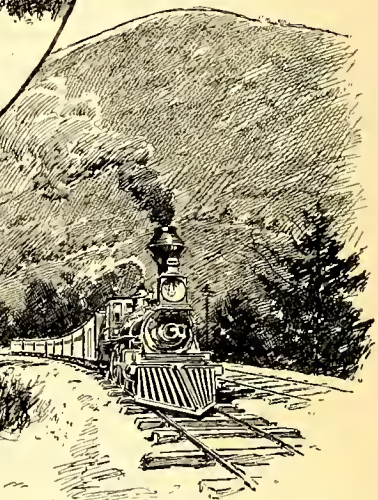
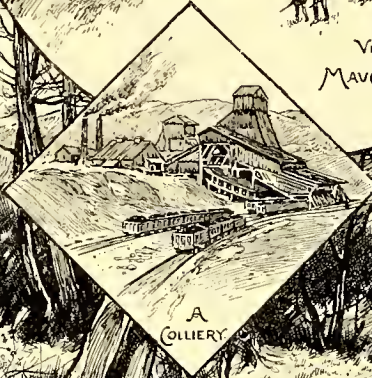
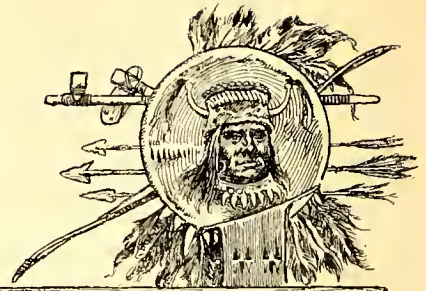
A travel-worn tramp begged a few cents for a meal, and Teddy, touched by the story of hunger, weariness, and ill-fortune, gave liberally from his small store. He did not note the thankless grin which overspread the tramp's unshaven face, nor did he regret his generosity when he saw the alms expended for liquor. He had helped "the poor lad in hard luck," and never questioned whether he had been imposed upon.

Taking another train, a ride of two hours through the beautiful mountains of the Lehigh brought him to "Mountaintop." Far below lay the lovely Wyoming valley, golden in the light of the summer day. Far to the north stretched the wooded slope of the West Mountain, the peak of "Bald Mount" standing like a great sentinel, clothed in the dark green uniform of the pine and the spruce. Through this



mountain ridge the Susquehanna cut its way, stretching its length through the broad, flat valley, like a shining band of burnished silver, until shut in and lost between the wooded spurs toward the Nescopeck.

Almost at his feet lay the city of Wilkesbarre; throughout the length and breadth of the valley were the huge coal-breakers, with their clusters of black, steam-wreathed buildings; and near by were smaller towns and villages. It is a scene never to be forgotten. Down the steep mountain grade the



In The Wyoming Valley.

train rushed, and Teddy soon stood in the streets of Wilkesbarre. He did not know that it was one of the oldest towns in Pennsylvania. Its history — the long struggles with the Indians, the

raid of Brandt and Butler, and the story of Wyoming — was all unknown to him. The Court-house Square, with its shops and street-peddlers, a brass band, and a roaming Hungarian with a dancing

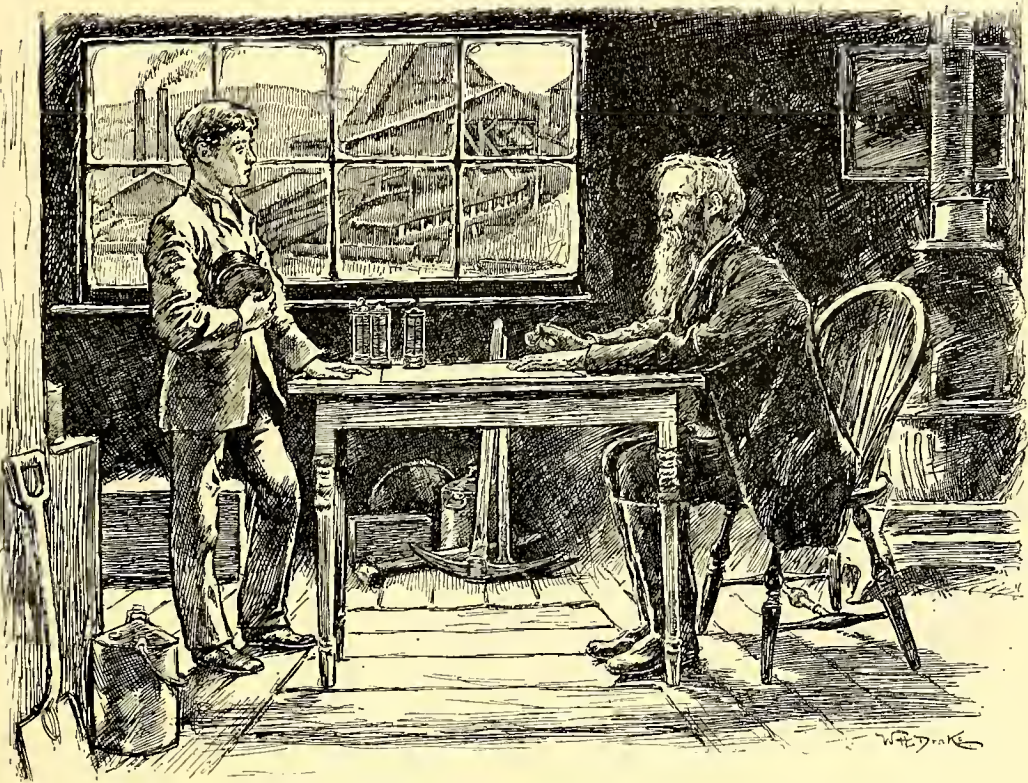


bear were at once claiming his delighted attention. Wandering to the river-bank, he stood for hours watching the people cross the covered bridge. He paid the toll and crossed, and then recrossed for the novelty of the experience. A little steamer attracted his attention, and he hastened down to the landing-float to take the first sail of his life. Within a very few days, Teddy found that his money had dwindled to a single dollar; so one morning he put on his working-clothes and started up the railroad track, inquiring for work at every colliery, until he at last reached the great head-houses of the "Prospect." Climbing the steep bank, he lingered about the engine-houses, watched

cerning wages were settled by the "Company rules,"—he simply asked for employment.

The man addressed was seated at a black oil-stained table, upon which were several "Davy" lamps, and was tracing a line with his grimy finger over a great painted map of the workings which lay unrolled before him. This was the "mine-boss." He turned to the door and saw a stout young lad with a frank, open face, large brown eyes, almost like those of a girl, and a broad, high forehead upon which fell a tangle of brown matted ringlets. His quick eye seemed to look the boy over from head to foot at once. He answered:

"Yes! When will you go to work?"



"'CAN I GET A JOB A-DRIVIN', SIR?'"

the upcoming cars of coal as the engines lifted them out of the black shaft, and at last stepped to the door of the little, weather-stained, dust-be-grimed office, and asked the question, "Can I get a job a-drivin', sir?"

He did not ask how much he would receive for his work,—he knew that all questions con-

"Now," says Teddy.

"Well! At twelve-thirty, sharp, report to Jimmie Grady, the driver-boss, at the foot."

Teddy gave his name and then seated himself on an upturned mine-car to await the coming of half-past twelve, when the "noon-spell" would be over and work resumed.

(To be continued.)





READY FOR SPRING WORK.

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### GOOD ADVICE.

WE all are naughty, cross, or dull,  
Sometimes; so hear the cure, dear!  
Cast o'er your face a pleasant grace,—  
It will work its way in, sure, dear.  
For if you think it best to pout  
And wear a surly air, dear.  
That will not let bad temper out  
Nor evil thoughts repair, dear.

## CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

NO. III. "DANIEL DERONDA."

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

"EZRA COHEN" was the name inscribed above the window of a certain pawnbroker's shop, just out of the district of Holborn, London.

One morning, when Mr. Cohen was busy with a customer who had come "to borrow a small sum of money on the security of two plated stoppers and three tea-spoons," a gentleman came into the shop and asked to be allowed to look at some silver clasps that were on view in the window. Mr. Cohen, being engaged, first called his mother to his assistance; but then "two new customers entered, and the repeated call 'Addy!' brought from the back of the shop a group that the gentleman turned frankly to stare at, feeling sure that the stare would be held complimentary.

"The group consisted of a black-eyed young woman who carried a black-eyed little one, its head already well covered with black curls, and deposited it on the counter, from which station it looked round with even more than the usual intelligence of babies; also a robust boy of six, and a younger girl, both with black eyes and black-ringed hair. . . . The young woman answering to 'Addy' looked like a sort of paroquet in a bright blue dress, with coral necklace and ear-rings, her hair set up in a huge bush. . . . The boy had run forward into the shop, with an energetic stamp, and setting himself about four feet from the gentleman, with his hands in the pockets of his miniature knickerbockers, looked at him," as if to see what he was like.

"'What is your name, sirrah?' said the gentleman, patting his head.

"'Jacob Alexander Cohen,' said the small man, with much ease and distinctness.

"'You are not named after your father, then?'

"'No; after my grandfather. He sells knives and razors and scissors — my grandfather does,' said Jacob, wishing to impress the stranger. . . . 'He gave me this knife.' Here a pocket-knife was drawn forth, and the small fingers, both naturally and artificially dark, opened two blades and a corkscrew, with much quickness.

"'Is not that a dangerous plaything?' said the gentleman, turning to the grandmother.

"'He'll never hurt himself, bless you!' said she, contemplating her grandson with placid rapture.

"'Have *you* got a knife?' says Jacob, coming closer.

"'Yes. Do you want to see it?' said the gentleman, taking a small penknife from his waistcoat-pocket.

"'Jacob seized it immediately and retreated a little, holding the two knives in his palms' and looking at them thoughtfully. "By this time the other clients were gone, and the whole family had gathered to the spot, centering their attention on the marvelous Jacob: the father, mother, and grandmother behind the counter, with baby held staggering thereon, and the little girl in front, leaning at her brother's elbow, to assist him in looking at the knives.

"'Mine 's the best,' said Jacob, at last, returning the other knife," as if he had been thinking of exchanging, but had decided not to do so.

"'Father and mother laughed aloud with delight. 'You won't find Jacob choosing the worst,' said Mr. Cohen, winking," as if sure the gentleman must admire his little son's sharpness.

After this, Mr. Cohen and his customer returned to their business matters, which had been interrupted, and Jacob heard the gentleman propose to return in the evening to complete the arrangement they were making.

"'Well, you know, this evening is the Sabbath, young gentleman,' said Cohen, 'and I go to the *Shool*. The shop will be closed. But accommodation is a work of charity; if you can't get here before and are any ways pressed —' . . .

"'I could be here by five — will that do?'"

As Mr. Cohen assented, Jacob, who had been eagerly listening, said:

"'You are coming again. Have you got any more knives at home?'

"'I think I have one,' said the gentleman smiling down at him.

"'Has it two blades and a hook — and a white handle like that?' said Jacob, pointing to the waistcoat-pocket.

"'I dare say it has.'

"'Do you like a corkscrew?' said Jacob, exhibiting that article in his own knife again, and looking up with serious inquiry.

"'Yes,' said the gentleman.

"'Bring your knife, then, and we'll shwop,' said



Jacob, returning the knife to his pocket, and stamping about," as if satisfied with the bargain.

The gentleman now turned to the little girl, and caressingly lifting her, he "seated her on the counter, and asked for her name also. She looked at him in silence, and put her fingers to her gold ear-rings, which he did not seem to have noticed.

"'Adelaide Rebekah is her name,' said her mother, proudly. 'Speak to the gentleman, lovey.'

"'Shlav'm Shabbes fyock on,' said Adelaide Rebekah.

"'Her Sabbath frock, she means,' said her father in explanation. 'She'll have her Sabbath frock on, this evening.'

"'And will you let me see you in it, Adelaide?' said the gentleman.

"'Say yes, lovey — yes, if you please, sir,' said her mother, enchanted with this handsome young gentleman, who appreciated remarkable children."

When the gentleman "arrived, at five o'clock" that evening, "the shop was closed, and the door was opened to him by the servant. When she showed him into the room behind the shop, he was surprised at the prettiness of the scene. . . ." This room "was agreeably lit by a fine old brass lamp, with seven oil-lights, hanging above the snow-white cloth spread on the central table. . . ." The grandmother was arrayed in yellowish brown, with a large gold chain. . . . Young Mrs. Cohen was clad in red and black, with a string of large artificial pearls wound round and round her neck; the baby lay asleep in the cradle, under a scarlet counterpane; Adelaide Rebekah was in braided amber; and Jacob Alexander was in black velvet, with scarlet stockings."

He greeted the gentleman with pressing inquiries about the knife, which was promptly produced.

"'Is that the sort of thing you want, Jacob?'" he said.

Jacob looked at it carefully, examining the hook and blades, and drawing forth his own knife to compare them.

"'Why do you like a hook better than a corkscrew?'" asked the gentleman.

"'Caush I can get hold of things with a hook. A corkscrew won't go into anything but corks. But it's better for you — you can draw corks.'

"'You agree to change, then?'" said the gentleman.

"'What else have you got in your pockets?'" said Jacob, thoughtfully.

"'Hush, hush, Jacob, love!' said the grandmother," while the gentleman replied:

"'I think I must not tell you that. Our business was with the knives.'"

Jacob looked up at him doubtfully, for a moment or two, and then seemed to make up his mind, and said gravely: "'I'll shwop.'" And he handed the corkscrew knife to the gentleman, who put it in his pocket.

A moment later Mr. Cohen entered the room, and Jacob immediately "seized a little velveteen hat which lay on a chair and put it on, to approach his father.

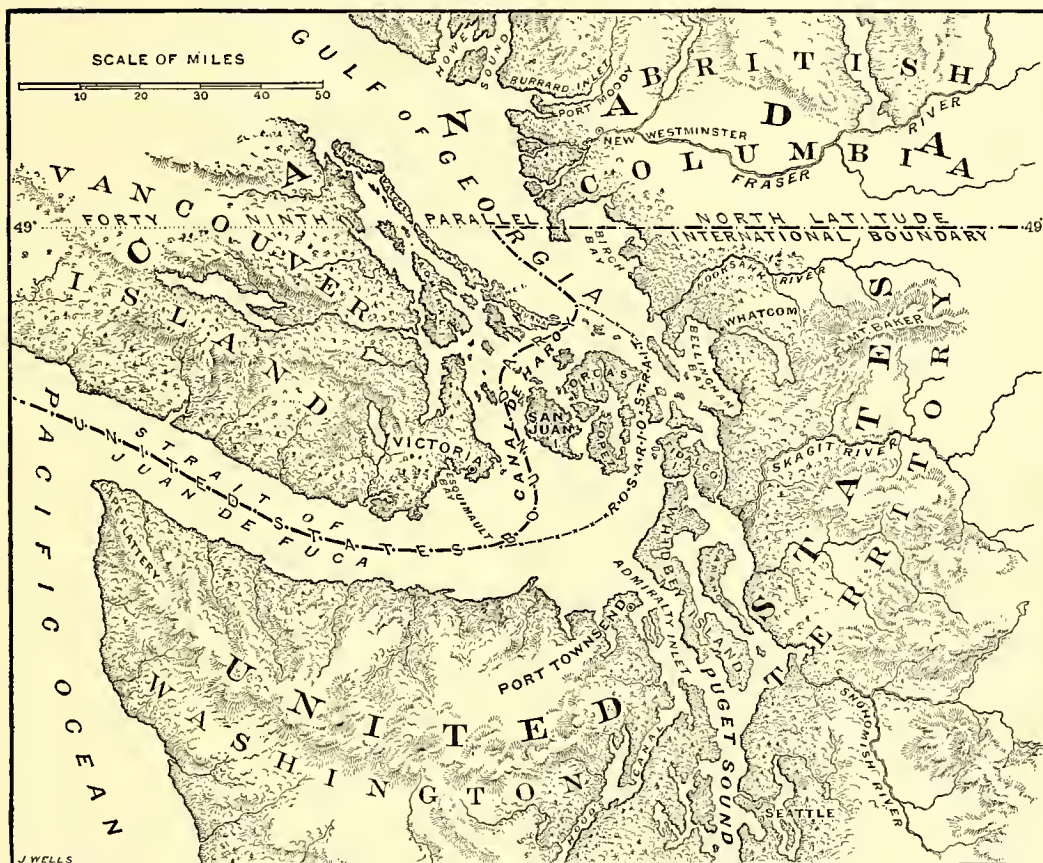
"Mr. Cohen kept on his own hat, and took no notice of the visitor, but stood still while the two children went up to him and clasped his knees: then he laid his hands on each in turn and uttered his Hebrew benediction; whereupon the wife, who had lately taken baby from the cradle, brought it up to her husband, and held it under his outstretched hands, to be blessed in its sleep."

Soon after this the family sat down to the table, the gentleman joining them, and watching, with much interest, the Hebrew ceremonials practiced at the meal. Mr. Cohen "washed his hands, pronouncing Hebrew words the while: afterward he took off the napkin covering the dish and showed the two long flat loaves besprinkled with seed,—the memorial of the manna that fed their wandering forefathers,—and breaking off small pieces, gave one to each of the family, including Adelaide Rebekah, who stood on the chair." Mr. "Cohen then began another Hebrew blessing, in which Jacob put on his hat to join with close imitation. After that, the heads were uncovered . . . and the meal proceeded without any peculiarity."

This was by no means the last visit the gentleman paid to the room behind the shop, and the children became quite used to seeing him. Jacob would call out "'Here's the young swell'" when he saw him coming, imitating words he had heard his father use, and the gentleman remembered the family so kindly that, after a while, when he was married, they were all invited to the wedding breakfast, where "Jacob ate beyond his years, and contributed several small whinnying laughs as a free accompaniment to his father's speech, not irreverently, but from a lively sense that his family was distinguishing itself; while Adelaide Rebekah, in a new Sabbath frock, maintained throughout a grave air of responsibility."

# A PIG THAT NEARLY CAUSED A WAR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



MAP SHOWING THE DISPUTED BOUNDARIES.

IN no history that I have been able to find, and in no popular book of reference that I have seen, after a great deal of searching, is there any account of the fact that in the year 1859 a pig almost plunged us into a war with Great Britain. All the books mention the excitement, but only as a part of another matter. Yet, when I was in the beautiful, rose-garnished English city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, close to the Pacific coast of Washington Territory, I found many English subjects who had a great deal to say about that pig, and about the mischief caused by it. Our country was then on the eve of a war the most awful in all history, and this comparatively slight incident made but little impression upon our people, all

wrought up, as they were, over the great questions which turned upon the issue of that terrible conflict. It was very different with the people of Victoria and the great island of Vancouver. There was then, and has since been, a peaceful existence, and the shock and excitement caused when one of their pigs all but brought war to their doors made a deep impression on their minds.

There had been a great deal of trouble over that extreme north-western corner of our country. It was not definitely known until fifteen years ago where our territory ended and British soil began. The greater part of the corner now forming the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, and so highly prized by us, was claimed, at different times,



by Russia, by Spain, and by Great Britain. First Russia withdrew, and then, after Spain and England, in 1787, had almost come to blows over it, Spain gave up her claim. This left England to dispute the ownership with us; and forty years ago the dispute waxed so hot that a political party in this country favored going to war over it.

"Fifty-four, forty,—or fight!" was the watchword of this party, which was led by the great Stephen A. Douglas. By "54-40" was meant the parallel of latitude,  $54^{\circ} 40'$ ,—so that this party of Americans claimed the land all the way to the southern end of Alaska. James K. Polk was our President during the heat of this excitement, in 1845. The more temperate of our statesmen advised fixing upon latitude 49 for our northern boundary; and in 1846 Great Britain agreed, and it is our present boundary line. But the Pacific coast, just at that corner of our country, is ragged, and little islands are thickly dotted along the shore. Between two groups of these islands run two narrow straits of water,—one called the Canal de Haro, and the other the Rosario Strait. Between the two is San Juan Island. It commands both water-ways, and hence it would be of great value to either country that owned it, in case the two nations should ever quarrel. The text of the agreement between the two countries reads that the boundary at this corner should be "the middle of the channel," without saying *which* channel. From 1846 to 1859, therefore, the dispute continued, though without the excitement there had been when there was doubt about the main-land.

The two channels lead for the British to the Pacific coast of Canada, and for us, to Alaska. One channel, the Canal de Haro, is straighter and broader than the other and deep enough for the largest war-ships. It washes the western shore of San Juan Island, a little green eminence fifteen miles long and, in the broadest part, seven miles wide. Although larger than Manhattan Island, upon which New York City stands, only five hundred people live upon it. The northern part is broken up into high hills, while the southern end is covered with lovely pasture-land. Coal and limestone are found in the hills, and off the shore there is splendid fishing for cod, halibut, and salmon. But it is on account of its fortress-like position on the main channel and commanding both water-ways to Canada and Alaska that it is most highly prized.

A man named Hubbs, who was pasturing sheep on the southern end of the island of San Juan, had for a neighbor, on the north end, a man named Griffiths. This Griffiths was employed to raise pigs for the Hudson's Bay Company, that old and famous institution which has existed for

two hundred and fifty years, and has been maintained by brave and hardy men solely for the purpose of trading with the Indians; giving them money, blankets, food, guns and ammunition, in return for the skins of wild animals. The pigs belonging to this company overran the island and caused Mr. Hubbs a great deal of trouble; so one day, in a moment of anger, he warned his neighbor Griffiths that if another pig came upon his land he would kill it. The very next day a pig did trespass there. It is altogether a pity that there is no record of its age, size, or color, or of whether it had a name; or, in short, of anything about it, except that it went on Hubbs's ground—on that part where he was growing a few vegetables which the pigs kept by his neighbor had already damaged. If any one had dreamed what an important pig this was, all the facts would perhaps have been written down.

Mr. Hubbs kept his word and killed the pig.

Griffiths was then as angry as Hubbs had been, and immediately sailed over to Victoria,—the busy little city on Vancouver Island, where the officers of the Government, the soldiers, and the ships-of-war had their headquarters,—and obtained a warrant (or order issued by a court of law) for Hubbs's arrest. A warrant-server, or constable, went to arrest Hubbs, and to take him to Victoria for trial upon the charge of killing the pig. But Hubbs refused to go with him. He said he was an American citizen, and that therefore an English warrant was nothing to *him*. The constable departed, and Hubbs, well knowing the officer would come back and try to force him to go to Victoria, sent over to Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, for American protection. That part of our country was called by our War Department "The Puget Sound District," and was then in command of Brigadier-General William S. Harney. He is still alive, and has his home in St. Louis, where he is greatly admired and respected, as the oldest officer in our army. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, then in command of the Ninth Regiment of infantry, but now dead, was at Port Townsend, and General Harney sent him with a company of soldiers to encamp on the island and see to it that the English did not molest our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hubbs.

But, while our soldiers were setting up their tents on this green knoll in the great Pacific, there was the wildest excitement in Victoria. The governor of Vancouver Island was Sir James Douglas, a nobleman by nature as well as by title; and the English ships-of-war, harbored in a little bay near Victoria, were commanded by Rear-Admiral James C. Prevost. The admiral was very angry when he heard of the occupation of the island by the

soldiers of the United States. What he said has not been written down, but it is remembered, by those who heard him, that he threatened to take his great war-ships and "blow the Yankees off the island." He moved his war-ships over to one of the harbors of the island. His business was fighting, and his first thought was to do what might have begun a bloody and terrible war. Sir James Doug-

Americans supported their countryman, and the English approved of what the Englishman had done; so, at least along the coast, both sides wished to fight. As is so often the case, the soldiers were the least excited. The officers and men in our camp became well acquainted with the members of the English force, and the soldiers of the two camps not only visited one another, but actually



"MR. HUBBS KEPT HIS WORD AND KILLED THE PIG."

las, the governor, was more temperate; he pacified the admiral, but he thought it wise to send some British troops over to the island — not to fight the Americans, but to let them understand that the English meant to claim San Juan as their property. Captain Delacombe, of the Royal Engineers, was sent with a company of English soldiers, and their tents were pitched on the northern end of the island.

For five years that little island was occupied by soldiers of the two mighty nations. Each camp displayed the flag of its country on a high staff over the tents,—the Stars and Stripes fluttering over the pastures at one end, and the red banner of Great Britain among the hills at the other, only a few miles away. On either shore the people were greatly excited, and many on both sides favored war. They were no more temperate than the American, Hubbs, had been when he killed the pig, or than the Englishman, Griffiths, was when he tried to secure his neighbor's arrest. The

relieved the monotony of life in that lonely place by giving dinners and parties, when the men of one camp would entertain friends from the other.

News of what had occurred was dispatched to Washington and London; and General Winfield Scott was sent posthaste, by way of Panama, to the scene. In the mean time all our available military force on that coast had been sent to San Juan. General Scott withdrew all our soldiers, except one company and induced Sir James Douglas to leave only one company of British soldiers on the northern end of the island. This arrangement was called "a joint military occupation." It was decided to leave to arbitration the vexed question of which channel was the boundary, and both countries agreed that each should present arguments in favor of what it believed to be just. Our Government wished the middle of the Canal de Haro to be the border line, because we claimed that it was the true ship-channel; but to this the British had never been willing to agree, since that

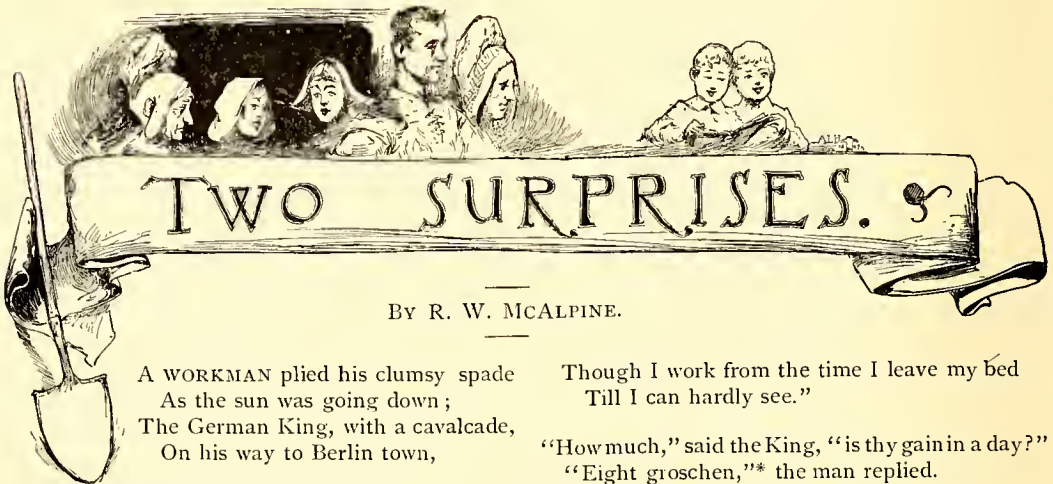


boundary would give San Juan to our country, and with that island went the control of the gate-way to the English possessions. They wished the boundary to be drawn along the middle of the Rosario Strait, leaving them San Juan, so that they could use the broader canal for their merchant vessels and ships-of-war, which could thereby sail in perfect safety to British Columbia or to our own Alaska, since both the San Juan side and the Vancouver side of the canal would then be English territory. When all the papers had been made ready (and the English admit that the American papers and arguments were far better prepared than theirs), it was decided to give them to the Emperor of Germany, and to ask him if he would not decide where the boundary should be.

Of course, the Emperor of Germany did not actually do this, personally; but he handed the papers to Herr Grimm, the vice-president of the Supreme Court of Germany, Judge Goldschmidt, of the German Tribunal of Commerce, and Dr. Kiepert, a great geographical authority of Berlin. They made their report to the Emperor, and, on October 23, 1872, the Emperor rendered his decision in writing, and gave a copy to Mr. Bancroft,

for this country, and to Lord Odo Russell, for England. He decided that the American claim was just, and that the middle of the Canal de Haro should be the boundary. One month later, the British cut down their flag-staff and left the island. It was a great disappointment to the people of Canada and of Vancouver Island, for it gave to the United States the important little island of San Juan, and the commanding position on the marine highway leading to the Pacific coast of England's American possessions, and thus our country secured a greater gain than many bloody wars have brought to fighting nations.

Time makes many changes, but it has not decreased the importance of that little island; for Vancouver Island has ceased to be a province and become a part of British Columbia. San Juan, therefore, lies in the water-way between British Columbia and its principal port, Victoria. So, although the pig was merely in search of something to eat (as pigs are, most of their time), and although Mr. Hubbs desired only to save himself from the consequence of an angry act, America well may be grateful to both — especially to the pig, for he lost his life for his country.



BY R. W. MCALPINE.

A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down;  
The German King, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.

"My toiling friend," said he,

"Why not cease work at eventide

When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;

"And I am always free;

Though I work from the time I leave my bed  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"

"Eight groschen,"\* the man replied.

"And thou canst live on this meager pay?"

"Like a king," he said with pride.

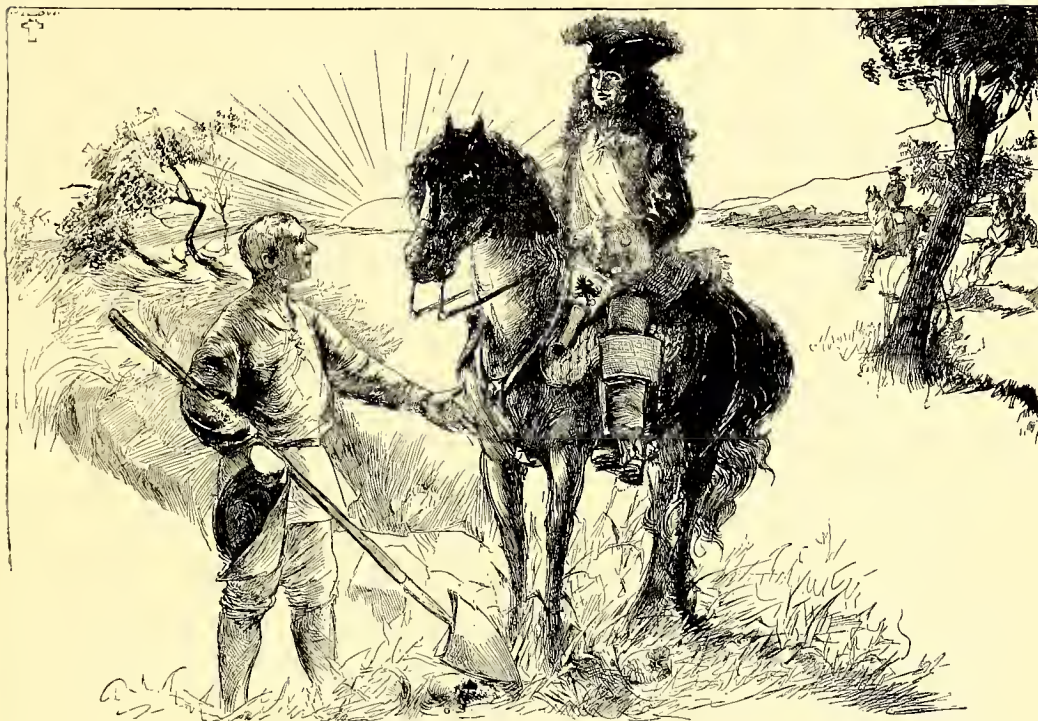
"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;

Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,  
For those who can't labor, you know."

\*A groschen is a German silver coin, worth about two cents.

“Thy debt?” said the King; said the toiler, “Yea,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,  
And now hath need of rest.”

Tears welled up to the good King’s eyes.  
“Thou knowest me not,” said he;  
“As thou hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee.”

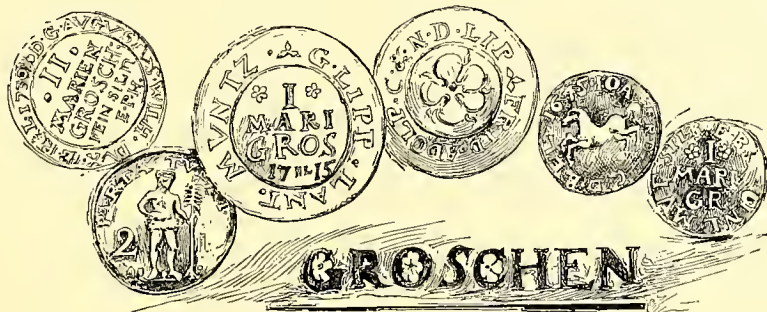


“To whom dost lend of thy daily store?”  
“To my boys — for their schooling; you see,  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and me.”

“I am thy King; give me thy hand,”—  
And he heaped it high with gold —  
“When more thou needest, I command  
That I at once be told.”

“And thy last two groschen?” the monarch said.  
“My sisters are old and lame;  
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,  
All in the Father’s name.”

“For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groschen a day.”





## ONATOGA'S SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN DIMITRY.



ONATOGA IN THE FOREST.

ONCE, in the long ago, before the white man had heard of the continent on which we live, red men, who were brave and knew not what fear was in battle, trembled at the mention of a great man-eating bird that had lived before the time told of in the traditions known of their oldest chiefs.

This bird which, according to the Indian legends, ate men, was known as the PIASAU.

The favorite haunt of this terrible bird was a bluff on the Mississippi River, a short distance above the site of the present city of Alton, Illinois. There it was said to lie in wait, and to keep watch

over the broad, open prairies. Whenever some rash Indian ventured out alone to hunt upon this fatal ground, he became the monster's prey. The legend says that the bird, swooping down with the fierce swiftness of a hawk, seized upon its victim and bore him to a gloomy cave wherein it made its horrid feasts. The monster must have had an insatiable appetite or a prolonged existence, for tradition declares that it depopulated whole villages. Then it was that the wise men began to see visions and to prophesy the speedy extinction of the tribe. Years of its ravages followed one

upon another, until at length, according to the legend, was lost all reckoning of the time when first that strange, foul creature came to scourge their sunny plains. Years before had died the last of the wise men whose fathers once had hunted the mastodon, or chased the ostrich-like diornis, where now the grandsons followed the bison and the deer. The aged men, whose youth was but a dim memory, could say only that the bird was as it had always been. None like it had ever been heard of save in vague traditions carried from the far Darien Isthmus. There, the legends ran, near Dobayba, a wild hurricane had once brought a bird-fiend that plagued their coast for many a weary moon, until a wise man caught it in a snare. But no snare could save the men of the Illinois tribe, the "Illini"—they were doomed! Nets, arrows, stratagems planned by the most cunning warriors, alike had failed. Still the bird preyed upon them.

There was one, Onatoga, who began to ponder.

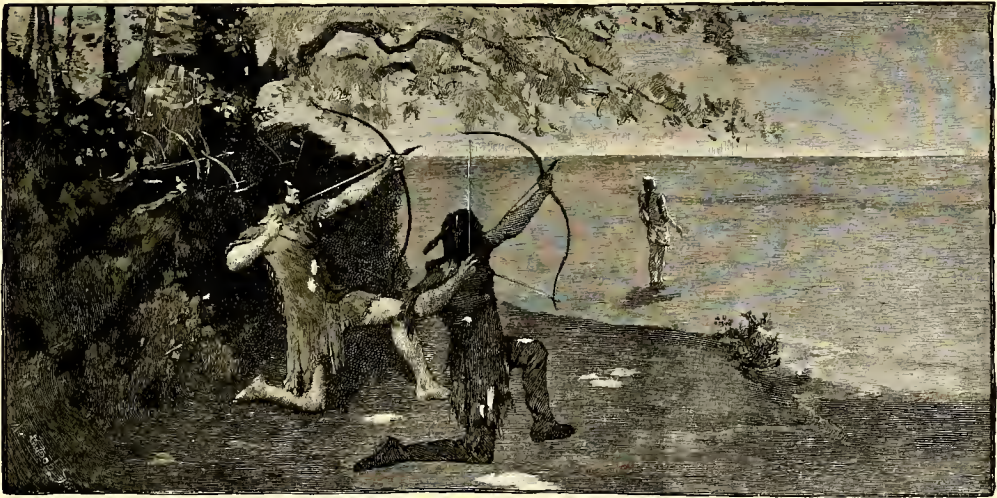
Now, Onatoga was the great leader of the Illini; one whose name was spoken with awe even in the distant wigwams north of the Great Lake. Long had he grieved and wondered over the will of the Great Spirit; that he should look upon the men of the Western prairies, not as warriors, but as

Stealing away from his tribe in the night, he plunged far into the trackless forest. Then, blackening his face, for a whole moon he fasted. The moon waxed full and then waned; but no vision came to assure him that the Great Spirit had heard his prayers. Only one more night remained. Wearied and sorrow-worn, he closed his eyes. But, through the deep sleep that fell upon him, came the voice of the Great Spirit. And this is the message that came to Onatoga, as he lay sleeping in body but, in his soul, awake:

"Arise, Chief of the Illini! Thou shalt save thy race. Choose thou twenty of thy warriors; noble-hearted, strong-armed, eagle-eyed. Put in each warrior's hand a bow. Give to each an arrow dipped in the venom of the snake. Seek then the man whose heart loveth the Great Spirit. Let him not fear to look the Piasau in the face; but see that the warriors, with ready bows, stand near in the shadow of the trees."

Onatoga awoke; strong, though he had fasted a month; happy, though he knew he was soon to die! Who, but he, the Great Chief of the Illini, should die for his people—for was it not death to look on the face of the Piasau?

Binding his moccasins firmly upon his feet, he



"ONATOQA, NEVER CEASING HIS CHANT, FACED THE PIASAU FEARLESSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

deer or bison, only fit to fill the maw of so pestilent a thing as this monstrous bird! Before the new moon began to grow upon the face of the sky, Onatoga's resolve was taken. He would go to some spot deep in the forest where by fasting and prayer his spirit would become so pure that the Great Master of Life would hear him and once again be kind and turn His face back, in light, upon the Illini.

washed the marks of grief from his face, and painted it with the brightest vermilion and blue. Thus, in the splendid colors of a triumphant warrior, he returned homeward. All was silent in the village when, in the gray light of early day, he entered his lodge. Soon the joyful news was known. From lodge to lodge it spread until the last wigwam was reached. Onatoga's quest was successful!

Then the warriors began to gather. Furtively,



even in their gladness, they sought his lodge, for the fear of the Piasau was over all. A solemn awe fell upon them as they gathered around the chief, who, it was whispered, had heard the voice of the Great Spirit. Without, on that high bluff, they knew that the fiend-bird crouched; waiting for the morning light to reveal its prey. Within, in sorrowing silence, they heard how the people could be saved; but the hearts of the warriors were heavy. All knew the sacrifice demanded — their bravest and their best!

Onatoga chose his twenty warriors and appointed them their place, where the rolling prairie was broken by the edge of the forest. Then, when the sun shot its first long shafts of light across the level grasses, the chief walked slowly forth and stood alone upon the prairie. The world in the morning light was beautiful to Onatoga's eyes. The flowers beneath his feet seemed to smile, and poured forth richest perfumes; the sun was glorious in its golden breast-plate, to do him honor; while the lark and the mock-bird sang his praise in joyous songs.

He had not long to wait. Soon, afar off, the dreaded Piasau was seen moving heavily through the clear morning air. Onatoga, drawing himself to the full measure of his lofty height, raised his death-song. The dull flutter of huge wings came nearer, and a great shadow came rushing over the sunlit fields. Onatoga, never ceasing his chant, faced the Piasau fearlessly. A sudden fierce swoop downward! In that very moment, twenty poisoned arrows, loosed by twenty faithful hands, sped true to their aim. With a scream that the bluffs sent rolling back in sharp and deafening echoes, the foul monster dropped dead! The Great Spirit loved the man who had been willing to sacrifice his life for his people. In the very instant when death seemed sure, he covered the heart of Onatoga with a shield; and he suffered not the wind to blow aside a single arrow from its mark,—the body of the fated Piasau.

Great were the rejoicings that followed and rich were the feasts that were held in honor of Onatoga. The Illini resolved that the story of the great deliverance and of the courageous love of Onatoga



"CUNNING CARVERS CUT DEEP INTO THE ROCK THE FORM OF THE PIASAU."

should not die, though they themselves should pass away. The cunning carvers of the tribe cut deep into the living rock of the bluff the terrible form of the Piasau. And, in later years, when young children asked the meaning of this great figure, so unlike any of the birds that they knew upon their rivers and their prairies, then the fathers would tell them the story of the Piasau, and how the Great Spirit had found, in Onatoga, a warrior who loved his fellow-men better than he loved his own life.

# DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN the library door closed behind Edward Dane, it seemed for a moment to Harry Wylie that he had not a friend left in the world; and he stood before the principal and General Long with somewhat of the same feeling in his heart that must have stirred the blood of a Saxon captive in the Roman amphitheater when first he stepped into the arena and found himself confronted with savage beasts from the imperial menagerie, or with still more savage men. Not that, in reality, either of the gentlemen was in character anything like the above-mentioned creatures; but the school-boy mind invests authority with strange terrors, and it was no rebellious feeling that threw back Harry's head and brought the glitter to his eye. It was the bracing of his strength to face the music; the idea that he was cornered and at bay — not a correct rendering of the situation, by any means; but still a natural one. For half a minute there was a pause, a silence broken only by the sharp crackle of the fire, that cast a ruddy glow upon the floor.

"Wylie," said the General, sternly, "did I not order you to report yourself here under arrest?"

"Yes, sir," answered the culprit straightforwardly.

"Why, then, did you not do so?"

"I was making up lost lessons, sir. Since I have been ill I do not seem to remember things very well —" and pausing, he drew his hand across his eyes with a perplexed and troubled gesture, that struck both men as singular. "I was reading Cæsar, and the time slipped by until I forgot it entirely."

"Forgot that you were under arrest!" cried the General.

To his martial mind the idea was quite incredible, and the doubt was plainly written on his countenance.

"Sergeant Dane will testify to my surprise, sir," and a bright red spot appeared in the boy's cheeks.

"It is not necessary, Sergeant Wylie," said the principal, quietly. "We have no doubt that it was as you say. You have been quite ill, I believe?"

"Yes, sir;" and Harry gave a grateful glance

in answer to the tone, losing not a little of his defiant bearing.

"Since you are now here, we will say no more about that," said the General, more mildly. "You were ordered under arrest for mutinous conversation while on duty. If you have any adequate explanation to offer, we will now hear it."

"I was not on duty, sir," said Harry, respectfully.

"No? What were you doing there, then?" and the General bit his lip, feeling that perhaps he had been too hasty after all.

"I was advised by the surgeon to take a short walk, sir, and did so. I went to the drill-hall from force of habit. I admit that what I said was not quite right or wise perhaps; but, as I was merely a spectator and not on duty, I considered myself free to express what I thought, even though it might be indiscreet," said Harry, candidly. "Here is the Surgeon's certificate," he added, presenting a folded paper.

The General took the paper, and mechanically opened it. The principal was smiling to himself, and remarked, after a pause:

"If you had explained that, Wylie, when you were ordered under arrest, there would have been no further trouble."

For a brief moment Harry was greatly tempted to explain then and there why he had not done so. But it was evident that he had won his case already, and further pursuit would be mere revenge, which was not in accordance with his sense of honor; hence, after saying only, "I suppose so, sir," he remained silent.

But the General had no idea of allowing the affair to be dropped in a stage of incomplete development, and spoke out frankly:

"I was at fault there, Wylie, in being too hasty to listen to you; and for that I owe you an apology — I beg your pardon."

If the ceiling had fallen, Harry could not have been more astonished. That stern martinet, the General, had begged his pardon! The idea was so novel that he wanted to laugh, and he was so thrown off his guard that he could only stammer out something to the effect that "it was of no consequence"; but a glow of satisfaction crept over him, and perhaps neither pupil nor preceptor ever



had a more thorough respect for one another than Harry and the General had at that moment.

"Sit down, Sergeant," said the principal, kindly. "I understand that you have serious objections to the drill as it is now conducted. As no human institution is perfect, I shall be glad to hear in what respect this does not come up to your ideal. Perhaps it may be that we can convince you that it is better than you think."

Wonders would never cease! He, the mutineer who had been conducted to headquarters by a sergeant with the relief detail, was invited to sit down and to informally explain his views! For a moment he had nothing to say; it would have been more in accordance with his expectations had he now been on the way to the guard-house under a week's sentence. He was quivering in every limb with excitement, and could scarcely control himself sufficiently to speak. In a moment, however, he straightened up and began:

"It is n't to the drill, in itself, that I object, sir. It is to the muskets, for one thing, and to the lack of exercise for another. The guns are too heavy for the smaller boys; they can not hold them steady, and they shake all about, which counts as a demerit. Then,"—he paused a moment, and again drew his hand across his eyes with the same perplexed gesture,—“when I came here, two years ago, I was an active, muscular boy, for one of my age. I did not have a superior in the class, in any sport; and in my studies, I think the books will show that I ranked fairly well.”

"Eighty-eight per cent.," remarked the principal, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Just so, sir; and the highest is not much over ninety. I have n't lost much from my studies; but it is harder to study now than then. I forget things, little things which I used to have at my fingers' ends. Then I was athletic; to-day I am—sick. Why, I do not know; but there must be a reason for it somewhere."

"But where does the drill come in, in the present case?" asked the General, a little impatiently. "For I am sure you can not lay your illness to that."

"Yes, sir, I can—and I do," said Harry, flatly. "The time occupied in drill should have been spent in useful exercise, instead of in walking around the drill-hall carrying a weight."

The General looked at the principal with a disgusted air, as though to intimate that he had heard enough of such inconsequential discussion; but the principal did not seem to take the hint. He looked steadily into the fire, with an abstracted air, as if thinking it over.

"How did you come to know so much about hygiene, Wylie?" he asked, suddenly.

"My brother Tom taught me, sir," answered Harry, his eye brightening at the recollection. "He was quite an athlete, and believed that every boy ought to educate his body as highly as he did his mind, since if he neglected the muscles he could not use his brain to the best advantage in after life. The old Greeks thought so, and he believed in them; so he taught me a great deal at one time or another; and then I am seventeen, and think for myself sometimes," he added, with a touch of boyish pride. "I don't say a word against the drill in other respects, sir," he ventured to add. "I know all the arguments that are used in its favor as a lesson in discipline, for I have read up the subject during the last vacation. In that respect I believe in drill as thoroughly as does the General. It is only because it does not combine proper exercise with its discipline that I object to it in its present shape; for not only is it not beneficial itself, but it takes up time that might be used more profitably. Then again, I have drilled two years now. When I came here, my figure was straight and symmetrical. Now, when I look in the glass, I see that one shoulder is lower than the other, pulled down by the musket's weight; and I feel one-sided, generally. A third of the other boys are in the same condition. Ask the tailor who fits the uniforms if he does not have to pad one shoulder more than he does the other, in order to make them 'square.'"

"Is that so?" asked the principal, startled. "I had not observed it. You seem to have unusual powers of observation, Wylie."

Harry colored with pleasure. He was a little proud of his eye-sight, and he had formerly boasted that he saw everything, but his brother had laughed him out of this as a bit of juvenile conceit.

"You are sure that you are not exaggerating in regard to the shoulders, Sergeant? That is a matter of considerable importance."

The principal looked serious; while the General tugged at his mustache, seemed about to speak, and then, as if thinking better of it, relapsed into silence.

"No, sir," said Harry, firmly; "I think that fully one-third of the second class will be found to be as I say."

"Let us hear what Mr. Garrett has to say about it, and see if his opinion is the same as yours,"—and the principal touched a knob.

For convenience, he had caused his study to be connected by wire with the school tailor-shop, that he might always have a repairer "on call."

Mr. Garrett soon appeared with his measuring-tape still around his shoulders, and, on being questioned, declared that one-third was a low estimate.

"I should say that fully half the second-year boys are similarly affected."

When the tailor had gone, there was silence in the room for some minutes. The General had nothing to say; the principal was deep in thought; and Harry, who had been more excited than, considering his recent illness, was altogether good for him, felt very light-headed and dizzy, and grasped his chair to make sure that it was not whirling about the room with the rest of the apparently hilarious furniture.

"How did you acquire your fine physique, Wylie?" the principal asked, suddenly.

"By hunting and fishing, sir," said Harry, rous-

that you would not be willing to take half of that time for gymnasium work?" and Harry was astounded at his own hardihood in suggesting the idea.

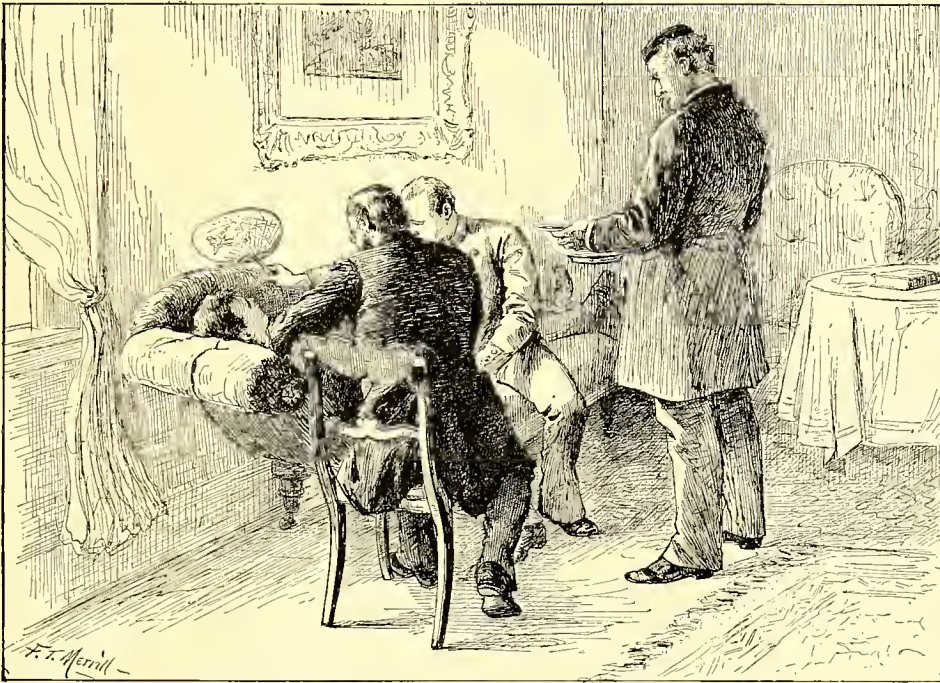
"Certainly not," said the General, severely.

"Well," said the principal, rising, "I shall give you a week's vacation, Wylie."

The General stared.

"You mean, I suppose, that I am suspended for that period," said Harry, smiling faintly. He had expected a severer punishment, although suspension in itself entailed sufficiently objectionable features.

"No. I mean to give you a real vacation. You



"WHEN HE CAME TO HIS SENSES AGAIN, HE WAS LYING ON THE LOUNGE, AND DANE AND THE PRINCIPAL WERE BENDING OVER HIM ANXIOUSLY."

ing himself. "Then, too, I was fond of archery and practised a great deal."

"Bow and arrows!" sniffed the General, with a little sarcastic laugh. "What we need is a good gymnasium, and there is plenty of room for it in one end of the drill-hall."

"Why are you smiling, sir?" he asked, sharply, as Harry failed to conceal a feeling of amusement, for he was reminded of what the Dutch cornet-player said when the bandmaster kept telling him to blow harder, "But vere is der vind ter gone from?"

"We spend two hours daily in drill. I suppose

are overworked and need rest. I shall send you out to Farmer Brown's, and you are not to look at a book while you are there."

"But what about my class and rank, sir?" asked poor Harry, with his head in a whirl, and even yet hardly comprehending.

"I do the ranking," said the principal, significantly. "I shall expect a full report of all that you do, however, that I may judge whether your memory is improved."

Harry got upon his feet somehow, and made a military salute. The General seemed to be executing a war-dance around him, the chairs and tables



to be performing a hornpipe; and he was amazed to see the principal, the chairs, the tables, and the General suddenly begin to chase the squirrel around the room. Then the floor flew up and struck him with a loud crash. When he came to his senses again, he was lying on the lounge, with his collar unbuttoned, the window open, his hair dripping with water, and Dane and the principal bending over him anxiously, while the General held a basin and sponge. The floor, chairs, and tables had returned to their normal immobility and there was no evidence of their late unseemly conduct.

#### CHAPTER IV.

How quickly a vacation can pass has never yet been satisfactorily determined. Whether it is a week or a month, at the end it rarely seems in retrospect to have been of more than a day's duration. But when his leave was up, and Harry Wylie jumped from the wagon that brought him back, his long-bow in one hand and a fuzzy bundle swinging from the other, his face was many shades browner than when he went away; there was a healthy light in his eye, and a spring in his walk; and he had left friends behind him where there had been strangers. Farmer Brown had shaken hands in a reluctant farewell when Harry had come to say good-bye. Even Aminadab Doolittle, the hired man, had pressed upon him a remembrance from his scanty store of treasures, compelling him to accept an old fife, a relic of army days, in the use of which the boy was quite expert.

That same evening, Edward Dane rushed out of the hall door and seized the returned hunter by the hand, bow and all, with an odd quiver of suppressed excitement in his grasp.

"Come up to my study, old man! I've a jolly fire there, and when you get through with *your* side, I'll tell you a tale that will beat all your adventures out of sight. We are right on the eve of a mutiny!"

"On the eve of a mutiny!" repeated Harry, stopping short, but still holding his friend's hand. "Dane, are you—sane?"

"Never saner; but come up and I'll tell you all about it. What's that in your hand? Partridges, as I'm alive!"

"Right, old fellow! We'll have a partridge stew with baked potatoes for breakfast, if I can get the cook to make it. I must go and report myself, but I shall be back right away. Look after my traps, please"; and away went Harry toward "headquarters" on a run.

The principal was glad to see him, and questioned him in regard to his week's adventures at some length, but presently said:

"I see you have already heard of the state of affairs at the Institute and are impatient to hear more, so I will not detain you longer; I shall look to you, Wylie, for support, as far as your influence allows, since you are in part responsible for it. You will find a document upon your table"; and there was a queer twinkle in his eye as he noticed the boy's bewilderment.

"What on earth has happened?" Harry said to himself. What was it that he was responsible for, and what was the document the principal had referred to? That last question, however, was susceptible of speedy solution, which made him eager to get away; so he laid two of his grouse upon the table, with the request that the principal would accept them as part of the report, and edged out before the astonished preceptor could utter a word of thanks.

Dashing upstairs, three steps at a time, he rushed into his room, and felt around upon the table till his hand touched a long envelope; then, thanking his stars that it was Friday, and there were no lessons ahead, he hastened to Dane's room.

"Now, then, Ed, speak quickly, and tell me all about it."

"It's *broomsticks*, Harry!" said Ed, solemnly. "That's what it is! Broomsticks! Steady,"—as Harry made a gesture of impatience,—"I'm coming to it as fast as possible. You remember the factory across the lake? well, two days ago, a big, four-horse team came from that factory, loaded to the muzzle with broom-handles. They were left at the armory; and four hours afterward, every blessed musket in the racks was boxed-up and sent to the railway station, marked for some town out West. When the boys went in to drill, instead of the guns they were given those broomsticks; and some of the fellows were so mad that they broke them across their knees."

"More fools they!" interjected Harry.

"But of course the principal soon stopped that. About twenty of them, led by Lieutenant Rankin, refused to drill, and every one of them is now in the guard-house. After they were settled, the principal condescended to tell us that it was only a temporary arrangement, and that the 'pikes,' as he very politely called them, being borrowed, must be treated gently. But the boys are mad, clear through, and vow, to a man, that if they use those things, the battalion will be known as the 'Wild-Lake Witches.' The second lieutenant was the ringleader, and it'll cost him his shoulder-straps, or I'm a Dutchman."

Harry drew a long breath of astonishment.

"It was a stupid thing to do—to get up a mutiny," he remarked in a moment. "No good

could ever come of that, for of course the General would have to demonstrate his authority, and he is n't the most lamb-like man in the world under such provocation."

Ed burst into a laugh. "That's a fact," he asserted, "as you ought to know. I say, though, what's in that big envelope?"

"To be sure; I had forgotten it," said Harry, as he tore it open and began to read the inclosure, his eyes dilating with surprise.

"What on earth, Ed! just listen to this!

"TO SERGEANT HENRY WYLIE.

"SIR: A vacancy having occurred, in recognition of your general standing and attention to details while on duty, you are hereby appointed Acting Second Lieutenant, in place of Lieutenant Rankin, disrated.

HOLWORTH LONG, General Commanding."

Fancy the grim smile with which the General wrote that!"

Ed looked at Harry, and Harry looked at Ed. Then simultaneously they broke into a laugh.

"I congratulate you, and, as I have remarked before, why was I not born with opinions worth considering?" said Dane, with a sigh. "But you must keep quiet over the share you had in turning us into broomstick-riders, old fellow, or you'll find your path rather a thorny one."

"It's only an acting commission, not a regular one; and it is likely to be canceled at any time when they deem Rankin sufficiently punished," said Harry, sagely. "I shall not put on any airs over it."

"Don't you believe it," Dane declared. "I have known three acting-commissions in my brief time, and every one of them was confirmed later on. You'll be Major yet!" and with that prophecy ringing in his ears, Harry rose and bade his friend good-night. There was not much sleep for him, however, he had so much to think of. How unspeakably jolly it would be! His letters would now come addressed to "Lieutenant" Harry Wylie, instead of the more plebeian "Sergeant." Yet, at the time, he had been proud of the step that raised him to the latter rank. How old Tom would rejoice, and shake his hand when they next met, and what a thing to have the boys at home know! He must write to Tom that very night. Then, without further delay, he must study up the duties he was to undertake, lest he should make mistakes in delivering his orders; and he straightway found his copy of "Upton's Tactics," and spent several hours very profitably in reviewing the manual, and putting himself and his command into imaginary situations, and then extricating them by rule.

As for Dane, he sat looking into his fire for a long time afterward, seeing visions. He saw the battalion marching out of the drill-hall into the

parade-ground, and forming. He saw himself a private in the ranks, with Wylie by his side. He heard the order read that made his friend a corporal, and was once more applauding with the rest. Then the scene and the time of year changed, and the same battalion was in the drill-hall, witnessing another promotion to corporal—this time his own. Then half a year later they were made sergeants together. But Wylie's first little start had widened, and his friend was "first" sergeant and he "second." Now the rift was opening still more, for the gap between first sergeant and second lieutenant was wider by far than that between the previous stages. Throughout, Wylie had kept just a step ahead. It was so, too, in the class-room. When his percentage was eighty, Wylie's would be eighty-five. He was like the horse that tried to walk fast enough to catch the hay that swung before his nose, and Ed moodily recognized the fact.

He was not actually jealous, nor yet envious. He would have scorned to do anything to pull Wylie down, but he could not help wishing that some lucky chance would arise to bring them more on a level, and to give him an even chance once more. But that does not often happen twice, either in a man's life or in a boy's career. The two had started as equals when they entered the Institute, and it was Dane's own fault that he had not profited more by his opportunities. If he had been as earnest as his friend had been, and less content to let well enough alone, he might have stood even above him, since Wylie was not an unusually bright scholar.

At about the same hour, the General sat in the library, examining the grouse which Harry had given to the principal, while doubt struggling against conviction was clearly expressed in his countenance.

"Do you mean to say that that boy shot these birds with a bow and arrow? Are you sure that they were not killed with a rifle? The wounds look to me like those made by a thirty-two caliber rifle-ball."

"The twist of the arrow in flying would produce much the same wound as a small-bore rifle-ball when it struck," said the principal, oracularly. Then changing the subject, he said: "But I have made up my mind definitely. It was high time for a reform, for Wylie's statement as to the physical condition of the boys was based on practical observation. He seems to be unique among them in quickness of eye—a result of his hunting habits, perhaps. It seems to me that for the last week I have done nothing but write letters to manufacturers and dealers. It was fortunate that I so easily found a market for the muskets, for otherwise the change would have cost a small fortune. I have found a manufacturer who has a reputa-



tion for honest work and low prices; and really, the terms which he offers leave a small balance in my favor. Do you know any one who understands quarter-staff play?"

"How should I?" said the surprised General.

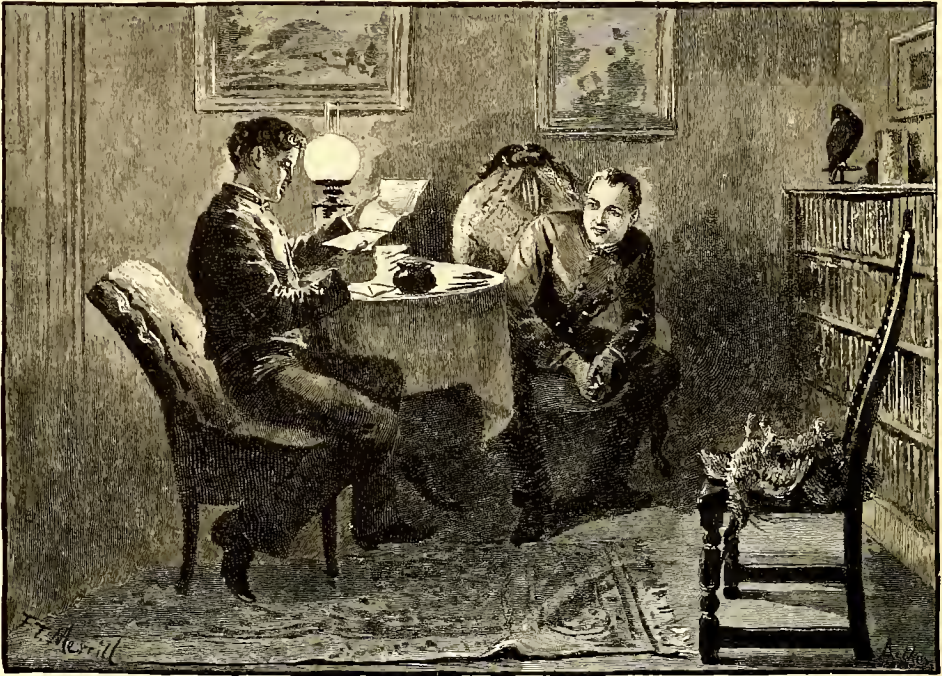
"We must have some one, however," said the principal, musing. "There is that little Englishman at Fairhaven. I believe that he does. At all events, I'll write to him and find out."

"Well, Mr. Richards," said the General, rising, "as you know, I have n't much faith in the venture; but I will not be a drag upon it. I can not now promise any enthusiasm, but I will not fail to do my best with the boys, in sustaining you. Perhaps I am too old. We old fogies should give way to younger and more progressive men. I saw,

but it was because they did not understand my plans. When they comprehend them in all their bearings, they will regret having grumbled now and will have more faith in me in future. And that reminds me; what shall we do with Lieutenant Rankin? I do not wish to have him reduced to the ranks; it would be beneficial to the rest, perhaps, but would be very bad for him. I think it would ruin him."

"Nonsense! It will do him good, and take the conceit out of him," said the General, somewhat impatiently; but the principal shook his head.

"If there were time, it might; but he will be here only a year more, and he would go out under a cloud that would remain throughout his life. We must temper justice with mercy, my friend.



"'JUST LISTEN TO THIS!' SAID HARRY."

however, that Boston recently voted ten thousand dollars for the purchase of muskets for its school battalions."

"Ten thousand dollars wasted!" cried the principal, with energy. "My broom-handles cost me but ten cents apiece, and the hard-wood ones ordered in their place, when ready, will be exchanged for them at an expense of only ten more.

"The boys revolted at the idea of broomsticks,

I have been thinking that we might appoint Sergeant Wylie a special instructor to assist you in the new drill, and, after a proper interval, we could reinstate the lieutenant."

"Well, it is your plan, not mine; and I must go to work upon the new manual of arms at once; but I may have to journey to New Mexico for material before it is finished, so beware of a heavy bill for traveling expenses," said the General, jestingly, as he left the room.

(To be continued.)

## ACCIDENTAL HIGH ART.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.



MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON — ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S MASTERPIECES.

“WANTED,—Something to do!”

Thus a great many young persons, and not a few of their elders, might word an advertisement truly embodying the wish which is uppermost in their minds. The greatest enjoyment which can be imagined by an active person is to have some pleasant work which will occupy brain and hand at the same time.

Most amateurs are tired of pretending to be wiser than they are, and yet, having formed a habit of making pictures, would like to exercise it, if only they could do so without seeming to pretend to be artists. For the name “artist” is one not lightly to be bestowed; although lately it has been taken down and dragged about until it has become rusty and dusty,—like some old garment, once worn at a wedding, which the children have been permitted to take for their masquerading. Of course we all know that there is nothing very new in this; in fact, I doubt whether there is such a thing as a very new truth; but, still, even some old things may be worth new consideration.

The other day, as I was thinking about our childish efforts to attain artistic results without having to undergo the toil and trouble of artistic labor, I was startled by a very emphatic slap on the back, and the whispered suggestion: “Try accidental pictures!” I was pleased with the idea, and, at the first opportunity, put it to the test of actual trial. Some years ago a friend told me of a similar plan, but all, beyond a recollection of its

results, was forgotten, and so I began by experimenting.

First, I took a saucer, put into it about a teaspoonful of water, and thickened the fluid by rubbing in it a stick of india-ink, till I had a mixture not quite black enough to write with, and still not light enough for any mere tinting.

Next, I got a soft, old, linen rag, some bits of paper of divers sizes and various grades, from note to heavy straw paper, and then I went to work.

Dabbling the rag in the ink, I soaked up a large portion of that somewhat irresolute fluid, and dropped the moist rag down upon a sheet of paper, taking care to smudge it a little, with my hand, before lifting.

Result? Nothing, except inky fingers. I tried it again, with fluid a little thicker, and the inky fingers became still inkier. Five times more,



PORTRAIT OF A LADY. (FROM THE JAPANESE OF CHINGLE YEDDI PAN.)





FELIS ANGORA ACCIDENTALIS.

and I was beginning to feel discouraged, when I thought I saw, upside down, something like a picture. I turned it around, felt encouraged, and went on, having frequently to replenish the saucer. Then all at once the rag, and the ink, and I, together, without consulting one another, produced a picture, to copy which would puzzle a Chinaman. It was a veritable *Felis Angora accidentalis* (you will *not* find that in any zoological work). On the whole it proved to be so fair a representation of an Angora cat that I shall give it to you now without a single additional touch.

This was inspiring; the more so as it was followed by two or three other masterpieces (with only a failure or two between), and each one showing a certain "freedom of handling," "grasp of subject," and "range of style," that would have made Turner mad with envy. I made up my



THE HIGHEST UNKNOWN MOUNTAIN PEAK.

mind that the first magazine that wanted to employ so masterly a rag must pay me my own price,— and the price advanced with each new masterpiece.

Continuing my artistic career, I soon came to the conclusion that a rag makes a very good labor-saving machine indeed, but requires a little practice if one would use it to the best advantage. For instance, if one gets a more closely packed and inkier wad at one end, and a sort of flowing skirt to trail off at one side or to sweep freely about, there will be much more likelihood of accomplishing a group of figures, or trees, or hop-toads, with an effective background of sky, water, or garden vegetables. A fine effect of strong lights and shadows, such as one sees in Rembrandt's etch-



REMBRANDT RANGE.

ings, may be attained by putting a great deal of decision into the ink, rolling the rag into small compass, and striking the paper in such a way as to take it entirely by surprise.

A "Claude Lorraine" can not be made in so simple a way, however; *that* takes much dexterous wrestling with the rag; and the result is apt to be smudgy, even after all your painstaking efforts.

For clear art, altogether untrammelled by subservience to any school or system, I can heartily recommend the method already described in this paper.

A still better way, especially if one wishes to keep within a limited field of action, is to have two rags and two saucers of fluid— one a little lighter than the other. The first, if used moderately dry, lightly wrung out, will provide the sky and back-



"THREE TIMES 'ROUND WENT THE GALLANT SHIP."

ground; and the second, freely used, dashes in a foreground. Sometimes the light and dark rags may be used together, to advantage. Or — still another method — substitute a roll of thick tissue-paper for the linen, and work out your own variations.

The occupation is a fascinating one, and harmless, since india-ink, unlike ordinary ink, will readily

wash out. A thousand changes may be rung on the process, and still there is room for invention. Coffee may be used to stain the pictures, giving them the appearance of photographs; and sometimes a few lines added to a chance picture will make it "a thing of beauty," while the cheapness of the process is "a joy forever."

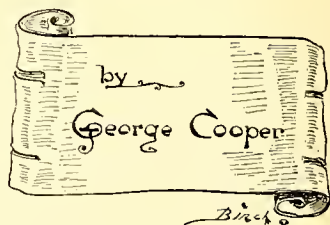


THE SLOW OLD METHOD.





BOY



HE was not at all particular  
To keep the perpendicular,  
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.  
He stood upon his head awhile,  
And, when he went to bed, awhile  
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.



## II.

He never could keep still a bit ;  
 The lookers-on thought ill of it ;  
 He balanced on his ear the kitchen-  
 broom ;  
 And did some neat trapezing,  
 Which was wonderfully pleas-  
 ing,  
 On every peg in Grandpa's harness  
 room.



## III.

From absolute inanity,  
 The cat approached  
 insanity  
 To see him slide the  
 banisters, so rash ;  
 But once, on that ma-  
 hogany,  
 While trying to tobog-  
 gan, he  
 Upset his calculations  
 with a crash !

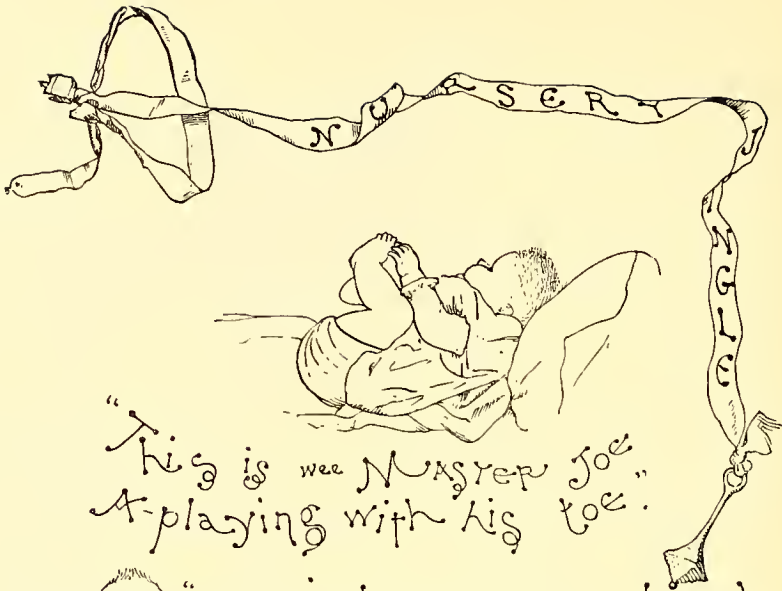


## IV.


And since that sad disaster  
 He has gone about in plaster, —  
 Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy ;  
 But the kind the doctor uses,  
 When the bumps and cuts and bruises  
 Overcome a little, regular, live boy !







"His is wee M<sup>ee</sup> M<sup>as</sup>ter Joe"  
A-playing with his toe."

 "Funnist part, you know,  
He doesn't know it is his toe!"

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### ELSIE'S PET.

BY JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

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DID you ever see a Bullfinch? It is such a pretty bird. One day little Elsie was very good, and Mamma gave her a present. It was a sweet little Bullfinch, in a cage. He could whistle a tune. Elsie loved him very much, and she liked to listen to him. Besides, he was very clever. He soon learned to know Elsie, and when she called, "Bully! Bully!" and chirruped to him, he would put his head on one side and look so knowing! If she took a seed between her rosy lips and held them near the cage, Bully would look first one way and then another, with his bright eyes, and hop, hop, hop,—until he came quite near, and then he would give a quick, little peck with his beak, catch the seed, and eat it up! Oh, he was a bright little bird!

Every evening, when Elsie went to bed, Mamma opened his cage and

let him fly all over the room; and then she did not shut him up for the night, but let Master Bully perch where he pleased. Sometimes he would settle himself upon the table, or the bureau — standing with his bright eyes shut and his head under his wing. But every morning he woke up at the same hour; just as the clock was striking seven. He would perch on little Elsie's pillow and peck, peck, peck at her soft cheek till she awoke!



One cold frosty morning something sad happened. Nothing perched on Elsie's pillow,—no little Bully came to wake her up! When Mamma had

looked everywhere around the room for him, she found him, at last, on the mantel all cuddled up in a heap. She took him very gently in her soft hand, but poor little Bully shivered when she touched him. She tried to make him stand up, but she found that one little leg was quite crooked. Poor Bully was lame from the cold!

Little Elsie was so sorry! But Mamma thought she could help Bully, so she brought hot water and bathed his poor leg. Then she put some soft, white wool in his cage, and laid him down upon it, very tenderly. After a while Bully opened his beak, and gave a little "*chirp, chirp!*" When Elsie heard it, she sprang out of bed and said:

"Oh, I know he is hungry!"

Then she pattered about the room with her bare little feet, found the seed, and took some in her fingers and held it up to him. At first Bully would not take it; he scarcely opened his eyes; but, after she had waited a little, he gave a sharp peck, and caught it from her hand. Then Elsie gave him some more, and after a while Bully fell asleep. When Elsie was dressed she went to look at him again. His eyes were open, so Mamma bathed his poor foot once more.

Soon it was better, so that Bully could stand upon it quite well, and even hop about again; but Mamma was afraid to let him fly about the room at night. And now Elsie must wake herself in the morning, for Bully does not come to peck at her cheek!



## SOME WORK FOR LENT.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

ONE day when Philip was very miserable with a horrid cold, and Harry—who was his sister, and not his brother—very cross with the same trouble, the children quarreled all the morning. Harry usually began the discussions, and she was the most disagreeable in them, because she was always “the most” of everything. She cried the loudest, and laughed the merriest, and scolded the quickest, and forgave the soonest. Her cold had been worse than Philip’s, but she was getting well first. Their last quarrel was because she would pretend that her doll’s music-teacher had come, and wanted her to take her lesson on the piano in the nursery, and Philip did not like it because his head ached. He said he would n’t care so much if Harry could sing, “but she never got a tune right, and she banged so.”

Harry replied that *she* was n’t singing, it was Margery.

“If Margery *could* sing,” he retorted, “she ’d have a better voice than the one you lend her, and she ’d have some sort of an idea of the tune to ‘Hold the Fort.’”

“How do you know?” said Harry. “You don’t know what my doll would do!”

“Well, I know what mine would if I had one. She would n’t yell like that.”

“Oh, your doll would do wonders,” said Harry, and off she started again, but this time she sang “Annie Laurie,” and poor Philip put his fingers in his ears.

It was then Jeanette looked up from her book.

“My goodness,” said she to her mother, “if two sick children are so disagreeable, what must a whole hospital be?”

“They would n’t have a dreadful old piano in a hospital,” said Philip, in an aggrieved tone.

“Oh, Philip!” cried Harry, jumping off the piano-stool and throwing Margery into Jeanette’s work-basket. “Let ’s finish our hospital cards!”

“Considering,” said their mother, “that Easter is only two weeks away, and that you chose those cards for your Lenten work, and that not one-half of them are done, it would not be a bad idea to give some time to them.”

By this time Harry had opened a table drawer, and had pulled out a pile of large, delicately tinted cards about seventeen inches long and thirteen wide. Next she had appropriated Jeanette’s scis-

sors from the basket and her mother’s from her lap, and pushed everything on the table out of the way. Then she dragged up the piano-stool.

“Come, Philip,” she cried, “I ’m all ready.”

“Just have patience for one minute,” said her mother, rising. She removed everything from the table, and spread out a newspaper. On this she laid the cards, the boxes containing the pictures for pasting, and the scissors. Philip brought the mucilage and sister Harry pulled up a comfortable chair for him.

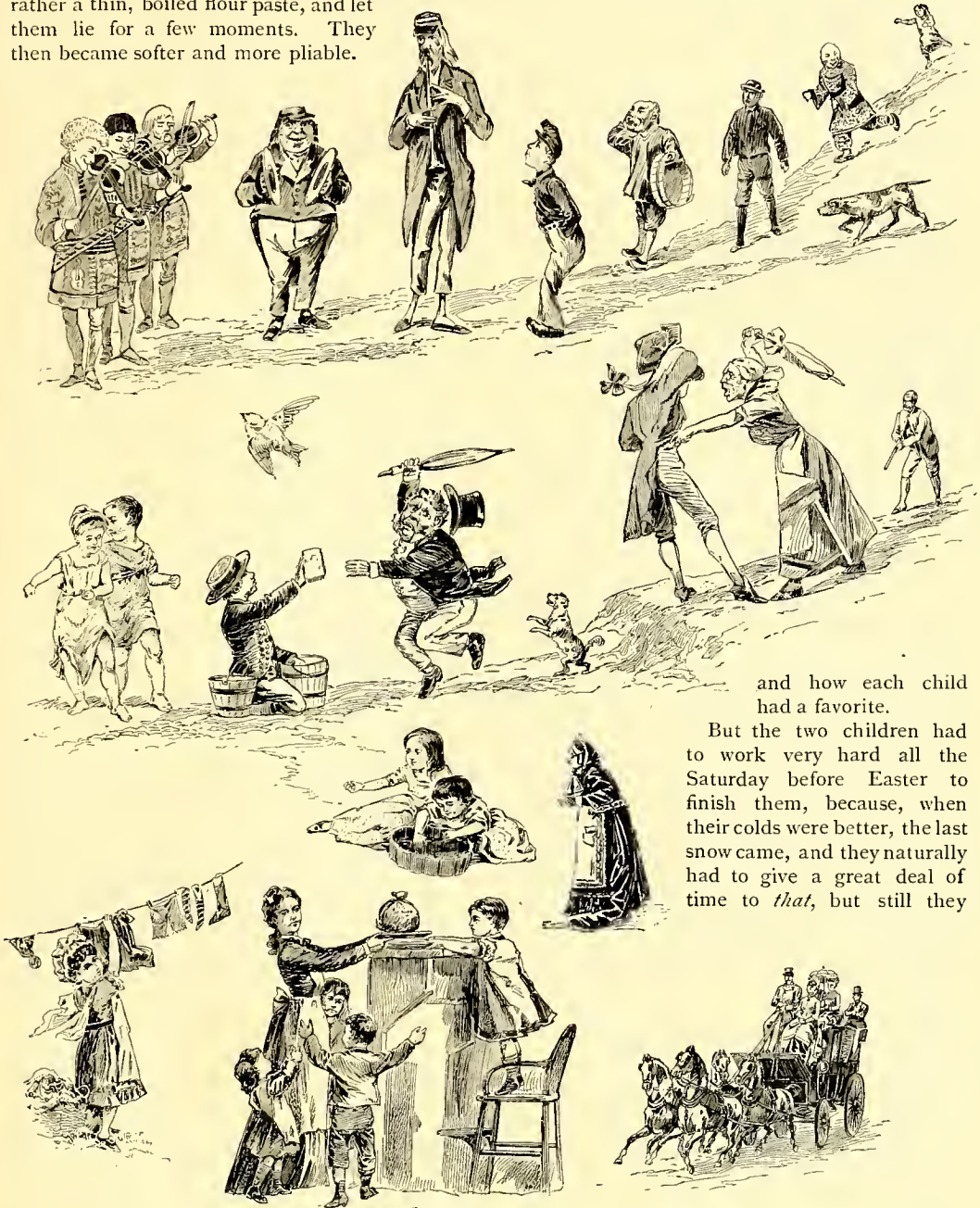
Now they really were ready for work.

They had quite an assortment of gay advertising cards, and some Christmas cards, and plenty of figures cut from illustrated newspapers. They cut whatever figures they fancied, out of the cards, and then pasted them on the large sheets of cardboard. When they first thought of doing this work, they intended to make a picture scrap-book, but a friend told them that if they pasted the pictures on separate leaves, these, being divided among the children, could be seen by many at once.

Harry often said she hoped the sick children would get as much pleasure from the cards as they gave her and Philip, and they used to wonder if the others would guess out the stories they made up about the pictures. They put all sorts of figures together, such as are in the big illustration, where hardly two are from the same picture, and composed them into some funny groups. Then they made other kinds of cards; one of these was made up entirely of flowers, and a bright, pretty one it was. On another, Philip made a menagerie, and this contained only animals; and on still another was a “Noah’s ark.” This they made together. The procession wound all about from top to bottom of the card. It was a curious procession, and, I am sure, would have astonished Noah. There were dancing bears, and elephants with howdahs on their backs, and circus horses, and monkeys dressed like Italian *lazzaroni*, and pigs with apples in their mouths, and even a Christmas turkey carried on the heads of three geese. They spent days over this card, selecting the animals, and plenty of fun they had over it. The card which I borrowed from Harry, and of which the picture opposite is a copy, except that the pretty, bright colors are not given, is not the best of them, but it is one that was not finished when Easter Monday came, and so did not go to the hospital with

the others. Some of these figures, cut from stiff cards, were not easy to paste, but the children spread them (on the wrong side, of course), with rather a thin, boiled flour paste, and let them lie for a few moments. They then became softer and more pliable.

telling how grateful his poor little patients were for them, and how cards were handed from one bed to another, and how they were exchanged,



and how each child had a favorite. But the two children had to work very hard all the Saturday before Easter to finish them, because, when their colds were better, the last snow came, and they naturally had to give a great deal of time to *that*, but still they

ONE OF THE HOSPITAL CARDS MADE BY PHILIP AND HARRY.

The young doctor in care of whom these cards were sent wrote the children the nicest of letters, kept their resolution, and it was on Easter Monday that the package was sent to the hospital.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MAKE way, make way for mad King March!  
I hear his heralds in the larch  
Above my head.  
Blow on, ye braggart buglers, blow!  
Ye can not fright us, well we know  
Winter has fled.  
Your king's wild reign is brief, at best;  
Before the April robins nest,  
Ye will be dead!

Yes, it is only fair, I suppose, to talk in this severe way to the noisy winds. But I do not do it of my own accord. A ST. NICHOLAS writer, Emma C. Dowd, "put me up to it," as you boys say. Yet March is a good old month, and, as I half suspect, not a bit more mad than other blusterers.

The Deacon says that March in former times was counted as the first month of the year. Now, as you know, he stands third on the list, and he is not overpleased, I suppose. Look into this matter, my dears,—that is, look into the Encyclopedias, if you can lift them,—and you'll see that the Deacon is right.

Poor March! Fair play is a good thing. This is the way the Little School-ma'am once talked to March:

DEAR, bustling March, my *Frühling*,\* come!  
First month to-day, as first of old.  
Thine the fresh song and wakened hum;  
Thine the glad rill's recovered flow,  
And thine the stir the sod below.  
Thy rap and tap and summons bold,  
Startle the earth from slumber's hold.

O month content! My heart to thee!  
No clamor now, no sudden throe—  
The earth is roused; her soul is free;  
How calm art thou, thy victory won,

\* The German word for spring or spring-tide.

How restful, in the restful sun!  
The maiden April cometh slow,  
Thou 'lt greet her like a king—and go.

## INAUGURAL ADDRESSES.

HERE is a new subject for consideration. Inaugural addresses, to be sure, don't grow in my meadow, but boys do, and any American boy, if he is n't careful, is liable to bloom into a president under favorable circumstances, so you shall have Robert's letter:

DEAR MR. JACK: I have been reading about the inaugural addresses of the Presidents of the United States, and one statement, or rather several statements in one, concerning those of Abraham Lincoln, and a few other Presidents, specially caught my attention. So I shall copy the figures out carefully for you to show to the boys. It appears that the first inaugural address of President Lincoln (every one knows that he served two terms of office) contained 3588 words, and among these the pronoun *I* appears just 43 times; but the second inaugural address (March, 1865) contained only 588 words, and the pronoun *I* is used but once.

George Washington's two inaugurals, it appears, in disproportion were somewhat similar to Lincoln's. The first contained 1300 words, including 20 *I*'s; and in the second, which had 134 words, he said *I* only 6 times.

"Well, what of it?" some of the boys will say. That's just what I want to know. There is no steady law in the matter, either, for James Monroe, who twice served as our President, gave the people 1144 more words in his second inaugural than he did in his first, and he used his personal pronoun 7 times oftener than on the former occasion, that is, 24 times. In fact, his second inaugural, which contained 4466 words (enough to fill nearly five pages of St. NICHOLAS) is the longest inaugural with which any President has yet favored our country. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT S. F.

## LONG AND SHORT LIVES.

SOME creatures flit through this life in a few hours, and some come to stay. As instances, there are the day-fly and the elephant. How long can a healthy specimen of each live? But I warn you not to attempt to give me their *united ages*. That sort of calculation has its malignant side, and can not be allowed near this pulpit.

## WHAT IS IT?

My birds tell me startling stories of big foreign spiders whose webs are strong enough to take unwary little feathered songsters captive. They mention also the mygale, of South America. Now, what is that?

That story of the great spider-web puzzles me. My birds are truthful as the sunlight itself, and yet—well, I only know that every spider-web in my meadow vanishes at the very touch of a bird's wing, and, by the way, the spider himself generally remembers another engagement at that same moment.

## GROWN-UP LITTLE FOLK.

DEAR JACK: Here is something that I read in a book, and I want you to please find out if it is a true account:

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet and five inches, and the average weight about seventy pounds. They are very swift of foot, and, as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red-ocher, these little men present a very strange appearance. Few travelers care to encounter any of these warlike nites, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equalled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Now, Jack, please, *is* this true? and if it is, what dear little things the Andaman children must be!

I should like so much to have one for a pet! If you cannot get the facts from your birds, do show this letter to the St. Nicholas (as my brother and I call the readers of our dear magazine). May be they will help me to learn more of these little islanders.

Your constant hearer, ALICE B.

NOW, my friends, how should you, who not so very long ago were in your cradles, like to hear about a rocking-stone big enough to set a thousand babies a-dozing?

You'd like it very much? I knew it. Therefore, we will proceed to read this account sent to my pulpit by Miss Florence Stoddard:

#### THE ROCKING-STONE.

A very wonderful thing is the great Piedra Monediza, or Rocking-Stone, which is poised on the top of the highest mountain on the eastern

it is crushed to powder; but, though it moves, no power can throw the huge stone from its place.

The peak on which the stone rests is one of the Tandil Mountains, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres.

There is a legend telling how this province, once very rich, was attacked by a much-dreaded Gaucho chief, who tried in vain many times to conquer it. Then, hearing of a tradition that this province could not be overcome so long as the stone remained in place, he determined to pull the stone from its seat. He caused ropes to be netted around it, and then harnessed to the ropes hundreds of wild horses, newly caught by his men with their lassos.

All were strong and vigorous animals, to which even the slight harness necessary to secure them to the ropes leading from the great boulder was an insult not to be tolerated for a moment. Imagine how they must have plunged, kicked and struggled when they felt the whip for the first time!



THE PIEDRA MONEDIZA, OR ROCKING-STONE.

coast of the far-off Argentine Republic, in South America. It hangs there as though it were as light as air, and could be blown away by the gusts of wind that always are playing about the mountain. Yet it is a huge boulder of at least twenty tons' weight, though it can be moved about in a small socket and rocked by pushing it with the hand. In very windy weather, too, it is seen to move perceptibly. Travelers put all kinds of articles beneath it, in the socket, to test its movement; for, when the stone rocks, anything that is under

When all was prepared, the poor beasts, already frantic with restraint and terror, were beaten and shouted at, so that, to get away, they pulled and tugged with might and main; but, for all their effort, the Piedra did not swerve from its place; and the chief, proud and mighty as he was, was obliged to acknowledge himself vanquished.

The stone hangs there still, and as it is the only wonderful natural feature in the whole country, the natives are very proud of it, and many curious visitors go to see it every year.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

THOSE who have enjoyed Mary Cowden Clarke's "Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines," or are familiar with her famous "Concordance" to the plays, will be glad to know of a "Biographic Sketch" of her husband, Charles Cowden Clarke, which has just been printed in London. The unaffected simplicity and earnestness of the recital will more than interest our readers. It is written by herself, and is a beautiful picture of their long life together. The book is published by Novello, and if it cannot be procured in America, we hope that our young English readers, at least, will meet with this beautiful tribute from a wife who was in truth, as she says, her husband's "second self."

EIGHT years ago, this month, ST. NICHOLAS told its readers the touching story of "Babie Stuart," which was the pretty pet-name of an infant daughter of Charles I. It is more than two centuries and a half since she was born, and she died before reaching four years of age. We showed you then a picture of this sweet child; and now our frontispiece, this month, is another rendering of her portrait recently engraved for ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. T. Johnson, from Van Dyck's celebrated painting.

No one can look upon the face of this little princess without believing that during her short life she must have been a most lovable little girl; and that her parents dearly loved her none can doubt who knows how like other fathers and mothers, in tenderness for their children, were the first Charles of England and his wife, Queen Henrietta Maria.

THE Little School-ma'am requests us to say that in speaking of St. Cross Hospital (see ST. NICHOLAS for January), Jack-in-the-Pulpit should have described it as being just out of Winchester, instead of "two and a half miles from Westminster." Jack and herself are desirous that his accidental error should be corrected.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you with much interest, and often thought I would like to contribute to the "Letter-box." But this is my first attempt. In your December number, I like "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. I have often played with her youngest son, and I lived a neighbor to her for over a year. I also like "Three Miles High in a Balloon." I live in St. Louis and was present at the balloon ascension, and the illustrations are very true.

I remain yours devotedly,

LOTTA B. C.

KILLIMORE HOUSE, PENNYGHAEL, }  
ISLE OF MULL, SCOTLAND. }

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you for a year. A cousin in Washington sends you to us every month. This is the first time I have written to you, so I hope you will print my letter. I have never seen a letter in your box from this island. I like all your stories very much, but the one I like best is "Juan and Juanita."

We have a great many pets: three hawks, three dogs, two cats, two rabbits, a pair of pigeons, and a hoody crow. I have five sisters and three brothers. My youngest sister is called Iona, after the island where papa was born. The island is famous for having been the residence of St. Columba for a good many years. There are the remains of a fine old cathedral on the island, and in an old burying-ground quite close to the cathedral a number of kings are buried.

I must stop now, or my letter will be too long to print.

I am your Highland reader, FLORA A. P. MACV.

THE RECTORY, CAMPOBELLO, N. B.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. We have taken your magazine for several years. We enjoy the stories very much. We live on an island eight miles long and four miles broad. It is very beautiful. There are a great many herring caught here. First they are salted with rock salt, then hung up in the smoke-house over a wood fire, then dried and packed in boxes for market. There are three large hotels on the island; their names are Tyn-e-coed, and Tyn-e-maer, and the Owen House. We have a very pretty little church and a large Sunday-school. Our day-school is close to the Rectory. I have a little brother nearly seven years old, and two big brothers, and a big sister; a Newfoundland dog, named Jack; a kitten called Ginger, and a canary bird. I am nine years old.

Your little reader, AGNES P.

NEWLANDS, NEAR HOBART.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen a letter from Tasmania in your "Letter-box," I thought I would write to you and tell about our pets. Our house is called Newlands, and I live near Hobart. I am eleven years old, and I have a sister a year older.

I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best paper for children ever published, and we have been taking it for nearly three years.

I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I wish you would have another story like "Davy and the Goblin."

Among a great many pets of all kinds, we have two very tame parrots—one green called Solomon, and one white, called Baby. They both came from the Solomon Islands. Baby is named so because he was so tiny when we first got him. He sleeps in our room at night, when we go to bed, and the first thing in the morning he comes to us to get warm. He is never in his cage except at night, and when he is shut up as a punishment for biting the chairs; he is usually on the trees.

I think if I make my letter much longer there will not be room to print it; so good-bye. I remain your constant reader,

HEATHERBEL M.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been spending a month here, and I thought some of your readers would be interested in an account of a Florentine funeral. I saw one last week from the window of our parlor. The burial always takes place after dusk, and by torchlight. The funeral which I saw was that of a celebrated singer, and it made quite a sensation in Florence. I heard a noise in the street and went to the window. It was after five o'clock and very dark. This is what I saw:

First came a procession of monks dressed in black, carrying torches and chanting a hymn; then some members of the Misericordia (Mercy) Society dressed in black and masked; then came the coffin, which was carried by eight nuns in long white robes and wearing masks. The coffin was concealed by a black velvet pall, richly embroidered with gold, and this was quite covered with wreaths of flowers. After the coffin came six priests, gorgeously dressed in scarlet and gold; then a long procession of nuns in black, unmasked, and carrying torches. Then followed the funeral guests. They never have hearses in Florence, the coffin being carried on the shoulders of nuns, if the deceased is a woman, and of monks, if it is a man.

Every one in the procession is on foot, and, with the exception of the pall-bearers, they all carry torches.

The ceremony is very impressive, and rather ghastly.

I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I met Mrs. Burnett last week, here, in Florence.

Yours sincerely,

C. ELEANOR S.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I was afraid I could not write a nice enough letter. But finally I made up my mind I would. I am a boy, twelve years old, and I have taken you three years. You were given to me for a Christmas present, and I like you very much.

I have many pets; a pony, two sheep, and twelve chickens. I did have three rabbits, but they died. I like my pony best of all. He is very gentle, and I can ride him standing up even when he is going very fast.

I think the continued story, "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," is very good.

I am in the high room at school, and every Friday morning we have to give historical news items, and the ST. NICHOLAS helps me a great deal. I have several friends who take you, and they like you very much. With best wishes,

I remain your faithful reader, MAYNARD H. S.

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you ever since 1879. As I have never written before, I thought that would I write and tell you about a paper which my brothers and myself publish and print. My oldest brother makes the cuts. His name is William, and he is fifteen years old.

Sam, who is thirteen, is editor and business manager, and I, who am two years younger than Sam, am printer and "devil" in general. We have been printing the paper for half a year. The contents are entirely original; poetry, or whatever you choose to call it, and everything else.

I liked "How the Hart Boys saw Great Salt Lake" very much, and "Juan and Juanita" much better.

Your loving reader,

THOMAS M. A.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old. I liked the new continued story "Sara Crewe" very much; but, of all your stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the very best.

I have a baby brother, who was two years old on Christmas Day. We call him, Carroll, and he calls me "brubber." He has a little dog named "Nig," and we are training him to ride on my velocipede. You don't know how funny he looks. Sometimes he loses his balance, and then there is a general collapse.

I remain your loving little reader, FIELDING J. S.—

last one we had was 194 feet wide, 217 feet long, and 135 feet high. It looked like pictures of palaces you see in story-books. The ice carnival opened with the Ice King's entering the town and taking possession of his palace. The next day the Fire King came and tried to capture the ice-palace, but was driven off. But he was not discouraged, and tried again with his troops to help him. This time he succeeded, and the Ice King was driven off. The battles were fought with fire-works. The fire-works for one battle cost \$10,000. The Ice King had polar bears for an escort, while the Fire King had men dressed like demons, who blew fire out of their mouths.  
 Your constant reader, ROB ROY T.—

ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. My papa has taken you ever since volume three, in 1875. I was born that year, and of course I cannot remember when we have not had you to read. I was very much interested in "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's." Papa has all of the magazines bound. I took volume eleven to school last week, and read that very amusing story called "Griselda's New-Year's Reception." In the afternoon I read "Little Maud's Story." I have no sisters; only one brother, who is eighteen years old. I spend most of my time out of school in reading.

Your constant reader, GRACE H.—

STRATFORD, ONT., CAN.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have never seen a letter from Stratford, in print, we thought we would write you one.

We have an Audubon Society here for the protection of birds. The society gets its name from John James Audubon, the great naturalist of North America. If there are any ST. NICHOLAS readers who would like to form a society where they live, they can get information from No. 40 Park Row, New York City. Many of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are doubtless members, since so many thousands have joined in the United States. Our mother is the secretary here, and we have ninety-two members. We have great fun in the winter tobogganing and skating. As there is a new rink just finished, and as we live in the hilly part of the city, we don't have far to go for sleigh-riding or tobogganing.

We are all very fond of you, like all your readers, and look forward to the new number every month.  
 Your affectionate readers, BESSIE AND CHARLIE W.—

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER BALL.

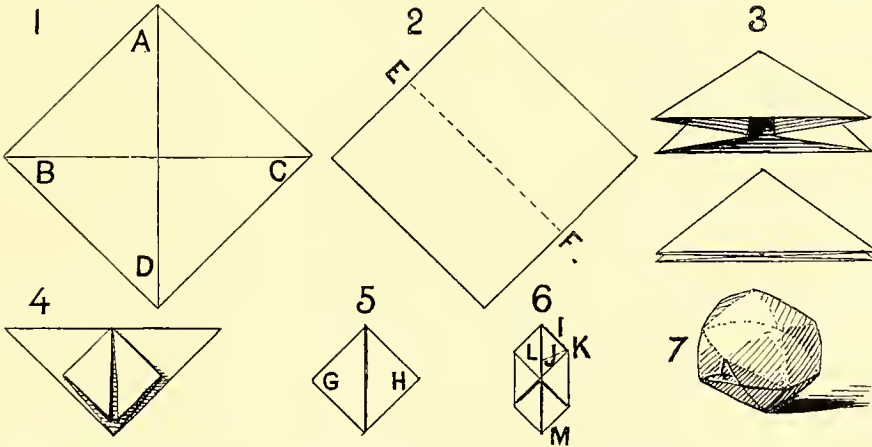
BY GEORGE G. DEAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By following the directions given below, an inflated ball of paper may be made.

Take a square piece of paper, not too stiff, and fold it as follows (see Fig. 1): Bring together the corners marked A and D, making a crease diagonally. Then open, and bring together C and B in the same way, making another crease at right angles. Turn the paper over, and fold it on the line E, F (see Fig. 2). Open it flat on the table, having the same side uppermost as at first; hold the center with one finger, and bring together the ends E and F of the third crease made, and flatten the paper into a triangle (Fig. 3). Then, holding the longest side of the triangle away from you, fold the two farthest corners to the point which is toward you (Fig. 4). Turn the paper over and repeat the last folding, making a square. Bend the nearer half of the opposite corners of the square, marked G and H (see Fig. 5), to the center line, making them meet. Turn the paper over and repeat, making Fig. 6. One point marked I,

TOPEKA, KANSAS.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I must write some time and tell you how much I admire you and your charming stories and pictures, the pictures of Mr. Birch being especially beautiful. I have lived all my life in the West, but have learned to draw a little by myself; so I drew a picture of a little girl who loves ST. NICHOLAS, and always hugs you when you come. I hope some day to be able to draw and write for you. As this is my first letter to you, I hope very much to see it in print; but if my letter is not good enough, I will make another attempt some time. Wishing you a long and happy life, I am  
 Yours truly, M. W.—

ANGOL, CHILI, S. A.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like, best of all papers, ST. NICHOLAS, in it, "Prince Fairyfoot," "Maggie Grey's Bird," and several other stories; but "Little Lord Fauntleroy" especially. I like the little letters most of all, and "The Brownies." Mamma is very interested in "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I have



will be found to have four loose ends; bend these down, one by one, on the line K, L, and put them snugly into the little pockets J, K, on both sides of the paper. Then blow smartly into the opposite point, marked M (Fig. 6), and the ball will be inflated (Fig. 7).  
 Yours truly, GEORGE G. DEAN.

five dolls; one is called Electra, the other Irene, the other Carmine, the other Beulah, and I have one boy doll that is called St. Elmo. I have a pet dog, called Fanny. My sister, Gracie, had a pet dog, also, but it was run over by a hand-car. I have got a box of paints. Nearly every night I paint a little picture. First I mark them on paper, then paint them—but not very well.  
 From your devoted reader, ANNETTA A. G.—

ST. PAUL, MINN.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before. I hope you will print this. I have taken you for five years. We have an ice-palace here every winter. It is beautiful. The

BALTIMORE, MD.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We do get lots of pleasure from reading your book. I can't say which story we like best, because we enjoy



them all. We are a family of three girls and one boy. Year before last my papa gave you to my older sister for a birthday gift; this year you have been all *my own*, and next month is my last number. Next year you go to our "baby" Bertie. She is baby, but she is almost seven, and is going to school next week. We are all healthy, bright, and happy, and have lots of good times. I know you love children, and will be glad to hear we are all well, although you have never seen us, because you would not try so hard to entertain and make the moments pass happily, if you did not love children. With best wishes for continued success in your noble work, I remain your little admirer,

JULIA CONTEE G.—

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your interesting book has been enjoyed by our family very much. I like the stories written by Frank R. Stockton and Miss L. Alcott best, though I like all the rest very much.

Yesterday I took my dog over and had his picture taken, but he had two noses, so I shall have to have him taken again.

Will you please ask Miss Alcott to write another of her pretty little stories?

I have a very naughty little brother named Hambleton; he is always getting into mischief. Mamma says, "He's a real boy."

My papa addressed a letter to me once, Miss Topsy B., and it reached me safely. Just think! I suppose I will have to stop now, though I hate to. So good-bye from your constant reader,

EDITH B.—

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I have some very nice pets: I have nineteen pigeons, a cat named Tabby, and a pony named Daisy, and whenever she sees me out in the yard she neighs at me and comes to me.

The other day, as I was coming home from school, she saw me coming in the front gate, and she came down to meet me and she followed me up to the door.

I have taken you for six years, but have never written to you before. I like your stories very much; my favorites are "Juan and Juanta" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

I tried the experiment of hanging a bottle by a match, and succeeded. I tried to make the "Nantucket Sinks," but I could not get Fig. 5. I could go no farther, of course, but I intend to get papa to show me how.

You are the most interesting magazine that I ever read.

Please excuse this long letter, but it is the first I have ever written to you. I remain your devoted reader, MARY E. H.—

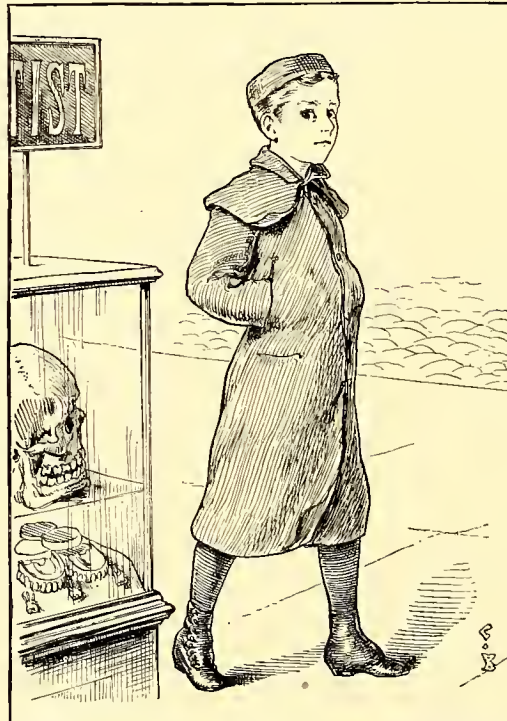
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly seven years old. I take you regularly, and am only sorry that you don't come every week. I have no little brothers or sisters, but my dog Frisky is equal to a whole nursery; mamma says, *scow*. We live close to the "Alamo," and if your little friends don't know about that story they ought to read it. I like "Prince Fairyfoot" and "The Brownies," and "Did you ever since ever you ever were born?"

Your little friend, KATE D.—

We thank the young friends whose names are given below, for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Helen S. H., Ada M. Langton, Stewart Moore, Fred, Lou, and Nan, F. W. F., Alice L. Feder, Ellen G. Barbour, R. G. Perkins, R. Richards, May E. B., Nannie and Mary Blake, Alice B., Robbie H. Wescott, C. E. Langford, Jr., Mattie J. S., Lillie F., Clare F., Josephine D., L. Guernsey, Mabel M., A. T. Jones, Bertha Mann, Anna H., M. J. B., Emmet P., J. S. C. Robinson, Ollie S. Bryant, Elizabeth Bacon, Robert F. Howard, Mamie and Charlie Higgins, Mary E. H., Bianca, Maude and Naomi L., Bessie and Charlie W., Mary D. Maginnis, Mary W. A., Rob Roy Tallman, Carrie R. Gaulbert, Lewis D. Mackoy, Tom A. Clements, K. N. and F. E., Hilda Bragg, Annie Osborn, Bettie Jones Barksdale, Beulah W., Enma Lyons, Annie V. P., James Perry, Clare N., and Bessie R.

## THE BOY WHO WAS SENT TO THE DENTIST.



"NO USE BOTHERING HIM NOW — THE PAIN IS ALL GONE!"

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

**SINGLE ACROSTIC.** Turkey. Cross-words: 1, daTes; 2, vaUlt; 3, daRts; 4, rakes; 5, paEan; 6, maYor.

**BEHEADINGS.** Lincoln. 1, L-aver; 2, I-mage; 3, N-ears; 4, Calms; 5, O-live; 6, L-abel; 7, N-acre.

**A TRIANGLE.** From 1 to 11, Mendelssohn; from 12 to 21, Washington. 1, m; 12, 2, we; 13 to 3, awN; 14 to 4, sued; 15 to 5, hinge; 16 to 6, Israel; 17 to 7, noxious; 18 to 8, galoshes; 19 to 9, Timbuctoo; 20 to 10, outstretch; 21 to 11, negotiation.

**DIAMOND.** 1, S. 2, Eke. 3, Erato. 4, Skating. 5, Etive. 6, One. 7, G.—CHARADE. Spend-thrift.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Arkansas. Cross-words: 1, steAmer; 2, spaRrow; 3, masKers; 4, carAvan; 5, spiNner; 6, whiStle; 7, speAker; 8, parSnip.

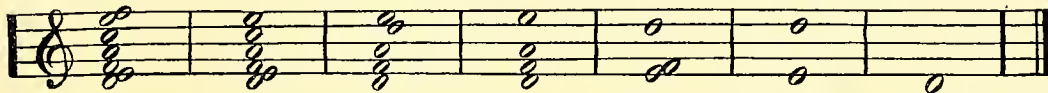
**ACROSTIC.** Washington, Wellington. Cross-words: 1, Winning. 2, Alloquy. 3, Settler. 4, Hungers. 5, Inanity. 6, Novices. 7, Garland. 8, Tilling. 9, Objects. 10, Narwhal.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Russell Davis—Jo and I—"Kanuck and Yank."

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from Allan F. Barnes, 1—E. and L. Grieninger, 1—Maic H. Munroe, 2—S. W. F., 2—Noorma Bin Noorka, 3—"Three Graces," 2—M. D. M., 1—"The Rs and Ss," 2—P. V. Moses, 2—Alice E. Traver, 2—Marion Strong, 1—Bertha Van Kleecq, 2—Louise B. Murphy, 1—Clifford and Amy, 1—B. F. Muckleston, 2—"Peter G. and Patrick M.," 2—Annie Van Pelt, 2—Reuben C. Hale, 1—L. Raymond B., 1—Adele E. Hartrauft, 1—Polly and B., 1—Eleanor A., 2—"We, Us & Co.," 1—James M. Hobbs, 1—Blanche, 2—Josephine Hyde, 1—E. M. and F. E. Kaiser, 1—Carrie R. Gaulbert, 1—George Seymour, 6—Paul Reese, 10—H. R. Metcalf, 1—Samuel W. Boardman, Jr. 5—Mary Louise M., 1—Edna R. Fisher, 2—Lulu Day, 1—Anne B., 5—Fannie H. Tolman, 1—Marie Hubbard, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—W. E. S., 1—Annie F. Burbank, 1—Olivia B. Hazelton, 1—K. G. S., 11—A. Love R., 2—F. E. and E. M. Kaiser, 4—"Juan and Juanita," 2—Amy Youngs, 1—"Socrates," 5—E. Daisy Eastlake, 10—"Crystal," 3—"Complexion," 2—Twinkle Craig, 2—Belle Larkin, 2—Ida, 1—Nellie and Reggie, 10—"Puss," 1—Alice B., 1—A. C. Rowe, 1—Alma and Francis, 5—Alicia T. Hayne, 1—Annie M., Susie R. and Amey L. Bingham, 6—no name, St. Johnsbury, 8—A., C. and M. Kane, 6—S. T. Metcalf, 1—A. Fiske and Co., 11—"Alpha, Alpha," B. C., 6—Joseph L., 3—L. L. L. and E. M. L., 5—"Livy," 3—"Sally Lunn and Johnny Cake," 5—Jennie S. Liebmann, 4—A. H. R. and M. G. R., 9—"Three Graces," 3—"Bethlehemite," 5—Elsie Davenport, 3—"Dick and Co.," 6—"Pop and I," 4—Clifford and Herbert, 3—Ethel H. Hart, 8—Willie and Ned Gordon, 2—"Hikeydum," 5—Marie Anne S., 6—"Ninepin," 8—Crooks, 1—Lila Higgin, 2—Ali, Ella and Gerty, 7—"Griffin and Whale," 4—F. W. Islip, 11.

M I S J G A L W O R D = D W I N D L E :



How many can find a word-dwindle in the above line of music?

### PI.

Hiwr shuring diwn dan mogloy kises  
Het kard dan brutsonb trinew seid ;  
Raf-fof, sunene, Signnr laftiny scire,  
Dibbing ehr lasteric hiled seari ;  
Charm!

### HOOR-GLASS.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word meaning to hate.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Accused. 2. Vervain. 3. A heating apparatus. 4. A feminine name. 5. In vervain. 6. An insect. 7. Poignant. 8. A dish. 9. Length of life. F. S. M.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD tiny, and leave a level, shaded walk. 2. Behead together, and leave tedious. 3. Behead angry, and leave to appraise. 4. Behead a plant on which the cochineal bug feeds, and leave a precious stone. 5. Behead to follow with exactness, and leave a lineage. 6. Behead a location, and leave a pretty fabric. 7. Behead to divert, and leave to ruminate. 8. Behead to drill, and leave to shower. 9. Behead to absolve, and leave to eject. 10. Behead hackneyed, and leave a ceremony. 11. Behead the name of an English general

**RHOMBOIDS.** I. Across: 1. Anile. 2. Oread. 3. Envie. 4. Serve. 5. Scems. II. Across: 1. Duels. 2. Plead. 3. Mabel. 4. Flail. 5. Endow. III. Across: 1. Bract. 2. Alarm. 3. Brief. 4. Parol. 5. Depot.

PI. Come when the rains  
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,  
While the slant sun of February pours  
Into the bowers a flood of light,  
Approach!

The incrustured surface shall upheave thy steps  
And the broad arching portals of the grove  
Welcome thy entering.

**BROKEN WORDS.** Candlemas, Valentine. 1. Con-vent. 2. Adam-ant. 3. Neck-lace. 4. Dog's-ear. 5. Luck-now. 6. Even-tide. 7. Made-ira. 8. Alter-nation. 9. Sharp-ens.

**WORD SQUARES.** I. 1. Plea. 2. Lean. 3. Earn. 4. Anna. II. 1. Eyes. 2. Yale. 3. Ella. 4. Seat. III. 1. Arts. 2. Rare. 3. Tree. 4. Seen. IV. 1. Dogs. 2. Ogre. 3. Grin. 4. Send. V. 1. Nose. 2. Oven. 3. Send. 4. Ends.

who distinguished himself in India, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and leave active. 12. Behead a small anchor, and leave rim.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of the patron saint of Ireland. "Y. D. WAKE."

### CUBE.

1	.....	2
5	.....	6
.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	4
.....	.....	.....
7	.....	8

FROM 1 to 2, plentiful; from 2 to 4, to hesitate in speaking; from 1 to 3, unites firmly; from 3 to 4, to reel; from 5 to 6, to pray urgently; from 6 to 8, desires food; from 5 to 7, a wave breaking into foam; from 7 to 8, a famous king of Egypt; from 1 to 5, an animal which has ten legs; from 2 to 6, a decorative girdle; from 4 to 8, hastens; from 3 to 7, acid. "ODD FISH."











AN APRIL DAY.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

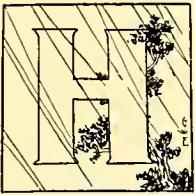
VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1888.

No. 6.

## WHAT MAKES IT RAIN?

BY GEORGE P. MERRILL.



HOW often on showery days little folks have asked themselves or their elders, "What Makes it Rain?" and how very seldom they have been able to get a satisfactory reply! Sometimes those who know have no time to tell, and oftener, those who have plenty of time do not find it quite convenient to explain.

Let us sit down and talk it over, and see if we can discover, first, why it rains at all; and then, when it does rain, why it does not rain in the same way over the whole earth.

Did you ever stop to think, when you looked out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only twenty or thirty or a hundred miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always and at the same time it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear, cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the out-

side soon becomes wet or misty; and that the mist grows heavier and then gathers into drops and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher, that is impossible; but from the air. We can not see it, perhaps, but still it is there, in the state of vapor. How came it there? Did you ever notice, after a rain, how in a short time the puddles became dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves, as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or, did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out-of-doors the water each day grew less and less, until all was gone and the pan was dry?

All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground) and in the pan, was taken up as vapor into the air — has "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapor arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place. Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big, white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. After the sun has shone, the air becomes warmed and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the



earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow, and dew, all the oceans, lakes, and rivers would in time dry up and disappear. All the trees, grass, and plants would then wither, and our beautiful land would become as dry and parched as the great desert of Sahara.

Having now learned how the water is drawn into the air, let us see how and why it comes down again as rain or snow or dew.

There is a singular thing about this moisture, which is this, the air will hold only a certain quantity of it, and that quantity depends upon the temperature of the air. But warm air always holds more than cold; so, however warm the air may be, or however much moisture it may contain as invisible vapor, we have only to cool it enough and the vapor *condenses*, as we say; that is, it becomes visible, first as fog or mist, and then as drops of water, such as we see on the pitcher. And the reason we see a white fog rising at night, after the sun goes down, is only because the water, which has been evaporating all day and going up into the air as invisible vapor, becomes condensed to fog by the cooling of the air when the sun's heat is withdrawn. When the sun rises, the fog disappears; but the vapor still ascends, and when it reaches the altitudes where the air is always cool, it becomes condensed again as fog, only it is then called "clouds." And if it becomes condensed enough to form in drops of water, they fall, and it "rains"; or, perhaps, it snows, for snow is but frozen rain.

Thus we have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it; instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and the east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually become cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this

reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western States are often very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side, while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky, and the Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.

There are many other interesting facts about this vapor. Let us consider a few.

After the sun goes down at night, the earth, cooling rapidly, soon cools the air near it, which consequently gives up a part of its moisture. This moisture forms in drops on the grass and leaves, just as it does on the cold pitcher in the warm room, and we call this "dew." If it becomes cold enough, the dew freezes, and we then have a "frost." On cloudy nights a frost is very rare, simply because the clouds act as a tent or blanket, and prevent the earth from becoming cooled so rapidly. Professor Tyndall has calculated that of all the heat daily received by the earth from the sun and given off again into space, one-tenth is intercepted and absorbed by the vapor of water within ten feet of the earth's surface. Hence, the vapor forming the clouds above, and extending in its invisible form down to the earth, absorbs the heat given off; and, like the glass screen in a hot-house, prevents the earth becoming so cool as to

freeze the dew. This fact will enable us to understand, in part, why it is that deserts and all dry regions are subject to such sudden extremes of temperature, being very hot when the sun is shining, but becoming chilly as soon as the sun goes down.

Moreover, water, and consequently anything wet with water, takes up and parts with heat much more slowly than dry land; and water and other liquids, when evaporating, take away a great amount of heat with the vapor. The more rapid the evaporation, the greater the amount of heat taken up in a given time. This is the reason a drop of ether feels cold when placed on the hand. It evaporates so rapidly as to take away heat from the skin quicker than it is restored and produces the same feeling as would a piece of ice.

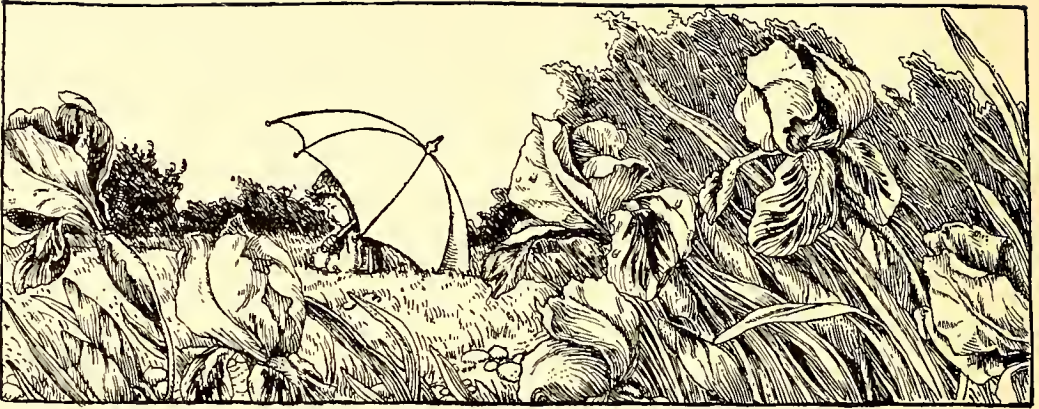
Now we are ready to understand why it is that a hot day in dry climates is much less oppressive than in moist climates. People who live in the East and South, where the air is full of moisture, read that the temperature on a hot day in the West rises as high as  $100^{\circ}$  or  $110^{\circ}$ , and they think

the West must, therefore, be a very uncomfortable place in which to live. But in reality it is not so, and for these reasons: In the dry Western air the perspiration from the body evaporates so rapidly as to keep the skin cool, and none of the heat given off is held in by a screen of moist air; so the body is kept cooler than it would be in a moist climate. But in the moister atmosphere of the East evaporation is slower, and the heat of the body does not radiate so rapidly into space. Hence, the perspiration gathers in great drops, and saturates the clothes, while pulses throb and heads ache, till relief is sought by fanning. And this fanning cools the skin only because it increases evaporation by blowing air across its surface. This also explains why a warm, overcast, muggy day is so oppressive. I have ridden horseback all day over the dry prairies of Montana, with the temperature above  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade, and have not suffered the slightest inconvenience from the heat; while with the temperature at  $90^{\circ}$  in the humid air of Washington, I have sat in my office so overcome as to be scarcely able to work at all.



“NOW SHE ‘S OFF!”





## A Rhyme for a Rainy Day.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.



WITH pitter-patter, pitter-patter, on my window-pane,  
Tapped chipper little visitors, the tiny drops of rain;  
They did not ask to enter, but in liquid tones I heard  
This story, which, as told to me, I tell you word for word:

“Within a cool, deep well we lived, quite happy, side by side,  
Until an empty bucket came, and asked us out to ride;  
Then springing in, away we went, drawn up into the air,  
And a pretty china pitcher stood waiting for us there.

“Beneath that pitcher's brim we thought much happiness to see;  
But soon a lump of ice popped in, with whom we can't agree,  
For though Ice claimed relationship before it married Frost,  
With such a hard, cold-hearted thing all sympathy is lost.

“Ice tried to steal our heat away, but Air was on our side,  
And when it felt how cold we were, it just sat down and cried;  
You might have seen the tears upon the pitcher where they pressed,  
Till Ice itself was forced to melt, and mingle with the rest.

“But next I have to tell you of a most amazing thing,—  
Above a blazing fire we were made to sit and sing,  
Till Bubbles brought the message up, that Heat would set us free;  
When, boiling hard, we just steamed off, and gained our liberty!

“We bounded off with motion swift, but met a colder wind,  
Which blew so fast that everything grew cloudy to our mind.  
We cared not to go higher then, we felt a heavy chill,  
And down we came quite suddenly upon your window-sill.”

Now little people everywhere, there is a saying old  
That “Truth lies at the bottom of the well;” and, we make bold  
To say: Within this bucketful of water you may find  
Some grains of truth drawn up to store within each busy mind.

# THE RED PARTRIDGE TELLS HIS STORY.

BY MARIA ELLERY MACKAYE.

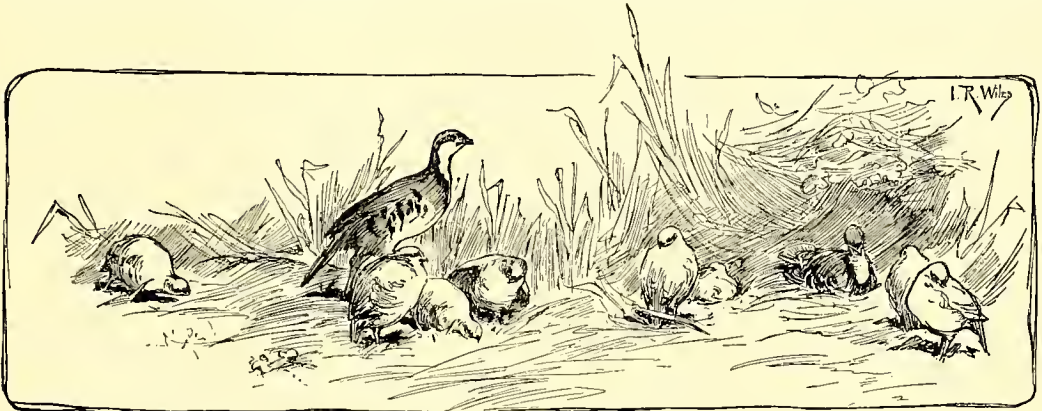
*(From the French of Alphonse Daudet.)*

YOU know that partridges go about in coveys, and lodge together in deep furrows, ready at the first alarm to rise in scattered flight, like a handful of grain thrown from the hand of the sower. Our own covey is large and happy; and our home is where a wide plain skirts a deep wood. There we find good food and safe shelter. So, ever since my feathers were grown, and I learned to run, I have had plenty to eat, and have found life very pleasant.

I have had only one anxiety,—the opening of the hunting-season. Our mothers were always talking about it to each other in whispers. One day an old partridge, who saw that I looked uneasy about what I overheard, said: “Never mind, Ruddy” (they call me Ruddy, because my beak and legs are so red), “don’t be afraid. When the hunting-season opens, you shall go with me, and I am sure that nothing will happen to you.” This old partridge is very wise, and still spry, although the horse-shoe mark is quite plain on his breast, and he has a few white feathers here and there. When he was young he was wounded in one wing, and, since this makes him rather clumsy, he always looks carefully before flying, takes his time, and gets along very well. He used sometimes to carry me

from the chimney, and the door and the windows opened, it will go hard with us.” I believed what he said, knowing that he was a bird of great experience.

The other morning, at daybreak, I heard some one in the furrow calling softly: “Ruddy! Ruddy!” It was my old friend. His eyes were starting from his head. “Come quickly,” he said, “and do as I do.” I followed as well as I could, half asleep, not flying nor hopping, but running like a mouse between the great clods of earth. We went toward the wood, and as we passed the little white house, I saw that smoke was rising from the chimney, that the shutters were down, and before the wide-open door stood a group of hunters, all equipped, and surrounded by leaping dogs. As we passed, one of the hunters cried: “Let us take the plain, this morning, and leave the wood till after breakfast.” Then I understood why we must go to the forest. My heart beat fast, and I grew very sad, thinking what might befall our poor friends whom we had left behind. Suddenly, just as we reached the edge of the wood, the dogs started and ran toward us. “Keep close to the ground,—close!” said the old partridge, crouch-



“OUR OWN COVEY IS LARGE AND HAPPY.”

to the entrance of the wood, where, deep down among the tall chestnut-trees, there is an odd little white house, as quiet as an empty burrow, and always shut up.

“Look well at that house, little one,” said the old partridge. “When you see smoke coming

ing as he spoke. At this moment, not more than ten paces from us, a frightened quail spread her wings, opening her beak very wide, and flew upward with a cry of terror. I heard a deafening noise, and we were enveloped in a white mist, that smelt queer and felt quite warm, though the sun



had just risen. I was so terrified that I could not run. Fortunately, we were sheltered by the wood. My comrade hid behind a young oak; I crept up close to him, and we lurked there, looking out between the leaves. In the fields all around there was firing. At every report I shut my eyes; and whenever I dared to open them again I saw the wide plain, and the dogs searching in the high grass or ferreting among the sheaves, running round and round as if they were distracted. The hunters, their guns glittering in the sun, called after them and spoke angrily to them.

Once, out of a little cloud of mist, I thought I saw something falling that looked like scattered leaves, although there was no tree near. But my old partridge said these were feathers; and presently, sure enough, not far from us a superb gray partridge dropped in a furrow—and his wounded head fell back. When at last the sun rose high and it became very warm, the shooting abruptly ceased. The hunters returned to the little house, where we heard a great fire crackling. They marched along, their guns upon their shoulders, laughing, and talking about their shots; and the tired dogs came after, with tongues lolling out. "They are going to breakfast," said my companion; "let us also get something to eat." So we went into a buckwheat-field close at hand,—a great black-and-white field, all in bloom, smelling like almonds. Beautiful pheasants with russet plumage were already feeding there, stooping their red crests for fear of being seen. They were not so haughty as usual and asked us for news, inquiring whether we knew that one of their family had fallen.

After a while the hunters became noisy over their breakfast, and we heard corks popping and glasses clinking. My old friend said that it was time to seek shelter, and we made our way to the forest. At first you would have said that the wood was fast asleep; the little pool where the deer came to drink was stirred by no lapping tongues, and in the thyme about the warren, there was no trace of a rabbit; but, after a time, we could feel a mysterious shudder everywhere, as if each leaf, each blade of grass, was shielding a threatened life. The denizens of the woods have so many hiding-places,—burrows, tangled thickets, bramble-heaps, piled faggots, and the little ditches where water remains so long after rain. I confess that I wished myself in one of these places, but my companion said it was better to stay where he could see what was coming and have the open air all about him.

It was well that we left the buckwheat-field when we did, for the hunters soon came to the forest. Oh!—I shall never forget that first firing through

the wood, those shots that made holes in the leaves, as hail does in April, and scarred the bark on the trees. I shall never forget how a rabbit leaped over the road, tearing up tufts of grass with his feet, and how a squirrel scampered down a tree close by us, knocking off the green chestnuts in showers. Large pheasants rose up with heavy flight; and the dry leaves, driven about by the gusts from the gun-shots, made a tumult among all the lower branches, arousing, putting to flight, and terrifying every living creature in the woods. An owl came out of a hollow in the tree near which we were hiding, and rolled his great, stupid eyes about, bewildered by fear. And then there were blue dragon-flies, and bees, and butterflies,—poor frightened things!—all fluttering about. A little cricket with scarlet wings alighted close to my beak, but I was too frightened, myself, to profit by his terror.

The old partridge kept perfectly calm. Listening attentively to the shots and the barking of the dogs, when they came near he would make a sign to me, and we would go a little faster, keeping well under cover. Once in crossing a path guarded at each end by a hunter, I thought we were lost. There was one great, tall fellow with black whiskers, who rattled his whole equipment, cartridge-box, hunting-knife, and powder-horn, whenever he moved, and his heavy, leather gaiters, buckled up to his knees, made him look still more formidable. At the farther end of the path, the other hunter, a little old man, was leaning against a tree, smoking a pipe and winking his eyes, as if he were very drowsy. I was not afraid of *him*; but—"Oh, you think *that* a terrible fellow, yonder, with the gaiters!—You are a simpleton, Ruddy," said my companion, laughing, and he flew up almost at the feet of the terrible sportsman. And, truly, the poor man was so intent upon his equipment, so busy admiring himself from top to toe, that we took him by surprise, and by the time he had brought his gun to his shoulder we were far away, out of his reach!

Oh, if hunters, when they think themselves all alone in the woods, only knew how many little staring eyes are watching them from behind bushes,—how many little pointed beaks are being held tight shut to prevent laughing aloud at the hunters' awkwardness!

On we went. Having nothing to do but to follow my old companion, my wings kept time with his, and I folded them whenever he rested. I can still see, as in a dream, all the places we passed—the warren, rosy with heather; the rabbit-holes at the foot of the yellow beeches; the great oak wood, where I knew that danger was stalking abroad; and the little green path, where my mother-partridge

had so often taken her little brood to walk in the May sunshine;—where we hopped about, nibbling at the red ants that would crawl upon our legs, —and where we met haughty young pheasants, as big as chickens, who would not play with us. Across this path a deer standing high on his slender legs, with wide-open, startled eyes, seemed all ready to bound away. Then, the pool, where we used to come, fifteen or twenty together, all alighting at once to drink at the



"WHEN THE DOGS CAME NEAR, THE OLD PARTRIDGE WOULD MAKE A SIGN TO ME AND WE WOULD GO A LITTLE FASTER, KEEPING WELL UNDER COVER."

J.R. Miles

spring and to splash each other gayly with the bright water-drops that rolled from our shining feathers.

In the middle of this pool grew a clump of alders on a little island, and there we took refuge. Any dog must have had a keen scent to find us there. Soon after we arrived came a roebuck, dragging himself along on three legs, and leaving a bloody trail on the moss behind him. It was so sad a sight that I hid my head among the leaves; but I could not help hearing the wounded creature's panting, as, burning with fever, he lapped the clear water from the spring.

At length the sun went down; the shots became scattering, then ceased altogether. It was over. We flew slowly back to the plain, to learn what had become of our friends. As we passed before the little white house, I saw a dreadful sight. On the edge of a ditch, red hares and little gray rabbits lay side by side, their eyes dim as if from weeping, and their small paws joined as

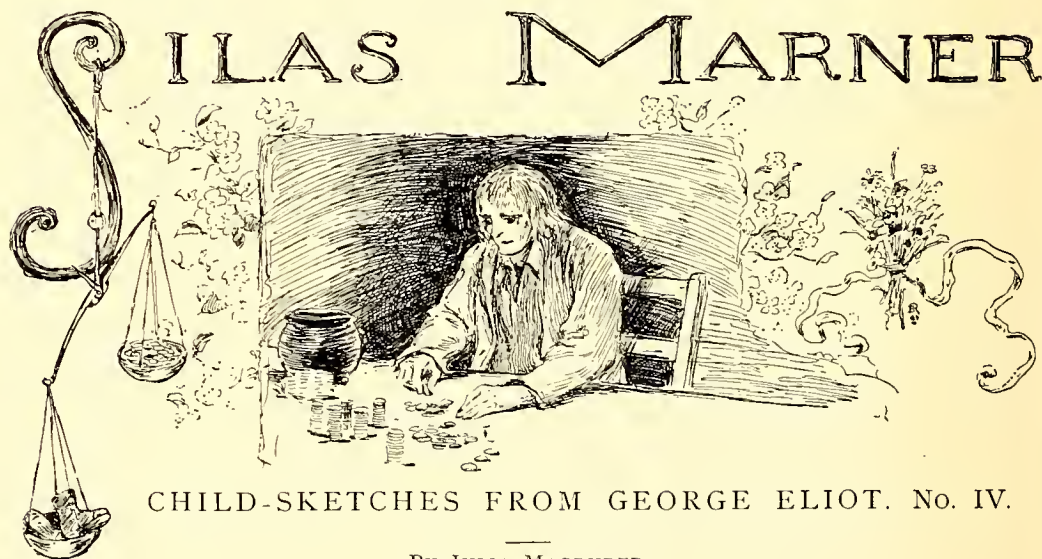


if in death they were asking for mercy. Beside them were red and gray partridges; some with the horse-shoe mark, like my comrade, and others, with down under their feathers, like me. Is there any sadder sight than a dead bird? Wings are so full of life that it gives one a chill to see them stiff and cold, folded forever. There, too, lay a great, proud roebuck as if fast asleep, his rosy tongue protruding a little from his mouth. The hunters were smoking and stooping over all this slaughter; counting, and pulling the animals about before stowing them away in their game-bags. The dogs, in leash for the road, pricked up their ears and wrinkled their noses as if all ready to dash again into the cover.

As the red sun set and the hunters walked away, casting long shadows across the clods of earth and

along the paths glistening with evening dew, oh,—how I hated them, men and dogs, the whole cruel, murderous band! Neither my companion nor I had the heart to say our usual good-night to the day that was ending. All along our way we saw wretched animals fatally hurt by chance shots and left to the tender mercies of the ants; field-mice biting the dust; swallows which had been arrested in their swift flight, and were now lying on their backs and holding up their stiff little legs to the night, which came down suddenly (as it does in autumn)—starry, but cold and damp.

Most heart-rending of all it was to hear, in the edges of the woods, over the meadows, and all along the sedgy river-bank, among the reeds, sad, far-away, anxious calls to which, though repeated again and again, no answer came.



CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT. No. IV.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

SILAS MARNER was a queer-looking, short-sighted, silent man, who lived all alone "in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit." He was a weaver and worked hard at his loom, from morning till night, never going to any one's house and never asking any one to his. No one knew where he had come from or what his history had been before his coming to Raveloe, for he never said

an unnecessary word, but went about silent and gloomy, doing his work well, and being well paid for it. His looks were so strange and his ways so in keeping with them that the idle gossips of the neighborhood told all sorts of foolish stories about him, and believed there was something very dark and mysterious about his past history.

This, indeed, was true; but it was nothing of a startling or sensational nature—only that this man had suffered a terrible injustice from people he had

loved and trusted, and had been cruelly injured and betrayed.

When Silas Marner turned his back upon those people and the country in which they lived, he cared no more for human companionship; but lived on, unloving and unloved, until he had become a dull, cold, selfish man. The one thing he now cared for was the money he made by weaving, which was generally paid to him in bright gold guineas, and these he hoarded with greedy care and concealed in a hiding-place made by the removal of two loose bricks in the floor under his loom. He would deny himself everything but the bare necessities of life, in order to increase his store of shining coins; he loved to spread them out before him when he sat down to his scanty meal, after his day's work was done, and to build them up in piles and rows, and gloat over them, and handle them, as if the pieces of metal had been something worthy of love.

As time passed, his hoard grew and his love for it increased with its growth. At last, one evening he went as usual to get out his precious gold, in order that he might indulge in the only taste of pleasure that was known to him now, and he found the hiding-place — empty! Some one had found out his secret and stolen his gold, to the last shining guinea! It was in vain that he peered into the darkness and felt all about with shaking hands. It was gone! Almost beside himself, he rushed down to the village and gave the alarm, and search was promptly made; but no trace of the money or the thief could be found. At last the search was abandoned, and Silas returned to his empty home, feeling, for the second time, that he was desolate and deserted. The pretty, bright coins that he loved so to handle and to look at had given him a sense of companionship, and he missed them as if they had been human beings. He would sit at his loom all day, thinking about them and moaning over his loneliness, and when evening came there was nothing to do with his time of rest but to grieve for them again.

He never thought now of locking his door when he went out, and one evening he had been so absent-minded as to leave it wide open; and when he came in, after a short absence, "turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed to him as if there were gold on the floor in front of his hearth. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart beat violently, and, for a few moments, he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp

the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin, with the familiar, resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low, to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?* He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision — it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister." "He had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life; it stirred fibers that had never been moved in Raveloe — old quiverings of tenderness — old impressions of awe at the presentment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary, natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

"But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with 'mammy' by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of soothing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

"He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide, quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently, she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face, as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull, bachelor mind



that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off without difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it there was the cry of 'mammy' again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze-bushes. 'Mammy,' the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him — that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze and half-covered with the shaken snow."

This was the little child's mother, a poor creature whom the falling snow and gathering darkness had overtaken as she was walking with the child in her arms; and she had sunk down unconscious by the furze-bushes, near Silas Marner's house. The little one, waking and finding herself in the dark and cold, had seen the light through Silas's open door and made her way to it, and under the influence of the grateful warmth of the hearth had again fallen asleep, to awake to care and tenderness and love; but the unfortunate mother, lying outside in the snow, had passed into the sleep that, in this world, has no waking.

To the surprise of every one, when the neighbors spoke of sending the baby to "the parish," Silas refused to give her up. The little child clung to him and seemed to know him, and he rebelled at the thought of being made to part with her. So, as there was nobody to dispute the privilege with him, it was agreed he should keep her. Silas consulted with a good woman who lived near by, whose name was Mrs. Dolly Winthrop, as to "what he should do about getting some clothes for the child."

"'Eh, Master Marner,' said Dolly, 'there 's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it 's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it — that it will.'

"And the same day Dolly brought her bundle and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments, in their due order of succession, most

of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs.

"This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of 'gug-gug-gug' and 'mammy.'

"'Anybody 'ud think the angels in Heaven could n't be prettier,' said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. 'And to think of its being covered w' them dirty rags — and the poor mother — froze to death; but there 's Them as took care of it and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin.'

"'You 'll happen to be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I 'll come and welcome and sec to it for you.'

"'Thank you — kindly,' said Silas, hesitating a little, 'I 'll be glad if you 'll tell me things. But,' he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eying him contentedly from a distance, — 'But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house — I can learn, I can learn.'

"'Eh, to be sure,' said Dolly gently. 'I've see men as are wonderful handy w' children.'" "You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt and putting it on.

"'Yes,' said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close," "whercupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"'See there,' said Dolly with a woman's tender tact, 'she 's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I 'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you 've done for her, from the first of her coming to you.'

"Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold — that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching, interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"'There, then! Why, you take to it quite

easy, Master Marner,' said Dolly; 'but what shall you do when you 're forced to sit in your loom? For she 'll get busier and mischievous every day — she will, bless her. It 's lucky you 've got that high hearth, i'stead of a grate, for that

at last — 'tie her with a good long strip o' something.'

"Well, mayhap, that 'll do, as it 's a little gell, for they 're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I 've had



"HERE SAT EPIE, DISCOURING CHEERFULLY TO HER OWN SMALL BOOT." (SEE PAGE 415.)

keeps the fire more out of her reach; but if you 've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she 'll be at it — and it is but right you should know.'

"Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. 'I 'll tie her to the leg o' the loom,' he said,

four, — four, I 've had, God knows, — and if you was to take and tie 'm up, they 'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I 'll bring you my little chair and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she 'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it was n't



a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough.'

"'But she'll be *my* little un,' said Marner, rather hastily. 'She'll be nobody else's.'

"'No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her and bring her up, according. But you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church and let her learn her catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and "hurt nobody by word or deed"—as well as if he was the clerk.'"

"Marner's pale face flushed suddenly, under a new anxiety." He had been accustomed to go to church, in his early life, before that bitter trouble had come upon him, but he had never been since. Now, however, he felt that it would not do for this little child to be kept apart from the things that were right for other children, and that this good Dolly Winthrop thought so important. So when Dolly and the clergyman told him that he ought to have the little creature christened, he agreed. "On this occasion, Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbors." He had chosen to give the child the name of "Hephzibah," because both his mother and little sister had borne that name, but as the little sister had been generally called "Eppie," it was decided that his adopted child who had brought her so vividly to memory should be called "Eppie," too. "As the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold, which needed nothing and must be worshiped in close-locked solitude,—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the songs of birds, and started to no human tones,—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine and living sounds and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward."

"And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen, in the sunny midday or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedge-rows, strolling out

with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling 'Dad-dad's' attention continually by bringing him the flowers." "As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupefied in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding, too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness." "By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions, by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him that punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little, in soft and safe places, now and then, it was not to be done.

"'To be sure there's another thing you might do, Master Marner,' added Dolly, meditatively: 'You might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron.' 'Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but 'it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her.'"

Silas "had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening Eppie to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing."

One day, when Silas was not looking, Eppie got possession of the scissors and cut herself loose. "In two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual." Terribly alarmed was Silas when he looked around and saw what had happened. He rushed out of the house, calling aloud for her, "exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing, with questioning dread, at the smooth, red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow." "The meadow was searched in vain," and he turned "with dying hope toward a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide

margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge."

"Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and 'make her remember.' The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and, for the first time, he determined to try the coal-hole — a small closet near the hearth.

"'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes. 'Naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.'

"He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, 'Opy, opy!' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now, Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole — a black, naughty place.'

"The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future — though perhaps it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

"In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said: 'Eppie in de toal-hole!'

"This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. 'She'd take it all for fun,' he observed to Dolly, 'if I did n't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of.'

"So Eppie was reared without punishment."

"The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials."

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."





# EASTER



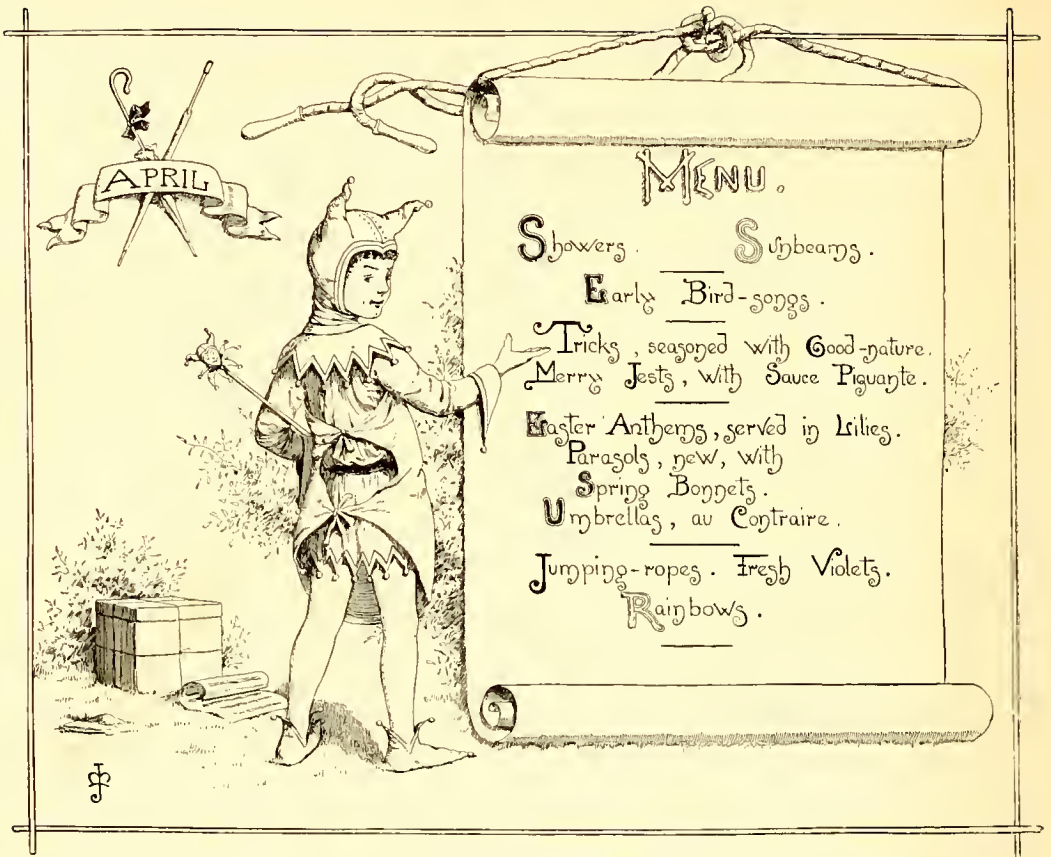
Lizbeth B. Brins

Bloom! bloom! ye stately lilies,  
Open your blossoms white!



Sing! sing! ye little children,  
Sing ye in the morning light.



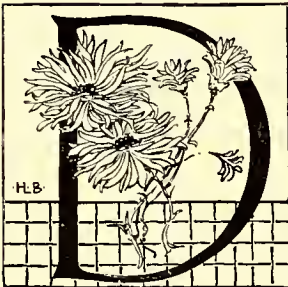


AN APRIL BILL OF FARE.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

(A Wolf-Story Reversed.)

BY "GLAUCUS."



**D**ID you ever hear of a sheep chasing a wolf? No, I don't mean a wolf chasing a sheep. Of course you have heard of that; but did you ever hear of a sheep which really and truly chased a wolf?

No, it is n't an allegory, nor a fairy story, and it has n't any special moral. The only moral is that it is true.

Well, I went one fall to stay with a friend in Canada. My friend had a farm called Swampscot, near Collingwood, a little town at the head of Lake Superior, the station whence the steamers start for their trip through the lake and to the far Northwest.

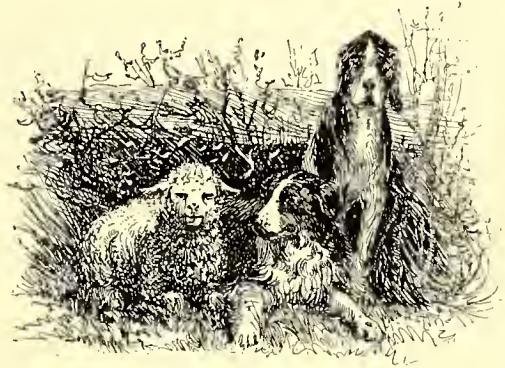
There was quite a number of wolves in that region when my friend first went there to live; but he had a number of dogs on the farm, and some of them were very fierce and strong; so, after a few years, during which the dogs and the wolves often met, the wolves found it was hardly worth their while to pay a visit to Mr. Noble — who was the owner of Swampscot Farm — because one of those

dogs would undoubtedly be disagreeable enough to bark at them, and then in a moment the whole pack would come tumbling out, and the boys would run helter-skelter to see the fun, and away would go Mr. Wolf, with such a shouting and hallooing and barking at his heels that he would think the end of the world was at hand. And very often indeed it *was*, so far as he was concerned, and he might consider himself lucky if he could reach the safe shelter of the big woods which came down to the edge of Mr. Noble's clearing. For more than once it happened that old Jowler came sauntering back to the house with a grim look, which said just as plainly as if he could talk, "There 's another of those rascals out of the way." And soon the boys would come running in, with the wolf's head to nail up on the barn-door; and that was the conclusion of his little visit to Swampscot.

So you see, it did n't pay the wolves to come and see us on ordinary occasions. Only when the little new-born lambs were out in the fields with their mothers, would a wolf now and then find an opportunity to snap up one of the babies and carry it off to his family in the forest.

Oh, you thought I was only in fun, did you, and that I meant to tell you about a wolf chasing a

Now, the year I was at Swampscot, it happened that Mr. Noble's little daughter Annie, a dear little girl with rosy cheeks and curly yellow locks,



"THE DOGS AND THE LAMB WERE ON EXCELLENT TERMS."

took a great fancy to have one of the lambs for a pet. So her father had one of the little, white, fluffy baby-lambs brought into the house, and Annie used to feed it and carry it about in her arms as if it were a little toy-animal.



AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

sheep, after all? Just wait a moment till I tell my story. So far I have written only what the story-book people call an introductory chapter.

However, the lamb soon grew too heavy to be carried around by so small a girl, and before summer had well begun it was trotting about



everywhere after Annie, like Mary's little lamb in that poem which some of you may have heard.

All the dogs were pets of Annie's, as indeed were all the animals in the farm-yard; and at first, when she took her baby-sheep out in the yard, the dogs did not know what to make of it. They wagged their tails and barked "how-do-you-do" to Annie's new friend; but the poor little lambkin did not understand the dog-language at all, and ran frightened to Annie, and hid its little head in her dress.

It was not long, however, before the dogs and the lamb were on excellent terms. They seemed all at once to become great friends, and when the lamb was almost a full-grown sheep it often forsook even Annie for the company of its new companions, and ran about everywhere with the dogs. Mr. Noble declared that he once heard the sheep trying to bark, but I am inclined to think he was making fun of us. I can't believe the lamb went so far as that, though no doubt it admired Rover's great loud "bow-wow!" and felt that its own little "ba-a-a!" was in comparison very mild.

The farmer often wished to take the sheep and kill it, now that it was too big for Annie to play with; but Mr. Noble declared that "Bob"—for so Annie had named it when it was a tiny baby—was one of the family, and that it should stay in the yard with the dogs as long as it chose.

One day I was in the snug library writing. It

wolves are often driven by hunger to attempt a raid on the farmers' poultry-yards. Suddenly I heard a great commotion outside, and Tom and Harold ran past the window, shouting, "Rover, Jowler,—here, dogs! Wolf!—a wolf!"

I was putting my papers together, and thinking whether I should venture out in the cold or whether I should leave them to catch the wolf by themselves, when Mr. Noble came in, saying, "Quick, Glaucus; quick! On with your coat! There is the funniest sight outside you ever saw."

Of course I jumped up, hurried into my coat and overshoes, and rushed out into the snow, wondering what new feature there could be in the not unusual visit of a wolf to the farm, and when outside I saw the boys and dogs were running across the open clearing in full chase after two large wolves. But, certainly, there *was* the strangest sight I ever saw in my life! There among the pack of dogs ran "Bob," scampering along with the best of them, and "ba-a-a-ing" with all its might at the astonished wolves.

I don't know what the sheep had planned to do if it caught them, but Bob's actions were so threatening that we wondered whether it would have eaten a wolf for supper if it had overtaken one. Unluckily for our sport, however, the wolves managed to escape for that time, and Master Bob came home with the baffled pursuers, looking as proud as though it had succeeded in securing some wolf for supper and had enjoyed the taste.



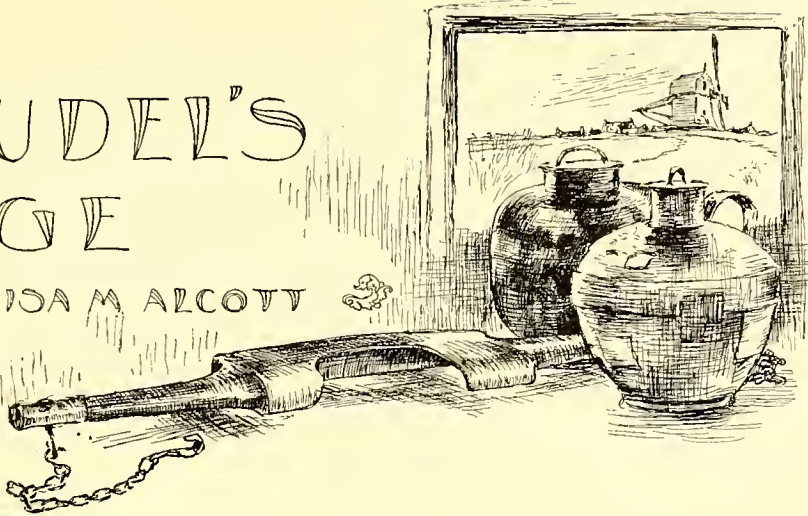
"THERE RAN 'BOB,' SCAMPERING ALONG WITH THE BEST OF THEM, AND 'BA-A-A-ING' WITH ALL ITS MIGHT AT THE ASTONISHED WOLVES."

was the beginning of the cold weather, and a few days before there had been a heavy fall of snow,—the first of the season,—just the time when the

I don't know what became of Bob afterward, but I am convinced that a sheep with ambition enough to chase a wolf may have aspired to anything.

# TRUDEL'S SIEGE

BY LOUISA M. ALCOCK



“RANDMOTHER, what is this curious picture about?” said little Gertrude, or “Trudel,” as they called her, looking up from the red book that lay on her knee, one Sunday morning, when she and the grandmother sat sadly together in the neat kitchen; for the father was very ill, and the poor mother seldom left him.

The old woman put on her round spectacles, which made her look as wise as an owl, and turned to answer the child, who had been very quiet for a long time, looking at the strange pictures in the ancient book.

“Ah, my dear, that tells about a very famous and glorious thing that happened long ago at the siege of Leyden. You can read it for yourself some day.”

“Please tell me, now. Why are the houses half under water, and ships sailing among them, and people leaning over the walls of the city; and why is that boy waving his hands on the tower, where the men are running away in a great smoke?” asked Trudel, too curious to wait till she could read the long, hard words on the yellow pages.

“Well, dear, this is the story, and you shall hear how brave were the men and women, and children too, in those days. The cruel Spaniards came and besieged the city for many months; but the faithful people would not give up, though

nearly starved to death. When all the bread and meat were gone and the gardens empty, they ate grass and herbs, and horses, and even dogs and cats, trying to hold out till help came to them.”

“Did little girls really eat their pussies? Oh, I’d die before I would kill my dear Jan,” cried Trudel, hugging the pretty kitten that purred in her lap.

“Yes, the children ate their pets; and so would you if it would save your father or mother from starving. *We* know what hunger is, but we won’t eat Jan yet.”

The old woman sighed as she glanced from the empty table to the hearth where no fire burned.

“*Did* help come in the ships?” asked the child, bending her face over the book to hide the tears that filled her eyes, for she was very hungry, and had had only a crust for breakfast.

“Our good Prince of Orange was trying to bring help, but the Spaniards were all around the city and he had not men enough to fight them by land, so he sent carrier-doves with letters to tell the people that he was going to cut through the great dykes that kept the sea out, and let the water flow over the country so as to drive the enemy from his camp, for the city stood upon high ground, and would be safe. Then the ships, with food, could sail over the drowned land and save the brave people.”

“Oh, I’m glad! I’m glad! These are the bad Spaniards, running away, and these are poor people stretching out their hands for the bread. But what is the boy doing, in this funny tower where the wall has tumbled down?” cried Trudel, much excited.

“The smoke of burning houses rose between the city and the port so the people could not see



that the Spaniards had run away, and they were afraid the ships could not get by safely. But a boy who was scrambling about, as boys always are, wherever there is danger, fire, and fighting, saw the enemy go, and ran to the deserted tower to shout and beckon to the ships to come on at once,—for the wind had changed and soon the tide would flow back and leave them stranded.”

“Nice boy! I wish I had been there to see him and to help the poor people,” said Trudel, patting the funny little figure sticking out of the pepper-pot tower like a jack-in-the-box.

“If children keep their wits about them and are brave, they can always help in some way, my dear. We don't have such dreadful wars now, but the dear God knows we have troubles enough, and need all our courage and faith to be patient in times like these,” and the grandmother folded her thin hands with another sigh, as she thought of her poor son, dying for want of a few comforts after working long and faithfully for a hard master who never came to offer any help, although he was a very rich man.

“Did they eat the carrier-doves?” asked Trudel, still intent on the story.

“No, child; they fed and cared for them while they lived, and when dead, they were stuffed and set up in the Staat Haus, so grateful were these brave burghers for the good news the dear birds brought.”

“That is the best part of all. I like that story very much!” Then Trudel turned the pages to find another, little dreaming what a carrier-dove she herself was soon to become.

Poor Hans Dort and his family were nearly as distressed as the besieged people of Leyden; for poverty stood at the door, hunger and sickness were within, and no ship was anywhere seen coming to bring help. The father, who was a linen-weaver, could no longer work in the great factory; the mother, who was a lace-maker, had to leave her work to nurse him; and the old woman could earn only a trifle by her knitting, being slow and feeble. Little Trudel did what she could; sold the stockings to get bread and medicine, picked up wood for the fire, gathered herbs for the poor soup, and ran errands for the market-women who paid her with unsalable fruit, withered vegetables, or, now and then, a bit of meat.

But market-day came but once a week, and it was very hard to find food for the hungry mouths meantime. The Dorts were too proud to beg, so they suffered in silence, praying that help would come before it was too late to save the sick and the aged.

No other picture in the quaint book interested Trudel so much as that of the siege of Leyden;

and she went back to it, thinking over the story till hunger made her look about for something to eat as eagerly as the poor starving burghers.

“Here, child, is a good crust. It is too hard for me. I kept it for you; it's the last except that bit for your mother,” said the old woman, pulling a dry crust from her pocket, with a smile; for, though starving herself, the brave old soul thought only of her darling.

Trudel's little white teeth gnawed hungrily at the hard bread, and Jan ate the crumbs as if he, too, needed food. As she saw him purring about her feet, there came into the child's head a clever idea, born of the brave story and of the cares that made her old before her time.

“Poor Jan gets thinner and thinner every day. If we are to eat him we must do it soon, or he will not be worth cooking,” she said, with a strange look on the face that used to be so round and rosy, and now was so white, thin, and anxious.

“Bless the child! we won't eat the poor beast! —but it would be kind to give him away to some one who could feed him well. Go now, dear, and get a jug of fresh water. The father will need it, and so will you, for that crust is a dry dinner for my darling.”

As she spoke the old woman held the little girl close for a minute, and Trudel clung to her silently, finding the help she needed for her sacrifice in the love and the example Grandma gave her.

Then she ran away, with the brown jug in one hand, the pretty kitten on her arm, and courage in her little heart. It was a poor neighborhood where the weavers and lace-makers lived, but nearly every one had a good dinner on Sunday, and on her way to the fountain Trudel saw many well-spread tables, smelled the good soup in many kettles, and looked enviously at the plump children sitting quietly on the door-steps, in round caps and wooden shoes, waiting to be called in to eat of the big loaves, the brown sausages, and the cabbage-soup smoking on the hearth.

When she came to the baker's house her heart began to throb, and she hugged Jan so close that it was well he was thin, or he would have mewed under the farewell squeezes his little mistress gave him. With a timid hand Trudel knocked, and then went in to find Vrouw Hertz and her five boys and girls at table, with good roast meat, bread and cheese and beer before them.

“Oh, the dear cat! the pretty cat! Let me pat him! Hear him mew, and see his soft white coat,” cried the children, before Trudel could speak, for they admired the snow-white kitten very much, and had often begged for it.

Trudel had made up her mind to give them

her one treasure; but she wished to be paid for it, and was half ashamed to tell them her plan. Jan helped her; for, smelling the meat, he leaped from her arms to the table and began to gnaw a bone on Dirck's plate, which so amused the young people that they did not hear Trudel, with red cheeks and beseeching eyes, say to their mother in a low voice:

"Dear Vrouw Hertz, the father is very ill, the mother can not work at her lace in the dark room, and Grandma earns but little by knitting,— though I help all I can. We have no food; can you give me a loaf of bread in exchange for Jan? I have nothing else to sell, and the children want much to have him."

Trudel's eyes were full and her lips trembled as she ended with a look that went straight to stout Mother Hertz's kind heart, and told the whole, sad story.

"Bless the dear child! Indeed, yes; a loaf and welcome; and, see here, a good sausage also. Brenda, go fill the jug with milk. It is excellent for the sick man. As for the cat, let it stay awhile and get fat, then we will see. It is a pretty beast and worth many loaves of bread; so come again, Trudel, and do not suffer hunger while I have much bread."

As the kind woman spoke, she had bustled about, and before Trudel could get her breath, a big loaf, a long sausage, and a jug of fresh milk were in her apron and hands; and a motherly kiss made the gifts all the easier to take. Returning it heartily, and telling the children to be kind to Jan, she hastened home to burst into the quiet room, crying joyfully:

"See, Grandmother, here is food; all mine. I bought it! Come,— come and eat!"

"Thou dear Heaven, what do I see! Where did the blessed bread come from?" asked the old woman, hugging the big loaf, and eying the sausage with such hunger in her face that Trudel ran for the knife and cup, and held a draught of fresh milk to her grandmother's lips before she would answer a single question.

"Stay, child, let us give thanks before we eat; never was food more welcome or hearts more grateful"; and, folding her hands, the pious old woman blessed the meal that seemed to fall from heaven on that bare table. Then Trudel cut the crusty slice for herself, a large, soft one for Grandmother, with a good bit of sausage, and refilled the cup. Another portion and cup went upstairs to Mother, whom she found asleep, with the sick man's hand in hers. So, leaving the surprise for her waking, Trudel crept down to eat her own dinner, as hungry as a little wolf; amusing herself with making the old woman guess where and how she got this fine feast.

"This is our siege, Grandmother, and we are eating Jan," she said, at last, with the merriest laugh she had given for weeks.

"Eating *Jan*?" cried the old woman, staring at the sausage, as if for a moment she feared the kitten had been changed into that welcome shape by some miracle. Still laughing, Trudel told her story, and was well rewarded for her childish sacrifice by the look in Grandmother's face as the old woman said, with a tender kiss:

"Thou art a carrier-dove, my darling, coming home with good news and comfort under thy wing. God bless thee, my brave little heart, and grant that our siege be not a long one before help comes to us."

Such a happy feast!—and, for dessert, more kisses and praises for Trudel when the mother came down to hear the story and to tell how Father had eagerly taken the fresh milk and gone to sleep again. Trudel was very well pleased with her bargain; but at night she missed Jan's soft purr for her lullaby, and cried herself to sleep, grieving for her lost pet; being only a child, after all, though trying to be a brave little woman for the sake of those she loved.

The big loaf and sausage took them nicely through the next day, but by Tuesday only crusts remained; and sorrel soup, slightly flavored with the last scrap of sausage, was all they had to eat.

On Wednesday morning, Trudel plaited her long yellow braids with care, smoothed down her one blue skirt, and put on her little black silk cap, making ready for the day's work. She was weak and hungry, but showed a bright face as she took her old basket and said:

"Now I am off to market, Grandmother, to sell the hose and get medicine and milk for Father. I shall try to pick up something for dinner. The good neighbors often let me run errands for them, and give me a *kuchen*, a bit of cheese, or a taste of their nice coffee. I will bring you something, and will return as soon as I can."

The old woman nodded and smiled, as she scoured the empty kettle till it shone; and watched the little figure trudge away with the big, empty basket, and, she knew, with a still emptier little stomach. "Coffee!" sighed the grandmother, "one sip of the blessed drink would put life into me. When shall I ever taste it again?" and the poor soul sat down to her knitting with hands that trembled from weakness.

The Platz was a busy and a noisy scene when Trudel arrived, for the thrifty Dutch women were early afoot, and stalls, carts, baskets and cans were already arranged to make the most attractive display of fruit, vegetables, fish, cheese, butter, eggs,



milk, and poultry, and the small wares country people came to buy.

Nodding and smiling, Trudel made her way through the crowd to the booth where old Vrouw Schmidt bought and sold the blue woolen hose that adorned the stout legs of young and old.

old woman was about to eat after having made ready for the business of the day.

"See, then, I shall give thee the yarn and wait for the hose; I can trust thee, and shall ask a good price for the good work. Thou, too, wilt have the fever, I'm afraid! So pale and thin,



"GRANDMOTHER, WHAT IS THIS CURIOUS PICTURE ABOUT?"

"Good-morning, child! I am glad to see thee and the well-knit stockings, for I have orders for three pairs, and promised thy grandmother's work, which is always so excellent," said the rosy-faced woman as Trudel approached.

"I have but one pair. We had no money to buy more yarn. Father is so ill, mother can not work, and medicines cost a deal," said the child, with her large hungry eyes fixed on the breakfast the

poor child! Here, take a sup of the coffee, and a bite of bread and cheese. The morning air makes one hungry."

Trudel eagerly accepted the "sup" and the "bite," and felt new strength come into her as the warm draught and good brown bread went down her throat.

"So many thanks! I had no breakfast. I came to see if I could do any errands here to-day,

for I want to earn a bit, if I can," she said, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, Trudel slipped half the generous slice and a good bit of cheese into her basket, regretting that the coffee could not be shared also.

As if to answer her wish, a loud cry from fat Mother Kinkle, the fish-wife, rose at that moment, for a thieving cur had run off with a fish from the stall, while she was gossiping with a neighbor.

Down went Trudel's basket, and away went Trudel's wooden shoes clattering over the stones while she raced after the dog, dodging in and out among the stalls till she cornered the thief under Gretchen Horn's milk-cart; for at sight of the big dog who drew the four copper cans, the cur lost heart, dropped the fish, and ran away.

"Well done!" said buxom Gretchen, when Trudel caught up the rescued treasure, much the worse for the dog's teeth and the dust through which it had been dragged.

All the market-women laughed as the little girl came back proudly bearing the fish, for the race had amused them. But Mother Kinkle, sighing when she saw the damage done to her property, said:

"It is spoilt; no one will buy that torn, dirty thing. Throw it on the waste-pile, child; your trouble was in vain, though I thank you for it."

"Give it to me, please, if you don't want it. We can eat it, and would be glad of it at home," cried Trudel, hugging the slippery fish with joy, for she saw a dinner in it, and felt that her run was well paid.

"Take it, then, and be off; I see Vrouw Von Decken's cook coming, and you are in the way," answered the old woman, who was not a very amiable person, as every one knew.

"That 's a fine reward to make a child for running the breath out of her body for you," said Dame Troost, the handsome farm-wife whose stall was close by, and who had listened, sitting proudly among her fruit and vegetables, as fresh as her cabbages, and as rosy as her cherries.

"Better it then, and give her a feast fit for a burgomaster. *You* can afford it," growled Mother Kinkle, turning her back on the other woman in a huff.

"That I will, for very shame at such meanness! Here, child, take these for thy fish-stew, and these for thy little self," said the kind soul, throwing half a dozen potatoes and onions into the basket, and handing Trudel a cabbage-leaf full of cherries.

A happy girl was our little house-wife on her way home, when the milk, and medicine, and loaf of bread were bought, and a comfortable dinner was quickly cooked, and gratefully eaten in Dort's poor house that day.

"Surely the saints must help you, child, and open people's hearts to our need; for you come back each day with food for us,—like the ravens to the prophet in the wilderness," said the grandmother when they sat at table.

"If they do, it is because you pray to them so heartily, Mother. But I think the sweet ways and thin face of my Trudel do much to win kindness, and the good God makes her our little house-mother—while I must sit idle," answered Vrouw Dort; and she filled the child's platter again that she, at least, might have enough.

"I like it!" cried Trudel, munching an onion with her bread while her eyes shone and a pretty color came into her cheeks. "I feel so old and brave now, so glad to help; and things happen, and I keep thinking what I will do next, to get food. It 's like the birds out yonder in the hedge, trying to feed their little ones. I fly up and down, pick and scratch, get a bit here and a bit there, and then my dear *old* birds have food to eat."

It really was very much as Trudel said, for her small wits were getting very sharp with these new cares; she lay awake that night trying to plan how she should provide the next day's food for her family.

"Where now, thou dear little mother-bird?" asked the *Grossmutter* next morning, when the child had washed the last dish, and was setting away the remains of the loaf.

"To Gretti Jansen's to see if she wants me to water her linen, as I used to do for play. She is lame, and it tires her to go to the spring so often. She will like me to help her, I hope, and I shall ask her for some food to pay me. Oh, I am very bold now! Soon will I beg, if no other way offers." And Trudel shook her yellow head resolutely, and went to settle the stool at Grandmother's feet, and to draw the curtain so that it would shield the old eyes from the summer sun.

"Heaven grant it never comes to that! It would be very hard to bear, yet perhaps we must, if no help arrives. The doctor's bill, the rent, the good food thy father may soon need, will take far more than we can earn; and what will become of us, the good saints know!" answered the old woman, still knitting briskly in spite of her sad forebodings.

"I will do it *all!* I don't know how, but I shall try; and, as you often say, 'Have faith and hold up thy hands, God will fill them.'"

Then Trudel went away to her work, with a stout heart under her little blue bodice, and all that summer day she trudged to and fro along the webs of linen spread in the green meadow, watering them as fast as they dried; knitting busily under a tree during the intervals.



Old Gretti was glad to have her, and at noon called her in to share the milk-soup, with cherries and herrings in it, and a pot of coffee; as well as Dutch cheese, and bread full of coriander-seed. A feast, to Trudel, but one bowl of soup and a bit of bread was all she ate; then, with a face that was not half as "bold" as she tried to make it, she asked if she might run home and take the coffee to Grandmother, who longed for and needed it so much.

"Yes, indeed; there,—let me fill that pewter jug with a good hot mess for the old Vrouw, and take this also. I have little to give, but I remember how good she was to me in the winter, when my poor legs were so bad, and no one else thought of me," said grateful Gretti, mixing more coffee, and tucking a bit of fresh butter into half a loaf of bread, with a crusty end to cover the hole.

Away ran Trudel, and when Grandmother saw the "blessed coffee," as she called it, she could only sip and sigh for comfort and content; so glad was the poor old soul to taste her favorite drink again. The mother smelled it, and came down to take her share; while Trudel skipped away to go on watering the linen till sunset, with a happy heart, saying to herself, while she trotted and splashed:

"This day is well over, and I have kept my word. Now, what *can* I do to-morrow? Gretti does n't want me, there is no market, I must not beg yet, and I can not finish the hose so soon. I know! I'll get water-cresses, and sell them from door to door. They are fresh now, and people like them. Ah, thou dear duck, thank thee for reminding me of them," she cried, as she watched a mother-duck lead her brood along the brook's edge, picking and dabbling among the weeds to show them where to feed.

Early next morning, Trudel took her basket and went away to the meadows that lay just out of the town, where the rich folk had their summer-houses, and fish-ponds, and gardens. These gardens were now gay with tulips, the delight of Dutch people; for they know best how to cultivate them, and often make fortunes out of the splendid and costly flowers.

When Trudel had looked long and carefully for cresses, and found very few, she sat down to rest, weary and disappointed, on a green bank from which she could overlook a fine garden all ablaze with tulips. She admired them heartily, longed to have a bed of them, and eagerly feasted her eyes on the brilliant colors until her eyesight was dazzled; for the long beds of purple and yellow, red and white blossoms were splendid to see, and in the midst of all a mound of dragon-tulips rose, like a queen's throne; scarlet, green, and gold all

mingled on the ruffled leaves that waved in the wind.

Suddenly, it seemed as if one of the great flowers had blown over the wall and was hopping along the path in a very curious way. In a minute, however, she saw that it was a gay parrot that had escaped, and would have flown away if its clipped wings and a broken chain on one leg had not kept it down.

Trudel laughed to see the bird scuttle along, jabbering to itself, and looking very mischievous and naughty as it ran away. She was just thinking she ought to stop it, when the garden-gate opened and a pretty little boy came out, calling anxiously:

"Prince! Prince! Come back, you bad bird! I never will let you off your perch again, sly rascal!"

"I will get him," and Trudel ran down the bank after the runaway, for the lad was small and leaned upon a little crutch.

"Be careful! He will bite!" called the boy.

"I'm not afraid," answered Trudel, and she stepped on the chain, which brought the "Prince of Orange" to a very sudden and undignified halt. But when she tried to catch it up by the legs, the sharp, black beak gave a nip and held tightly to her arm. It hurt her much, but she did not let go, and carried her captive back to its master, who thanked her, and begged her to come in and chain up the bad bird—for he was evidently rather afraid of it.

Glad to see more of the splendid garden, Trudel did what he asked, and with a good deal of fluttering, scolding, and pecking the Prince was again settled on his perch.

"Your arm is bleeding! Let me tie it up for you; and here is my cake to pay you for helping me. Mamma would have been very angry if Prince had been lost," said the boy, and he wet his little handkerchief in a tank of water near by and tied up Trudel's arm.

The tank was surrounded by pots of tulips, and on a rustic seat lay the lad's hat and a delicious, large *kuchen*, all over comfits and sugar. The hungry girl accepted it gladly, but only nibbled at it, remembering those at home. The boy thought she did not like it; so, being a generous little fellow and very grateful for her help, he looked about for something else to give her. Seeing her eyes fixed admiringly on a pretty vessel that held a dragon-tulip just ready to bloom, he said, pleasantly:

"Would you like this also? All these are mine, and I can do as I like with them. Will you have it?"

"Oh, yes, with thanks! It is *so* beautiful! I

longed for one, but never thought to have it," cried Trudel, receiving the pot with delight.

Then she hastened toward home to show her prize, only stopping to sell her little bunches of cresses for a few *groschen*, with which she bought a loaf and three herrings to eat with it. The cake and the flower gave quite the air of a feast to the poor meal, but Trudel and the two women enjoyed it all, for the doctor said that the father was better, and now needed only good meat and wine to grow well and strong again.

How to get these costly things no one knew, but all trusted they would come, and fell to work with lighter hearts. The mother sat again at her lace-making, for now a ray of light could be allowed to fall on her pillow and bobbins by the window of the sick-room. The old woman's fingers flew as she knit at one long gray stocking, and Trudel's little hands tugged away at the other, while the child cheered her dull task by looking fondly at her dear tulip unfolding in the sun.

She began to knit next day as soon as the breakfast of dry bread and water was over, but she took her work to the door-step and thought busily as the needles clicked, for where *could* she get money enough for meat and wine? The pretty pot stood beside her, and the tulip showed its gay leaves now, just ready to bloom. She was very proud of it, and smiled and nodded gayly when a neighbor said, in passing, "A fine flower you have there."

Soon she forgot it, however, so hard was her little brain at work; and for a long time she sat with her eyes fixed on her busy hands, so intently that she neither heard steps approaching, nor saw a maid and a little girl looking over the low fence at her. Suddenly, some words in a strange language made her look up. The child was pointing at the tulip and talking fast in English to the maid, who shook her head and tried to lead her on.

She was a pretty little creature, all in white, with a gay hat, curly locks, and a great doll on one arm, while the other held a box of bonbons. Trudel smiled when she saw the doll, and, as if the friendly look decided her, the little girl ran up to the door, pointed to the flower, and asked a question in the queer tongue which Trudel could not understand. The maid followed, and said to Trudel, "Miss Maud wishes the flower. Will you give it to her, child?"

"Oh, no, no! I love it. I will keep it; for, now Jan is gone, it is all I have!" answered Trudel, taking the pot in her lap to guard her one treasure.

The child frowned, chattered eagerly, and offered the box of sweets, as if used to having her wishes gratified at once. But Trudel shook her

head, for much as she loved "sugar-drops," she loved the splendid flower better, like a true little Dutchwoman.

Then Miss Maud offered the doll, bent on having her own way. Trudel hesitated a moment, for the fine, lady doll in pink silk, with a feather in her hat, and tiny shoes on her feet, was very tempting to her childish soul. But she felt that so dainty a plaything was not for her; and her old wooden darling, with the staring eyes and broken nose, was dearer to her than the delicate stranger could ever be. So she smiled to soothe the disappointed child, but shook her head again.

At that, the English lassie lost her temper, stamped her foot, scolded, and began to cry, ordering the maid to take the flower and come away at once.

"She *will* have it, and she must not cry. Here, child, will you sell it for this?" said the maid, pulling a handful of *groschen* out of her deep pocket, sure that Trudel would yield now.

But the little house-mother's quick eye saw that the whole handful would not buy the meat and wine, much as it looked, and for the third time she shook her yellow head. There was a longing look in her face, however, and the shrewd maid saw it, guessed that money would win the day, and, diving again into her apron-pocket, brought out a silver *gulden* and held it up.

"For this, then, little miser? It is more than the silly flower is worth, but the young *fräulein* must have all she wants, so take it and let us be done with the crying."

A struggle went on in Trudel's mind, and for a moment she did not speak. She longed to keep her dear tulip,—her one joy,—and it seemed so hard to let it go before she had seen it blossom even once; but then the money would do much, and her loving little heart yearned to give poor Father all he needed. Just then her mother's voice came down from the open window, softly singing an old hymn to lull the sick man to sleep. That settled the matter for the dutiful daughter; tears rose to her eyes, and she found it very hard to say, with a farewell caress of the blue and yellow pot as she gave it up:

"You may have it, but it *is* worth more than a *gulden*, for it is a dragon-tulip, the finest we have. Could you give a little more? My father is very sick, and we are very poor."

The stout maid had a kind heart under her white muslin neck-kerchief, and while Miss Maud seized the flower, good Marta put another *gulden* into Trudel's hand before she hastened after her charge, who made off with the booty, as if fearing to lose it.

Trudel watched the child with the half-opened



tulip nodding over her shoulder as though it sadly said "good-bye" to its former mistress, till her dim eyes could see no longer. Then she covered her face with her apron and sobbed very quietly, lest Grandmother should hear and be troubled. But Trudel was a brave child, and soon the tears stopped, the blue eyes looked gladly at the money in her hand, and presently, when the fresh wind had cooled her cheeks, she went in to show her treasure and cheer up the anxious hearts with her good news.

She made light of the sale of her flower, and, still knitting, went briskly off to get the meat and wine for Father, and, if the money held out, some coffee for Grandmother, and some eggs and white rolls for Mother, who was weak and worn with her long nursing.

"Surely, the good God does help me," thought the pious little maid, while she trudged back with her parcels, quite cheery again, though no pretty kitten ran to meet her, and no gay tulip stood full-blown in the noonday sun.

Still more happy was she over her small sacrifices when she saw her father sip a little of the good broth Grandmother made with such care, and saw the color come into the pale cheeks of the dear mother after she had taken the eggs and fine bread, with a cup of coffee to strengthen and refresh her.

"We have enough for to-day, and for Father to-morrow; but on Sunday must we fast as well as pray, unless the hose be done and paid for in time," said the old woman next morning, surveying their small store of food with an anxious eye.

"I will work hard, and go to Vrouw Schmidt's the minute we are done. But now I must run and get wood, else the broth will not be ready," answered Trudel, clattering on her wooden shoes in a great hurry.

"If all else fails, I, too, shall make my sacrifice, my heart's darling. For I can not knit so fast as once I did, and if we are not done, or Vrouw Schmidt be away, I will sell my ring and so feed the flock till Monday," said the grandmother, lifting up one thin old hand, where shone the wedding-ring she had worn so many years.

"Ah no,—not that! It was so sad to have your gold beads go, and Mother's ear-rings, and Father's coat, and Jan, and my lovely flower! We will not sell the dear old ring. I will find a way. Something will happen, as before; so wait a little, and trust to me," cried Trudel, with her arms about the grandmother, and such a resolute nod that the rusty little black cap fell over her nose and extinguished her.

She laughed as she righted it, and went singing away, as if not a care laid heavy on her young

heart. But when she came to the long dyke which kept the waters of the lake from overflowing the fields below, she walked slowly to rest her tired legs, and to refresh her eyes with the blue sheet of water on one side, and the still bluer flax-fields on the other,—for they were in full bloom and the delicate flowers danced like fairies in the wind.

It was a lonely place, but Trudel liked it, and went on toward the wood, turning the heel of the stocking while she walked, with a pause now and then to look over at the sluice-gates which stood here and there ready to let off the water when autumn rains made the lake rise, or, in the spring, when the flax-fields were overflowed before the seed was sown. At the last of these she paused to gather a bunch of yellow stone-crop growing from a niche in the strong wall which, with earth and beams, made the dyke. As she stooped, the sound of voices in the sluice below came distinctly up to her. Few people came that way, except little girls, like herself, to gather fagots in the wood, or truant lads to fish in the pond. Thinking the hidden speakers must be some of these boys, she knelt down behind the shrubs that grew along the banks, and listened with a smile on her lips to hear what mischief the naughty fellows were planning. But the smile soon changed to a look of terror, and she crouched low behind the bushes to catch all that was said in the echoing hollow below.

"How did I think of the thing? Why, that is the best part of the joke! Herr Von Vost put it into my head, himself," said a man's gruff voice, in answer to some question. "This is the way it was: I sat at the window of the beer-house, and Von Vost met the Burgomaster close by, and said, 'My friend, I hear that the lower sluice-gate needs looking to. Please see to it speedily, for an overflow now would ruin my flax-fields, and cause many of my looms to stand still next winter.' 'So! It shall be looked to next week. Such a misfortune shall not befall you, my good neighbor,' said the Burgomaster, as they parted. 'Aha!' thinks I to myself, 'here we have a fine way to revenge ourselves on Master Von Vost, who turned us off and leaves us to starve. We have but to see that the old gate gives way *between* now and Monday, and that hard man will suffer in the only place where he can feel,—his pocket!'"

Here the gruff voice broke into a low laugh, and another voice said, slowly:

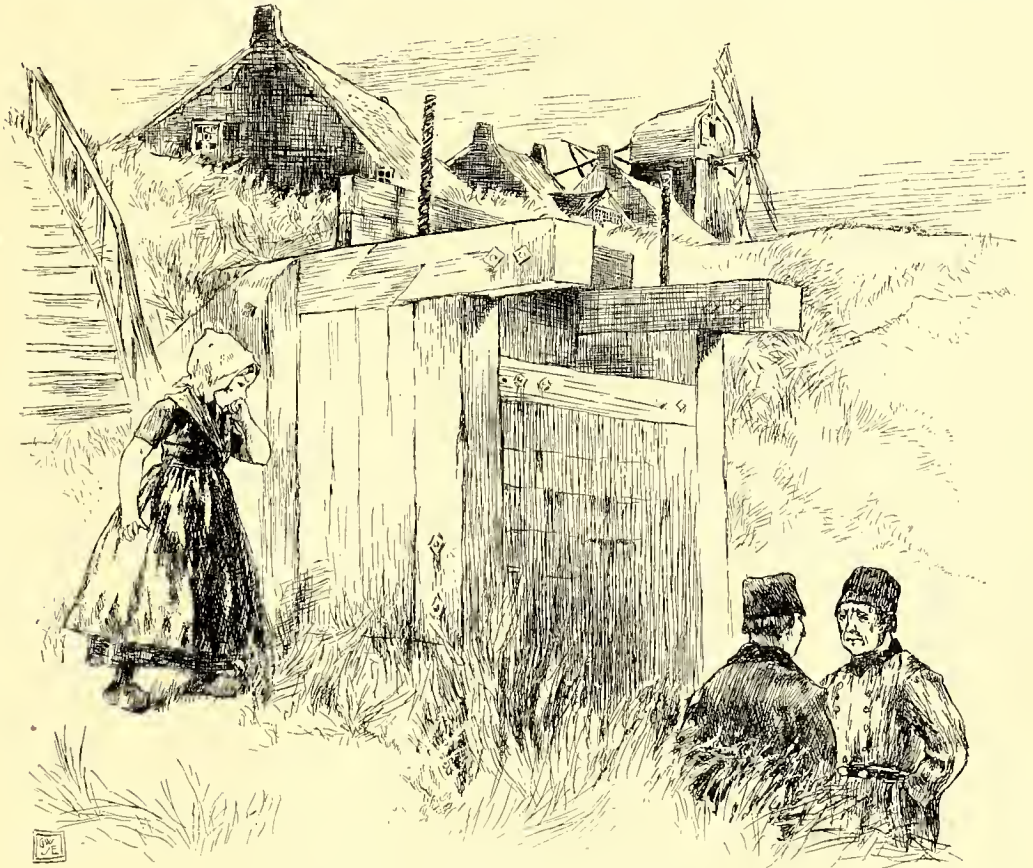
"A good plan; but is there no danger of being found out, Peit Stensen?"

"Not a chance of it! See here, Deitrich, a quiet stroke or two, at night when none can hear it, will break away these rotten boards and let the water in. The rest it will do itself; and, by morning, those great fields will be many feet under

water, and Von Vost's crop ruined. Yes, we will stop his looms for him, and other men beside you, and I, and Niklas Haas will stand idle with starving families round them. Come, will you lend a hand? Niklas is away looking for work, and Hans Dort is sick, or they might be glad to help us."

"Hans would never do it. He is sober, and so good a weaver he will never want work when he is well. I will be with you, Peit; but swear not to

There the voices stopped, and steps were heard going farther along the sluice-way. Trudel, pale with fear, rose to her feet, slipped off her sabots, and ran away along the dyke like a startled rabbit, never pausing until she was round the corner and safely out of sight. Then she took breath, and tried to think what to do first. It was of no use to go home and tell the story there. Father was too ill to hear it or to help, and if she told the



"TRUDEL, PALE WITH FEAR, ROSE TO HER FEET."

tell it, whatever happens, for you and I have bad names now, and it would go hard with us."

"I'll swear anything; but have no fear. We will not only be revenged on the master, but get the job of repairing; since men are scarce and the need will be great when the flood is discovered. See, then! how fine a plan it is, and meet me here at twelve to-night with a shovel and pick. Mine are already hidden in the wood, yonder. Now, come and see where we must strike, and then slip home the other way; we must not be seen here by any one."

neighbors, the secret would soon be known everywhere and might bring danger to them all. No; she must go at once to Herr Von Vost and tell him alone, begging him to let no one know what she had heard, but to prevent the mischief the men threatened, as if by accident. Then all would be safe, and the pretty flax-fields kept from drowning. Herr Van Vost was called the "Master" because he owned the linen factories, where all day many looms jangled, and many men and women worked busily to fill his warehouses and ships with piles of the fine white cloth, famous all the world

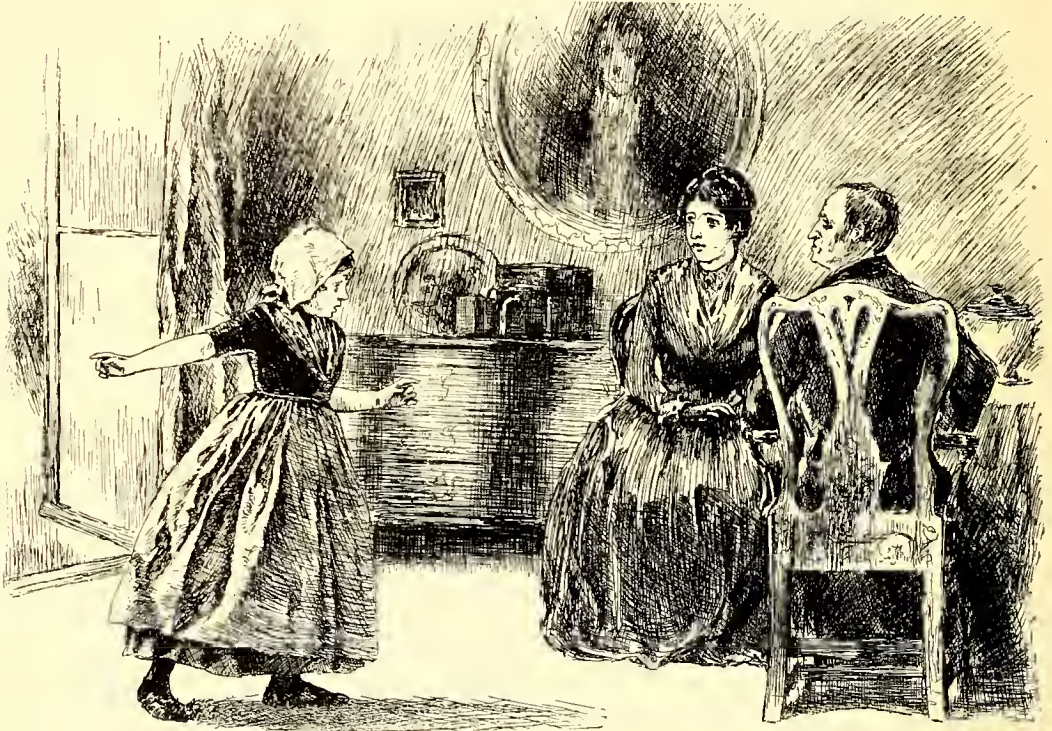


over. It was a long way to his house; but, forgetting the wood, Father's broth, Granny's coffee, and even the knitting which she still held, Trudel went as fast as she could toward the country house, where Herr Von Vost would probably be at his breakfast.

She was faint now with hunger and heat, for the day was hot, and the anxiety she felt made her heart flutter while she hurried along the dusty road till she came to the pretty house in its gay

poor, so unhappy now, we can not bear any more," and quite overcome with the troubles that filled her little heart, and the fatigue and the hunger that weakened her little body, Trudel dropped down at Von Vost's feet as if she were dead.

When she came to herself she was lying on a velvet sofa and the sweet-faced lady was holding wine to her lips, while Herr Von Vost marched up and down the room with a frown on his brow, and his flowered dressing-gown waving behind



"TRUDEL RAN SOFTLY UP THE STEPS, AND IN AT THE OPEN WINDOW."

garden, where some children were playing. Anxious not to be seen, Trudel ran softly up the steps, and in at the open window of a room where she saw the master and his wife sitting at table. Both looked surprised to see a shabby, breathless little girl enter in that curious fashion, but something in her face told them that she came on an important errand, and putting down his cup, the gentleman said quickly:

"Well, girl, what is it?"

In a few words Trudel told her story, adding, with a beseeching gesture, "Dear sir, please do not tell that I told about bad Peit and Deitrich. They know father, and may do him some harm if they discover that I told you this. We are so

him. Trudel sat up and said she was quite well, but the white little face and the hungry eyes that wandered to the breakfast-table, told the truth, and the good Vrouw had a plate of food and a cup of warm milk before her in a moment.

"Eat, my poor child, and rest a little, while the Master considers what is best to be done, and how to reward the brave little messenger who came so far to save his property," said the motherly lady, fanning Trudel, who ate heartily, hardly knowing what she ate, except that it was very delicious after so much bread and water.

In a few moments Herr Von Vost paused before the sofa and said kindly, though his eyes were stern and his face looked severe:

"See, then, thus shall I arrange the affair, and all will be well. I myself will go to see the old gate as if made anxious by the burgomaster's delaying. I find it in a dangerous state, and at once set my men at work. The rascals are disappointed of both revenge and wages, and I can soon take care of them in other ways, for they are drunken fellows, and are easily clapped into prison and kept safely there till ready to work and to stop plotting mischief. No one shall know your part in it, my girl, but I do not forget it. Tell your father his loom waits for him. Meanwhile, here is something to help while he must be idle."

Trudel's plate nearly fell from her hands, for a great gold piece dropped into her lap, and she could only stammer her thanks with tears of joy, and a mouth full of bread and butter.

"He is a kind man, but a busy one, and people call him 'hard.' You will not find him so hereafter, for he never forgets a favor,—nor do I. Eat well, dear child, and wait till you are rested. I will get a basket of comforts for the sick man. Who else needs help at home?"

So kindly did Vrouw Von Vost look and speak that Trudel freely told all her sad tale, for the Master had gone at once to see to the dyke, after a nod and a pat on the child's head, which made

her quite sure that he was not as hard as people said.

When she had opened her heart to the friendly lady, Trudel was left to rest a few moments, and lay luxuriously on the yellow sofa staring at the handsome things about her, and eating pretzels till Vrouw Von Vost returned with the promised basket, out of which peeped the neck of a wine-bottle, the legs of a chicken, glimpses of grapes, and many neat parcels of good things.

"My servant goes to market and will carry this for you till you are near home. Go, little Trudel, and God bless you for saving us from a great misfortune," said the lady, and she kissed the happy child and led her to the back door, where stood the little cart containing many baskets to be filled in town, with a man to drive the fat horse.

Such a lovely drive our Trudel had that day. No queen in a splendid chariot ever felt prouder, for all her cares were gone, gold was in her pocket, food at her feet, and friends secured to make times easier for all. No need to tell how joyfully she was welcomed at home, nor what praises she received when her secret was confided to Mother and Grandmother; nor what a feast was spread in the Dorts' happy home; for patience, courage, and trust in God had won the battle, the enemy had fled, and Trudel's hard siege was over.



## little Coffee-tot

There are grounds for believing that  
this little tot  
Has been at the coffee-mill when  
she ought not.



## EDWARD ATHOY.

BY ROY MCTAVISH.

### PART II.

IN large coal mines, employing an army of men and boys, the great variety of labor compels the adoption of a most rigid system. Every one, man or boy, has his special kind of work to do, and a particular place and time in which to do it. The slightest infraction of this system soon makes itself evident in the irregularity of the output of coal. The person responsible for such delays or infractions is at once discharged. There is no confusion. Everything is as regular, both as to time and movement, as the hands of a clock.

A few minutes before half-past twelve o'clock the sound of a whistle gave warning that it was time to prepare for work. A crowd of men and boys, among whom was Teddy, stepped upon the carriage, a peculiar elevator, very strongly constructed, used to hoist coal from the mine. In English and Scotch pits it is called a "cage." \*

The "surface-man" cried, "Slack off," and the carriage dropped quickly and silently into the shaft. It was a very deep shaft, indeed, one of the deepest in that region; a great, wide, roomy shaft containing two carriage-ways, a pump-way filled with pipes and pump-rods, and a steep line of steps called "ladders."

Teddy saw that the workmanship was of the best. He knew the colliery to be one of the largest and best-appointed in the vicinity, and felt a secret pride that he had been able so readily to secure work with a "big" company.

For a time the boys sought to play him tricks such as putting out his lamp,—thus compelling him to find his way back without a light,—or taking him to abandoned workings and leaving him to find his way out again. Teddy took all these jokes good-naturedly, laughing with the rest while telling in how short a time he managed to get out, or what fears he felt when a place looked uncanny, and did not scruple to add a little out of his imagination that his hearers might be better pleased.

His frank, manly ways won him friends on all sides. His strong shoulders were ever ready to help with an extra push, and in cases of "dumps" (cars off the track), his ready and ingenious expedients made him the leading spirit and director in the work of "putting on." Some of the older

drivers sought to bully the younger ones, and at such times those in the right ever found Teddy a champion of dauntless courage. He was a quiet, hard-working, careful lad, and soon won his way to be boss-driver in his heading.

This mine, while one of the largest, was also one of the most dangerous in the valley. In order to keep the workings supplied with pure air, in quantity sufficient to render harmless the explosive gases released by opening the coal-seams, an immense fan had been constructed which, during every minute that it was in action, drew forth from the mine over two hundred thousand cubic feet of impure air. Even with this great air-current, there were still very dangerous parts of the mine, requiring the utmost vigilance from the miners. To hear of some miner or laborer firing the gas in his chamber and being burned thereby, was a matter of almost weekly occurrence. In pits of this character, where there is a plentiful air-current, it is often a custom with miners to "fire" the gas in their working-places before a quantity sufficient to render its combustion dangerous accumulates. When this is done, the gas will take fire with a noise not unlike that made in lighting a common gas-jet. There is such an excess of air that the explosion of the gas is very weak and harmless. The flame, often three or four feet deep, will travel along the uneven roof, showing beautiful colors varying from a deep, dark blue to a brilliant crimson; and in it shine stars of dazzling white light, showing that fine particles of coal-dust suspended in the air are burning in the great heat of the gas. Sometimes this flame will travel close up against the roof, slowly to and fro, several times, until all the gas has been burned away.

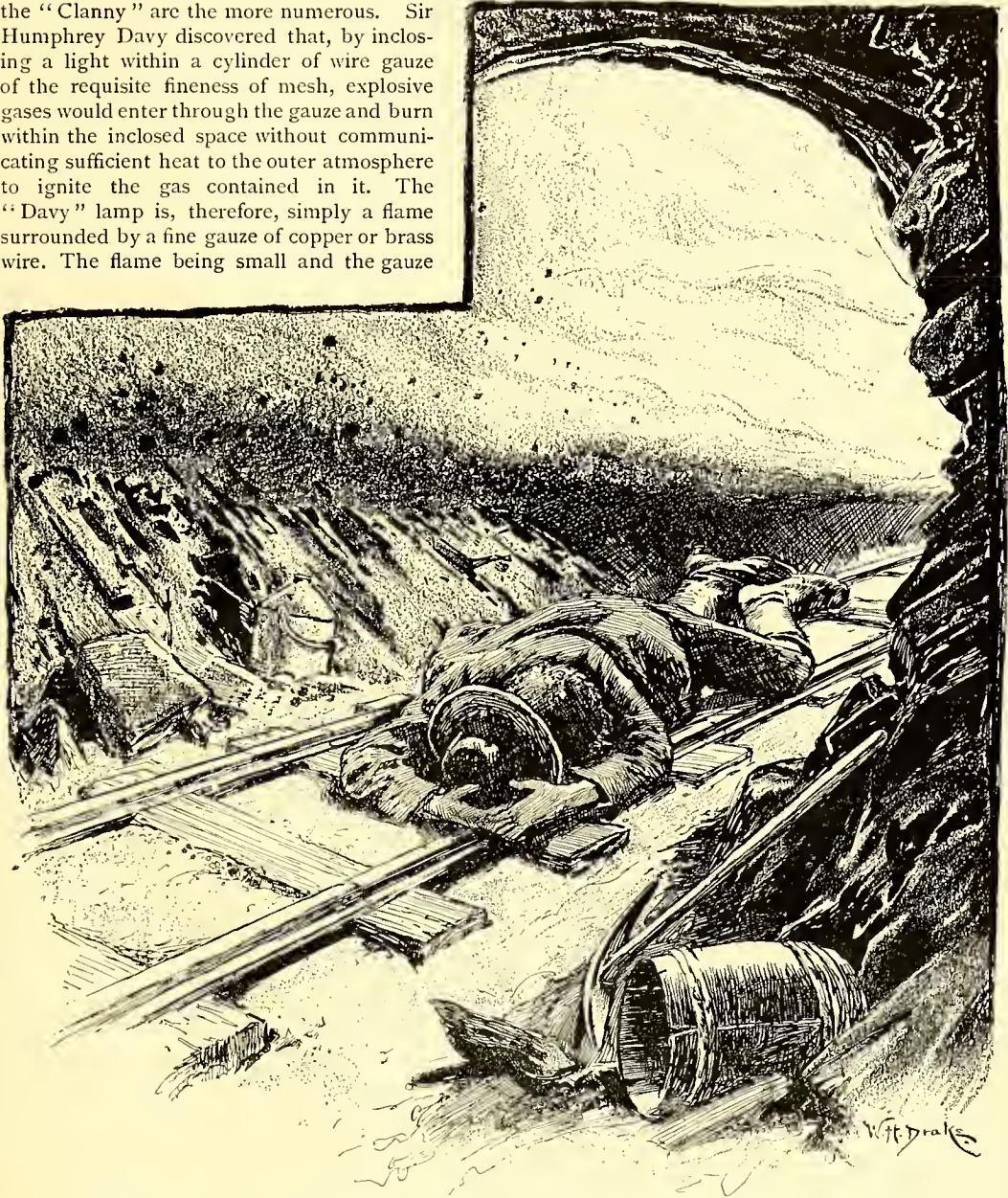
When the flame dies out, the burnt gases (the "black" or "after-damp"), being heavier than the air, fall to the floor. So the coal-miner is ever exposed to two great dangers: the first, that of being burned; the second, that of being suffocated after he has escaped the fire. Teddy's energy and intelligence soon won for him the entire confidence of the mine-boss, who placed him in charge of the most dangerous and "fire-y" heading in the whole mine.

Before entering this heading, every man was compelled to give up his "naked" lamp, and to receive a locked "Davy," or "Clanny," in its

\* See "Letter-box," page 476.

stead. "Clanny" lamps were most used, because they give more light than the "Davy." Of the many forms of "safety lamp," so called, used in mines giving off explosive gases, the "Davy" and the "Clanny" are the more numerous. Sir Humphrey Davy discovered that, by inclosing a light within a cylinder of wire gauze of the requisite fineness of mesh, explosive gases would enter through the gauze and burn within the inclosed space without communicating sufficient heat to the outer atmosphere to ignite the gas contained in it. The "Davy" lamp is, therefore, simply a flame surrounded by a fine gauze of copper or brass wire. The flame being small and the gauze

is put on above the glass cylinder. When any lamp went out, the owner could not again light it, for it was "locked," and could not be opened with-



"COVERING HIS LAMP WITH A FLAP OF HIS COAT, THE BOY THREW HIMSELF FACE DOWNWARD BETWEEN THE RAILS, AND ALONG THE MUDDY FLOOR OF THE GANGWAY."

fine, but little light is given out to enable the miner to see. In the "Clanny" lamp the flame is surrounded by a thick cylinder of glass; and the wire gauze

out a key. In order to get a light, he must go back in the dark to the lamp-station. This precaution was necessary, for otherwise a workman



might set fire to the large quantity of gas in these workings, and not only lose his own life but might cause the death of all his companions.

Teddy had now been in the mine for more than a year, and his duties led him, in company with the "fire-boss," to traverse all parts of the workings every morning before any miner was allowed to work. If a chamber were so full of gas as to be dangerous, he barred the road with a board or a mine-rail, and chalked on the barrier, in large letters, "FIRE."

This was done to prevent the driver-boys from putting one of the empty cars into the chamber; as, under the rules, the driver must furnish a car to the miner's place each morning before the miner arrives, in order that there may be no working-time lost in waiting for cars.

One damp, sultry morning in August, the hard-worked mine-boss came up out of the mine, after enjoining unusual caution upon every workman. As each man had landed at the foot of the shaft he had found the boss waiting to speak a word of caution. The mine did not "draw well," as he termed it, because of the warm, sultry day, and the air-fan would be taxed to its utmost capacity to keep the inner workings free from danger. As he stepped from the carriage into the misty morning light, he stood for a moment doubting whether to return at once to the mine, or to go to the office and make out his morning report. The locomotive was waiting on the tracks below, and already the conductor was climbing the steep bank to the little office—just as Teddy had done more than a year before. The mine-boss went to the office, and, with the clerk, made out the report. He then seated himself at the table, and unrolled the colored tracing. Running his finger over a patch painted blue, he said:

"Shannahan's heading is making a great deal of gas this morning. If I find it has made any more within an hour, I shall order the men out."

"It did not seem over bad to me," said one of the "night-shift" men. "I worked in it all last night, and left it after the fire-boss came in this morning."

"That's all well enough," returned the boss, "but the coal is high,\* and it is hard to dust out the gas from the catches in the roof. Besides, men will be careless and take risks rather than put themselves to a little extra work or bother."

"That's Athoy's lift, and he's a careful lad," broke in another.

"Yes," said the boss, "if it was anybody but Teddy, I'd have had 'em all out afore this. I'm uneasy about the place, and did not get much sleep, worrying over it, when I found 't was like'

to be a muggy morning. It was all right there at three, and all right at half-past six,—and Teddy's a careful lad," he said, musingly.

"Ah, Sissy! You are a good lassie to bring me my breakfast just in time. I'll take this pasty, and be off." This was said to a tiny little girl carrying a dinner-pail and a tin bottle, her head covered by a large, blue-checked sun-bonnet, which was made by a stiff, starched ruffle to look even larger. She seemed a walking sun-bonnet, so little was the lassie, so big the bonnet.

The boss took the pasty in one hand, holding his lamp in the other, went toward the door, and was just stepping out, when he suddenly stopped, with his every sense strained to almost agonized attention. His color fled, his face paled, and his thin lips tightened until they appeared white against the teeth. Those in the room glanced at him, and then all stood riveted to the floor, motionless. A strange sort of noise could now be heard. The din of the breaker was easily distinguished, but there was lacking another sound, that of the fan; or, rather, there was a something peculiar in its movement—an indefinable difference in the vibrations its rapid motion imparted to the air.

"Quick! You, there!—it has come!" said the boss.

So, indeed, "it" had come! For with his last words there was a dull, booming sound, and a cloud of steam and splinters arose from the air-shaft. The hum of the fan still continued, but with a jerky, uneven cadence. There came another dull sound, followed by another expulsion of steam and broken wood-work from the air-shaft. Explosion followed explosion, wrecking the fan-house, leaving the great fan-wheel\* hanging in its iron supports without a vestige of wood-work about it. Though continuing to run, it was now absolutely useless, because, being uninclosed, it could not pump any air.

The deep-toned fire-gong on the breaker sent forth its warning notes, and there soon gathered at the shaft-head a crowd of half-dressed miners and bareheaded women and children. Little was said. The mine-boss gave directions with a cool steadiness born of long experience and masterful habit. He at once directed immediate repairs to the fan-casing, and saw the necessary lumber and boards hauled to the place, under the direction of the "outside" boss.

Then, selecting from among the assembled miners a few tried men, he stepped upon the carriage and, with them, was soon carried to the bottom of the shaft. As they disappeared from sight, a woman set up a loud wail. No one can describe

\* See note, in "Letter-box," p. 476.

this pitiful sound. It is the old Irish "keen," and chills one's very heart. It is not so much a definite cry of grief as the embodiment of direful terrors, yet unknown, into one terrible cry. It is horrible in its portentous significance.

When the mine-boss had met Teddy early that same August morning, Teddy was returning to the lamp-station, wearing a very troubled look.

"I don't like the draw of the air, this morning, Mr. McDonald. The fire gets pretty low down in some places. I have stopped the Gallaghers, Evan Williams, and Dick Richards. I went in with Jimmie Burns. His place is all right, so I put them in doubles, and they are now working four-handed."

"I'll go in with ye, lad," said the boss.

Returning along the gangway road,\* stopping here and there to try the gas with their Davy-lamps,† they traversed a long plane where loaded cars, descending, pulled up the lighter, empty ones by means of a wire rope. At the head of this plane stood a man whose duty it was to regulate the speed of the cars by applying a brake-band\* upon a big "drum," around which the rope was wound. Near this, stood a driver-boy who hauled the cars over the angle at the top of the plane. Two "Clanny" lamps were hung quite close to the ground, giving a dim light in which the eyes of men and mules gleamed like glowing fire-balls.

"The coal is coming slow, sir," said the man.

"All right," said the boss. "It's because some of the places have been stopped."

Passing on, they entered chamber after chamber, cautioning the men in each to use extreme care and to report at once any dangerous body of gas. They made the rounds of Shannah's heading, testing every place and measuring the current passing into the air-way at the end of the gangway. There was current enough, but the air was light, causing the gas to show in the air-current much lower than usual. Everything was right in this, the worst part of the mine, and yet both men were ill at ease. There was an unusual stillness. The noise of dripping water seemed more distinct, even the faint hum of the colorless, red-eyed flies\* became an annoyance, while the flames within the wire gauzes of the lamps burned with greater brilliancy, and at times a faint red-blue halo encircled their elongated points.

"The rats bes gone, sir. I have not seen one since I came in. And the mules bes awful still, so they be," said Teddy, half musingly, half inquiringly.

"It might be better. Do you think it *bad*, lad?"

\* See note in "Letter-box," p. 476.

† When an explosive gas enters a Davy-lamp, it is merely consumed without exploding, but shows its presence by making the lamp burn more brightly and with a larger flame, having a luminous blue envelope or cap. It is the presence of this blue envelope that indicates danger.

"I've often seen it much worse and the gas much lower, sir; but whenever I feel like this I'm uneasy, sir. The Haggertys and them as was in the old East Tunnel was killed when I last had it, sir, and *then* it made me sick, so it did."

"Ye maun na feel tha' uncanny, lad; 't will na do ye any guid," replied the boss, who always broadened his speech when unusually impressed. "I maun report, ye ken. I'll be wi' ye again ere the hour goes." So saying, he left Teddy, to return to the surface for the purpose of making out his morning report.

They had returned to the lamp-station, so Teddy refilled his own "Davy" and took with him several newly filled, low-trimmed lamps to replace such as had gone out, among the workmen. Under his energetic care, trips of loaded cars were already gathering on the "branches" above the long plane. Fully an hour had passed and the mine was waking from its strange sense of quiet. His old feeling of buoyancy had returned. He broke out into the air of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and as his boyish voice lingered over the lines:

"It may be for years,  
And it may be forever—"

he dropped on one knee to examine more closely a defective latch-pin in a switch. The song died in his throat, as his look suddenly became fastened upon the tiny flame in his lamp. It gave a spasmodic jump, then quickly lengthened so as almost to reach the top of the gauze. Teddy sprang to his feet, holding the lamp thrust out at arms-length, his eyes intently watching the flame. For an instant only it settled back to its usual size; but in that instant there came a sound he knew but too well. He hastily thrust two lighted "Clannys" into the side-pockets of his canvas jacket, one upon each side.

Scarcely had he done so, when along the gangway came a blinding rush of air filled with dust and fine coal. Covering his lamp with a flap of his coat, the boy threw himself face downward between the rails and along the muddy floor of the gangway, pulling his soft oilskin hat well back over his neck and ears. As he straightened himself in the narrow channel, there surged over him a whirlwind of fire. Down it came to within a foot of the rails. The intense heat of the burning gas caused the fine coal-dust to glow as in a furnace. The heavy, damp air of the mine increased the power and heat of the explosion. As soon as it had passed, Teddy, scorched and bruised, leaped to his feet, and raced up the road to the plane. To think, with him, was to act. He must use all his speed



to reach the inner works, where the greater number of workmen in this part of the mine were stationed, before the gas had time to burn back on its return — which is always much slower than the first explosion.

When he reached the foot of the plane, his heart stood still. Broken and twisted, entangled in torn wire-ropes, half buried in rent timbers and fallen coal, lay a trip of cars; mules, cars, driver-boy, and all, in a heap together. The whole "trip" had been blown to the bottom of the plane by the rush of air preceding the burning gas.

Teddy stooped over the lad—the poor little fellow was hardly more than a child. He was dead. Climbing over the broken cars, Teddy hastened up the plane, swinging the "Clannys" above the ever thickening layer of falling black-damp. He felt its heat with every in-drawn breath. His head ached almost beyond the power of endurance, and soon a tired, pained feeling seemed to seize upon his limbs, contending with his will for mastery. Still he struggled onward. Could he but reach the air-way masonry, there would be some hope of unlocking its narrow door and crawling through in time to be of service to the men in the dip-works. Many months before, when the miners in getting coal first reached the top of the hill, the gangway and its air-way were sufficient for letting in fresh air, and conducting out impure air and the large quantities of water exuding through the rocks. Now the roads and passages made a perfect net-work at the top of the hill, and these two ways were not sufficient to serve all purposes.

Other hills and valleys in the coal were found on the higher level of the first hill. In making new passages for air and water, the old air-way was separated from the plane roads by thick walls of cemented stone wherever an opening from one to the other occurred. In one of these masonry walls was placed a small but very strong door, the keys to which were given to bosses only. To go through this door was a "short cut" to a part of the new works on the hill, which had run into a sort of long incline or valley called a "dip." These works were called the "plane dip"; from them a narrow opening had been driven through coal and rock to connect with "old works" long since abandoned and walled up, and partially converted into a great underground drain. This channel was the old dip water-way, and Teddy's mind turned to this rock-walled ditch more than once, as he struggled forward.

Here and there along the road he stumbled over the fallen form of an unfortunate miner. The countenance of one of these men arrested his attention. It was the blackened face of Martin Gilfoyle. A short pipe, firmly held between his teeth,

and an unlocked lamp were eloquent, though silent, witnesses to the cause of the disaster. Teddy glanced at him a second time, with a feeling of angry contempt. It was for *this*, that he had suffered all the agonies of superstition and the dread of coming danger; it was for *this*, that so many men had lost their lives, that so many widows and orphans were wailing at the pit's mouth—for he well knew what scenes were being enacted there; for *this*,—that Gilfoyle might have a smoke! It was so terrible in its consequences, yet so ridiculous in its foolhardiness, that the incongruous thought of losing his life for a pipe of tobacco flashed through the boy's mind, causing him to smile while tears of pain yet coursed over his scorched cheeks.

At last the air-way was won. He stopped for a moment in order to take one last, searching look up the gangway road, where, in the faint light of a "blower" (as burning jets of gas issuing from the coal are called), he saw the "nipper," or door-boy, Joe, leaning against the pillar. The little boy seemed dazed and uncertain in his movements, but made an effort to reach Teddy, stretching forth his arms as though groping in the dark.

Joey was a quiet little fellow, so delicate and frail that it seemed cruel that he should be compelled to pass his days amid the labors and dangers of the mines. Yet, with all the poverty and hard ways of his life, he was not quite alone, like Teddy. Living in a little house on the mountain, with his mother, the child's earnings constituted the sole source of income until Teddy came as a boarder. To protect him from the impositions of other boys, Teddy asked the mine-boss to give Joe a door in the plane works. A warm attachment soon grew between them. They were inseparable companions during the few hours of sunlight their labors allowed them. Many a long Sunday afternoon they rambled through spicy pine woods, gathering the snowy laurel-blossoms and delicate fern-fronds.

"Are you much hurt, Joey?"

"A little burned on the face and hands. The wind blowed me into the ditch, so I did n't get much o' the fire. But I'm awful tired in the legs, Teddy."

"It is the black damp, Joey. We must get out o' this, quick," said Teddy, turning to the stone wall before him. The strong oaken door, hardly two feet square, had been able to resist the force of the explosion. Fitting the key to the lock, he pushed open the door, and both crawled through. As he turned to close it, and to drop the heavy oak bar against it, he saw that Shannahan's heading was as bright as day. The gas was burning back again, and would so continue to burn until it had consumed all the air in the place. To his dismay, he found that no air was stirring in the

air-way, which was to him plain proof either that the fan had been injured, or that a heavy fall had cut off the air, and, at the same time, shut them in. Carrying his lamp low down to avoid the gas, which was rapidly accumulating overhead, he hurried forward till he reached the dip-works. Here he found some twenty men huddled in a circle about a lamp placed upon an empty powder-keg. As he strode into the circle, they made way for him as for a leader.

"There are two chances left," he said; "one through the air-way door to the plane,—if we can live through the damp,—the other through the old dip water-way, if we can live long enough there to work through."

"The lads on the plane-works—shall we leave them?" asked a miner.

"They are all dead on the road. 'T was Gilfoyle's pipe that lit it," responded Teddy.

The men knew without further question that Gilfoyle was the cause of their danger and distress, yet not one murmured a word of complaint. Following Teddy, they determined to abandon all hope of reaching the shaft-foot by way of the plane, and so plunged into the water-way and worked along until stopped by a thick wall, under which water flowed through an arched culvert, so made that the water was backed up against the masonry and formed a seal, or pool, rising above the top of the culvert-arch.

Two powerful Scotchmen went to work with their picks, turning out stone after stone from the face of the wall, until at last an opening was made. Through this they all passed into the narrow ditch, only to meet another dam, and after that still another. The impure air, the "white-damp," of these long-abandoned workings was doing its fatal work. White-damp differs from "black-damp" inasmuch as it will support combustion but not life. A very small proportion of carbonic oxide gas is, in coal mines, the fatal element.

The lamps burned like beacon stars in this terrible darkness, and by the light of their steady, motionless flames, one by one the little party were laying down their tools and, with them, their lives in that fatal ditch. Many a good man had given up his life before on that very spot. There was the long double row of props, now overgrown with heavy, white festoons of damp, clammy fungus. These old works had been walled up since that eventful day which Teddy remembered so well when the Haggertys were killed there. In pairs, the miners attacked the next wall. But every moment their blows grew fainter, and they took longer rests. There were few standing now to renew the work; the others were asleep on the wet, oozy, ragged rocks. Without a word, they looked

into each other's faces, then plied their picks. Suddenly they stopped. A faint clinking sound was heard. It became steady; a dull clinking sound in the pillar; where, they could not exactly tell, yet somewhere in front of them, either on the right or the left. They sprang to their picks with renewed energy. There was a rescuing party at work! Ah! There were now so few in need of rescue!

When the mine-boss reached the foot of the shaft, all was darkness there. The men, at the first sense of danger, had extinguished their lamps. Summoning aid from the hatless, coatless throng, he strode forward in advance of the party directly on the road to Shannahan's heading. Door after door was passed, the greater number proving the presence of mind of the door-boys, even in their danger and hurried flight; for, wherever there was a latch-door (some doors have a heavy wooden latch, while others are so hung as to swing shut), the latch was down; thus securing the door against opening unless opened by hand, and by this means maintaining wherever possible the flow of the air-current. As they passed onward, the signs of violence increased. In one place a great mass of coal had sprung from the pillar, and lay in huge blocks on the road. In another, a pair of "collars" had given way, leaving the roof hanging ready to fall. As they neared the lamp-station the wildest confusion prevailed. Doors and frames were blown from their fastenings; bent and broken cars were scattered over the road. In the dim, uncertain light of a few "blowers" burning high up near the roof, the confused mass at the foot of the plane could be distinguished.

The mine-boss knew that no man in the plane-workings could have had one chance in a hundred of escaping the effects of such an explosion.

It was of the most destructive type—an explosion in which the burning gas traverses place after place with the rapidity of a cannon-shot, and, when its first force is spent, slowly returns, and re-traces, and re-traverses the same ground, until it has burned itself out; leaving burning "blowers" streaming out here and there wherever enough air yet remains to support combustion.

But what of the dip-men? Could they have escaped?

They could not have made use of the air-way opening, on account of the gas on the plane; nor could they escape by the gangway, because that was choked full by the fall. There was but one course open to them, in the judgment of the mine-boss,—which was the course they had taken,—the waterway.

These thoughts chased each other through McDonald's mind as he threaded the old works to



the nearest point of attack on the masonry of the water-way. It was slow work at best. As fast as pick and drill could be driven, as quickly as dynamite could shatter, did wall and pillar fall before this rescuing party. At last, they, too, heard answering blows, the pick-strokes of the imprisoned men. The sounds became louder and louder, until at last they were working on opposite sides of the same pillar. A shattering shot so loosened the coal that a part of it was barred down, making a small opening. Crawling through, the rescuer saw two men, chest-deep in water, leaning against the stone-piled sides of the ditch, covering their faces with their hands and arms. Quickly, he thrust the nearer man into the opening, through which he was pulled by eager hands. Soon the other was also carried into pure air.

Near by the rescuers found Teddy, with little Joe lying across his knees. Both seemed as though asleep.

Carried to the surface, they were gently laid upon the floor of the engine-room, and over them bent the physicians, searching carefully for the least sign of life. After long and patient efforts,

a slight tremor of the dark-fringed eyelids showed that for Teddy there was hope. For little Joe, it proved to be the last deep sleep — the final rest.

There were no more!

When the air-current could at last be directed through the workings, one by one the men were found. As they were brought out of the shaft and carried to the little office, there was father, mother, wife, or sweetheart to raise the cry of distress.

In a pretty spot, high up the mountain-side, overlooking a beautiful river, and the broad sweep of the spruce-clad West Mountain, there are many humble monuments erected to the memory of the dead. Under the gaunt arms of a Norway pine is a stone standing at the head of one lone mound, ever covered, in summer, with dark, purple pansies. Oftentimes come two toil-worn men, one of whom we should recognize as Teddy. They look down into the deep-hued, velvety flowers, then into each other's eyes, and say, softly: "A brave, bonnie laddie."

The lettering upon the stone is:

JOEY.



Prenez  
garde,  
Mlle, de  
Ne pas  
chanter  
faux!



FROM MY WINDOW.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

GRASSES creeping,  
Flower-spangled ;  
Rocks a-sleeping,  
Vine-entangled ;  
Brooklets purling,  
Ferns uncurling,  
Tree-tops sighing,  
Breezes dying ;

Cloudlets shifting,  
Insects humming,  
Petals drifting,

Fragrance coming ;  
Dews a-glitter,  
Birds a-twitter ; —  
Shine and azure  
Without measure.

World, so gray and olden,  
Thou art new and golden !  
Of all bloom and bliss  
For thine adorning,  
Nothing dost thou miss  
This spring-time morning !



## THE WRECK OF THE "LIZZIE J. CLARK."

BY LOUIE LYNDON.

SMALL coasting schooners that bring lime, and lumber, and other light cargoes from the East, very often come to grief within sight of our lighthouse. The channels leading from the coasts and bay to the port beyond are narrow and dangerous; and in daylight, as well as at night, vessels run aground, strike on the rocks, or drag adrift from the anchoring-grounds. One of these little vessels struck on our island in a winter's gale, and, with her crew, claimed our interest for many days thereafter.

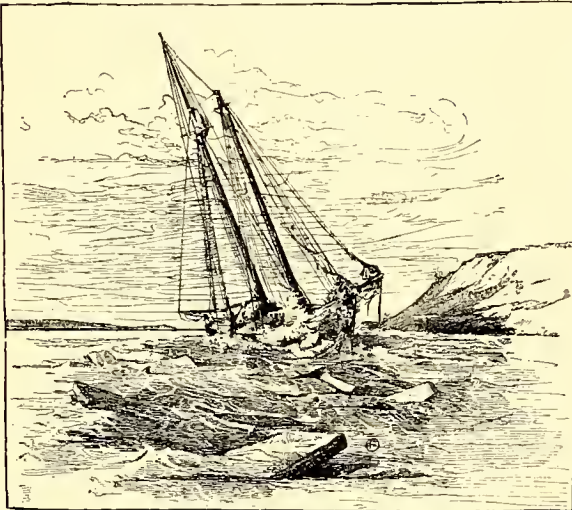
It was late in February, just as we were thinking the winter would slip by without locking us in with ice, when there came a cold storm that formed an ice-barrier round our island. The wharf became an inland structure, a palace of frosted pillars; and, beyond the ice-fields, the sea was dark and cruel, tossed into furious waves by the terrible north wind. The second night darkened without a sign of relenting, either in the wind or in the biting cold. After midnight, we were startled by hearing stamping, and knocking, and the tramp

able to tell their story. We could not stop to question them, for there was need of all quick and practical measures which would secure their rest and comfort. The exposure and exertion of the past twenty-four hours began to tell upon them when relief and warmth had reached their chilled bodies; the drowsiness that comes of excessive fatigue fell upon them, and a sentence often would end in a nod. One of the sailors, the captain's son, was a mere boy—a poor, shy little fellow, half frozen and perishing, and almost dumb with terror. The captain's own story of his adventure will give the true tone better than my version at second-hand. He was led, during our acquaintance, to the recital of so many other adventures, that I could not doubt that this tale would take its place among the other "yarns." His calm pride in the many wrecks he had figured in was not unlike that of the Indian warrior when recounting the story of the scalps at his girdle. But under his careless tone there was an appreciation of the danger and hardships experienced,

which a sailor's pride forbade his bringing to the surface. He was just such a weather-beaten ship-captain as one would picture, with bushy eyebrows and a tawny, shaggy beard; his clothes covered all over with irregular patches of cloths of different colors. He wore heavy, stiff, rusty leather boots, blue woolen mittens, and, drawn over his ears, a long-caped sou'wester. We went together to look at the wreck, scrambling over ice-blocks on the uneven beaches, and at last we stood beside the old, battered boat, blown ashore from the schooner's davits before she struck. This was the captain's story:

"We was layin' to an anchor, jest off Spettical Island, marm, when we got adrift. We 'd been as fur as the lower light, but we see bad weather ahead, and we come about and laid to an anchor. That was Thursday; and Friday night, it blowed a gale. We thought she 'd drag, so we put

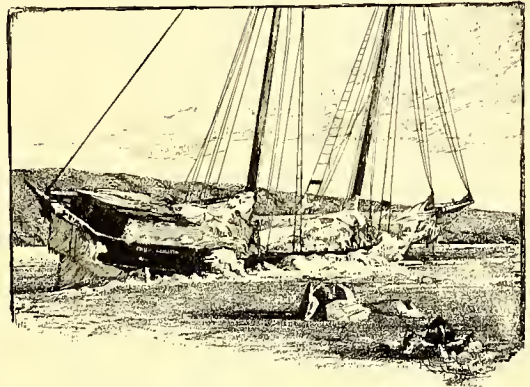
out the other anchor. It come on cold, and colder; and that schooner, marm, she went head under every time. Wal, I never see it colder; water did n't hev no run to it; when that salt water hit



of heavy, weary feet outside the door. Three poor sailors, exhausted and benumbed, staggered into the warm room. We thought at first that they were frost-bitten, and not for a long time were they

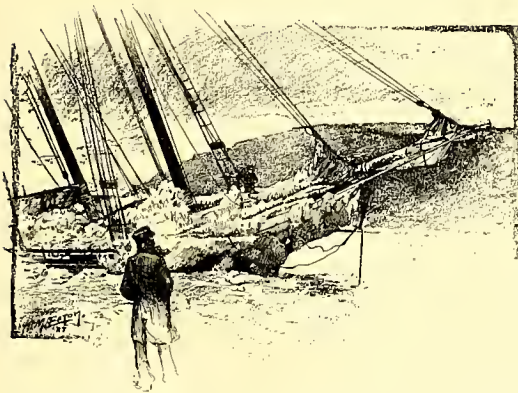
anything it froze right on where it was; it froze right in the air; and every time she went under, she fetched up a layer of ice. The water — it broke over beyond the mainmast and up ter the mast-head; and when she came up, instead of a-shakin' of it off, it was a-freezin' to everything. We kep' a-poundin' ice all day Saturday, but 't war n't no good; and, into the night, I war n't sorry when she sot adrift. If she had n't, I believe we 'd 'a' gone down jest whar we was; she could n't 'a' took on much more such cargo as that 'ere ice and kep' afloat. Wet? I was wet all the time, *inside* my clothes, and froze, *outside*, a-poundin' that ice and the water a-comin' over me every time she went head under. We was gettin' about tuckered out when I see her a-driftin', come midnight. Boat had blowed clean off the davits long before she struck, and we was put to it by how to get ashore. She laid easy, but we did n't dare stay aboard; and the cabin was full o' water, and the rigging all froze up so as we could n't git up it.

could loose the imprisoned ship. I went alone to her, one calm, cold morning, venturing to board her as she lay. The space between the beach



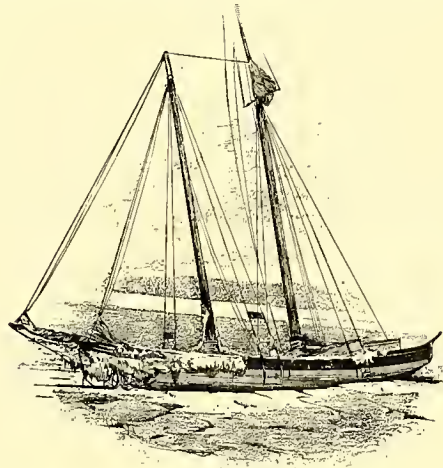
and the schooner was bridged by huge tables of ice, moving uneasily with a dull, grinding sound as the tide rose beneath them, showing channels of cold, dark sea-water between. I ventured upon one block, and when that closed up the space, I could jump to another; and, working my way cautiously, I reached the side of the schooner.

There I stood on a narrow block of ice around which the deep water threatened me. Chains and wire ropes at the bows were thickly heaped with ice, which the little vessel had gathered in her wild plunges at her anchorage. I could scarcely wedge myself between them. Clinging with feet and hands to the martingale, backstays and bobstays,



We guessed we was n't fur off shore, so we dropped over the side and got ashore through the ice when the tide fell off. We see the light-house, but 't was more 'n a mile away and we did n't know as we 'd live to git thar, we was so beat out a-workin' that ship, and 'most frozen; and 't was pitch-dark, and we did n't know the road, and gale was clean in our teeth, a-beatin' of us back every step of the way. Mighty lucky we was to git off so as we did, good many of 'em 's went down whar they laid to an anchor, and we 'd 'a' gone before mornin' ef we had n't broke adrift."

The morning after the wrecking of the schooner, the wind, lulling a little, gave the still cold a chance to weld the ice around the vessel, so that when I first saw her she lay quite near the beach, beyond which extended a smooth white plain of ice. Another day, and still another, added to the ice, before a change came; only the warm sun



and twining my arm round a small rope, which, with its ice covering, made an armful, I looked over the rail, and saw the ice-coated deck-load,



the spars, the deck-houses, and the canvas as firm as a board. It was hard to believe that this ice-clad ship had very recently been at sea, the only foot-hold of our sailors; it seemed, rather, to have been there accumulating ice all the winter. The night hours, when the men were tossing in this ship, helplessly drifting in the cold and darkness must have been horrible.

When the tide had fallen, the rugged ice-field was safe from the beach nearly to the edge of the ice,—far beyond the place where the vessel lay. The flukes of two anchors pierced the ice near the wreck,—the schooner still holding the anchors after they had refused to hold her.

The hot sunshine pouring down in the still, warm days that followed, softened the sharp outline of the ice-masses; and the sailors worked busily, knocking off the icy armor from the deck and rigging. Once they rigged a line to help me to clamber on deck, from the water-side, but it was a slippery, exhausting journey. There was literally no foot-hold on the icy slope of the deck, and more than once I sank in a clumsy heap among the ice-bound hogsheads on deck, before I reached the door of the cabin. A cold, gloomy, watery cavern it seemed, though not long before the men had lived there cosily and in comfort.

Some of the island fishermen worked on the disabled ship, when it was found she could be saved, and a little hum and stir about the winter-stricken island gave it the look of having thawed out and become alive. The captain's story was

never threadbare, even after its many repetitions, for the islanders listened with the keen sympathy that comes of similar experiences. Our more firmly anchored island-ship,—the light-house,—had felt the power of storm and cold, and from our cabin-windows we had so often looked at the struggling vessel at anchor, that it grew into our closer sympathies.

At length the bonds weakened, the ice-field broke up, and the battered vessel was really afloat, at first hauled off by a tug; and once free, they gave the poor, tipsy thing a jib, and let her feel that one wing, after her long imprisonment, before they laid her beside the wharf. Another schooner lay beside her, to which her deck-load of oil and molasses was shifted. When at last the two schooners moved off, one on each side of the tug-boat, the relief schooner stood stanch and trim, while her weather-worn sister leaned heavily on the left arm of the tug. The little world that had touched our lonely one so nearly, floated quite away, the hum and stir were at an end, and we settled back into our usual, quiet lives. The fishermen, no doubt, would long remember the wreck with satisfaction, rejoicing over their spoils of damaged corn, flour, and sugar, bought for a song, from the schooner.

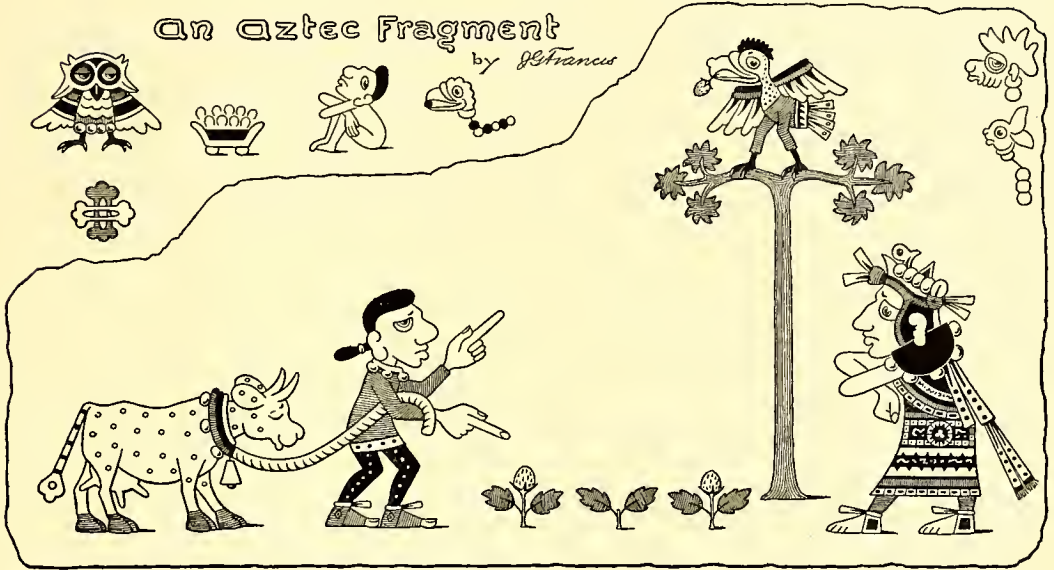
The magic March sunshine gradually changed our winter scene into summer-like, open blue sea; and then we remembered, with a shudder and shiver, the bleak, black night when the sailors drifted ashore.



# An Amateur Agriculturalist

An Aztec Fragment

by J. Francis



Cried an Ornamental Farmer, "why have you  
Stolen all my precious Strawberries but two?"  
Replied his man, "accuse not me,

It was that

Robin

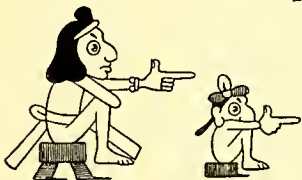
in

the tree,

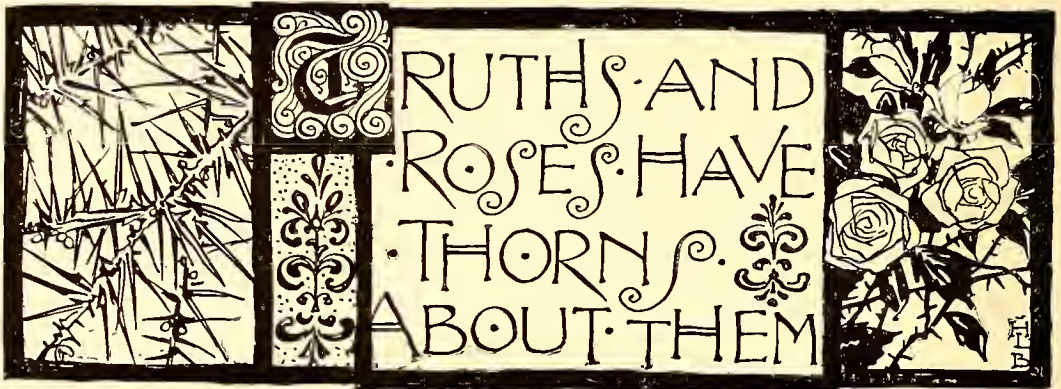
But I will

try

to get the Berry back  
for you."







## DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

### CHAPTER V.



IT was on the blackboard next to a demonstration of the fifteenth proposition of the third book of Geometry that Harry Wylie made the following note, on the Monday after his return from vacation, while the class were in

Dr. McCarty's recitation-room :

"Chorus of Second Class, on entering the Doctor's room :

"*Ave, Medice! nos morituri te salutamus!*" \* And few of the boys there present soon forgot the hearty burst of laughter with which the short and excitable Doctor greeted this audacious expression of discontent at having to flounder through the detested "Chauvenet."

The Doctor was a stout, little man, with curly hair and a handsome face.

Later in the day, Harry, with much satisfaction, for the first time buckled on his sword and stepped

out in front of the Company while his acting-commission was read to the command. It seemed odd to glance down the line and, instead of seeing the sunlight glinting from a row of polished barrels, to see only the white radiance of northern pine. He was not at all sure that he liked the change, after all; in fact he felt somewhat as though he, by some magic incantation, had invoked a genie which it was beyond his power to send below again, and concluded that Dane was right in cautioning him against betraying his share in the equipment of the "Wild Lake Witches."

But the drill went on as usual, except that the manual of arms was somewhat abridged by omitting what was unsuitable to the new weapons; and by a few well-timed words in an undertone, now and then, relative to the difference between carrying ounces and carrying pounds for two hours daily, he soon managed to instill a degree of contentment in the boys under his command which, for the time being, quite resigned them to the change; justifying the General's foresight in selecting Wylie to take charge of the most refractory company. Indeed, when the insubordinate students were released from arrest and rejoined the Company, they were astonished at the lack of sympathy which was exhibited by their brothers-in-arms.

\* "Hail, Doctor! We, who are about to die, salute thee!" A parody upon the salutation of the Roman Gladiators — "*Ave, Cæsar,*" etc. — when they entered the arena.

They had been under the impression that they were regarded as martyrs; and to be informed that they had "only made dunces of themselves!" was not a little exasperating. Harry himself was surprised to find that he possessed so much influence; but his comments had been made in a matter-of-fact, common-sense way, and from a point of view so devoid of sentiment, as to take the wind out of the sails of the more eloquent orators during a time when they were unable to say anything to counteract his influence; and the hours of drill gave the boys time to think the matter over in this new light, and undisturbed.

Dane was in his company also, and seconded his friend's efforts to the best of his ability. When the next drill was over, however, and the half-hour for recreation came, the malcontents began to make trouble for Harry, in whom they saw personified the spirit of law and order, since he was reigning in place of their fallen leader. One of them, the son of a mill-owner, Mitchell by name, did not hesitate to accuse him of time-serving.

"It's all very well for you to talk, now that you are made second 'luff' by it, Harry Wylie," he retorted, in reply to some remark. "You stepped into the place of a better fellow than you ever were, or will be, by joining in with the strong side, instead of being brave enough to stand up against it. We should have our muskets back by now if you and the ones like you had had the spirit of one man among you all!"

Harry endeavored to keep his temper as he remarked, with no evidence of irritation:

"I think that the 'powers that be' did just right about the muskets, Mitchell. I said so before they made the change, and I think so now."

"You are a coward!" And Mitchell laughed contemptuously as he offered this, the deepest of insults to a boy; and an expectant silence fell upon the throng, while the students drew closer around them.

Harry's eyes blazed, and his fingers twitched nervously. He longed—oh, how he longed!—to take that fellow by the throat and give one squeeze. Only *one*! It would not be necessary to give two. And it would teach him a lesson that he would not soon forget!

But there came into his mind an admonition of old "Tom," his brother: "Never mind what the fellows say; don't begin a fight either by muscle or by word. If your opponent is insulting, just remember that you are a gentleman, not a dentist, and don't extract his teeth for it"; and the thought made him smile even now, when he was least in smiling mood.

"You can say that, if you choose, Mitchell," he said, when he was sure of himself. "I shall not

contradict you. But you will have to bring up better proof than any you now have if you expect to make the men of this Company believe any such statement."

"Well, then, perhaps they will believe this!" And stepping suddenly nearer, with a quick movement he attempted to slap Harry's face; but Wylie was too quick for him, and catching the coming arm with a quick grasp of his left hand, he pushed him back to his former place, saying in an authoritative tone:

"Don't be a fool, Mitchell,—unless you are anxious to return to the guard-house!" This action caused a decided sensation in the group around them. The spot where they were was sheltered against observation from the Institute, being in the lee of a high bluff on the margin of the lake.

But Mitchell was determined to fight. He was something of a bully; and, as the second lieutenant was slighter in build than he, it seemed a safe thing to attack him; and a black eye would be likely to put an end to the new commission. Accordingly, the moment that the grasp upon his arm relaxed, he sprang forward again, and delivered a straight right-hand blow with a vim that might have injured Harry's face considerably—if he had been there at the instant! As it was, the fist simply made a hole in the air; the owner of it was nearly overbalanced, and, before any one knew exactly how it was done, Mitchell found himself flat upon his face, the boys around shouting with laughter, while the second lieutenant was coolly tying his hands behind him with a bit of fishing-line.

"There, Mitchell!" said Harry, rising, when he had finished his work in spite of the struggles of his captive; "if you had struck at any other boy in school I should walk you straight to the principal. As it is, since you might think that it was done from personal feeling, I shall not take any action at present. But I want you distinctly to understand that I shall not fight you, either now or at any time. If I catch you bullying I shall put you under arrest, but I shall not give you a thrashing. There is law enough to deal with you without my taking it into my own hands."

"I know that you do not think as I do," he added, turning to the others, "and you have a right to your own opinions. But you must concede me the same right; and if you see fit to call me a coward because I follow my own ideas—I'm sorry, but I shall go ahead just the same."

"Humph! I'll tell you what it is, Wylie," said Rankin, the ex-lieutenant. "It took more pluck to say that before this crowd than any fellow here has,—myself included. We may not think alike;



but go ahead, and I, for one, shall not call you a coward, and there's my hand on it," and he held out his hand as he spoke.

Mitchell, struggling to get upon his feet, looked utterly dismayed at finding himself so entirely unsupported. He had thought that Rankin, at least, would back him up in his quarrel, whereas the ex-lieutenant was the first to go over to the enemy; then, too, he was cowed by the threat of taking him before the principal,—a threat which, however contrary it might be to the canons of school-boy honor, he knew Wylie was fully capable of carrying out, if he thought it right. Consequently he muttered something to the effect that he was only in fun; and then, in a subdued manner, asked that his hands might be untied. Harry looked at the would-be pugilist for a moment, and, seeing that all the "fight" had completely oozed out of him, took his knife and cut the string, without a word, and a few minutes afterward Mitchell slipped away.

"I don't exactly believe in that, Wylie!" said one of the other boys, speaking for the first time. "What's the good of bringing such things before the principal? You could have thrashed Mitchell easily, as I happen to know, and I don't see why you didn't do it. If a fellow can't take care of himself, let him go to law; but so long as he can, why not do it?"

"That is to say, Young, if some one takes a shot at you from behind a fence, and you know who he is, instead of having him arrested and retired from active life for a while, you would load your blunderbuss and shoot him on sight," said Harry, with a laugh, in which the others joined. "This is n't Africa, you know!" and Harry began to try the strength of the ice in the cove, to ascertain when skating was probable, for this was the errand which had brought them to the shore.

Two nights after this, something happened of which the reader shall be told later on and which forever settled any question there might have been in the minds of the boys as to whether Lieutenant Harry Wylie was a coward or not.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE little Englishman arrived. Then the four-horse team from the factory came, heavily laden with another lot of the principal's pikes, save that whereas the first were of pine, and cut square at one end, the new ones were of hickory and oak, and the ends were nicely rounded off alike. The old pikes were quickly piled upon the wagon, and were carted away to do duty, according to their original destiny, as broom-handles.

A number of men were soon set to work within

the drill-hall, although what they were doing was a puzzle to themselves as well as to the on-lookers. They had received their orders to do certain things without being informed of the purpose of their work, and knew no more than the boys what that might be; but every one agreed that "there was something up."

Then all the officers, from the major down to the corporals, were ordered to report at the drill-hall, while the rest of the students were excused for that day from attendance there; and many were the conjectures as to what this might portend.

"It's some new manual that they are learning," suggested Nat Young, with some degree of sagacity. And gradually the rest came to the same conclusion.

When the officers returned they looked flushed, as though they had been exerting themselves, and there were certain signs of weariness, a brightness of the eyes, and much suppressed laughter, all of which was highly exasperating to the rank-and-file, being evidence that, whatever the officers had been about, it was something pleasant to look back upon; but oysters could n't be closer-mouthed than those same officers on occasion.

So there was nothing to do but to await developments.

When the next hour for drill arrived, and the companies stood at "attention," resting on their polished pikes, they found themselves arranged in a hollow square; and the officers withdrew to an adjacent room. In about five minutes they all returned; but their own mothers would not have known them, for every man of them wore a big leather helmet, well padded, a fencing-mask across the face, and heavy rolls of leather upon each shoulder.

"Why, it's not broadsword-drill, is it?" asked Nat Young of his neighbor.

Evidently it was not broadsword-drill, for the line-officers had laid aside their swords, and carried pikes instead. Marching into the square, they formed in lines at a considerable distance apart, while the little Englishman, whose name was Percival, took his stand upon the high platform from which he could superintend them.

Then began what was to the excited boys one of the strangest exercises that they had ever seen. Each officer held his pike over his head at arm's length for a moment, motionless, with one hand holding one end, and the other lightly grasping the pike at about the third quarter of its length. Then at the word, and with a rush, each staff was whirled in the air, and then it struck against another with a rattle like that made by a stick drawn along the palings of a fence. Right, left, fell the blows; parried dexterously by the practiced fencers, whose

experience in the sword-drill now came in play most handily; and now and then a thump told of some unforeseen blow. Round and round in circles edged the fencers, with a thrust here and a blow there, as judgment directed,—springing backward, leaping forward, and parrying as heedfully as though they were in mortal fray, until the boys in line, losing all consciousness of discipline, cheered till the echoes rang through the far-off corridors, and the stout walls of the building seemed to tremble.

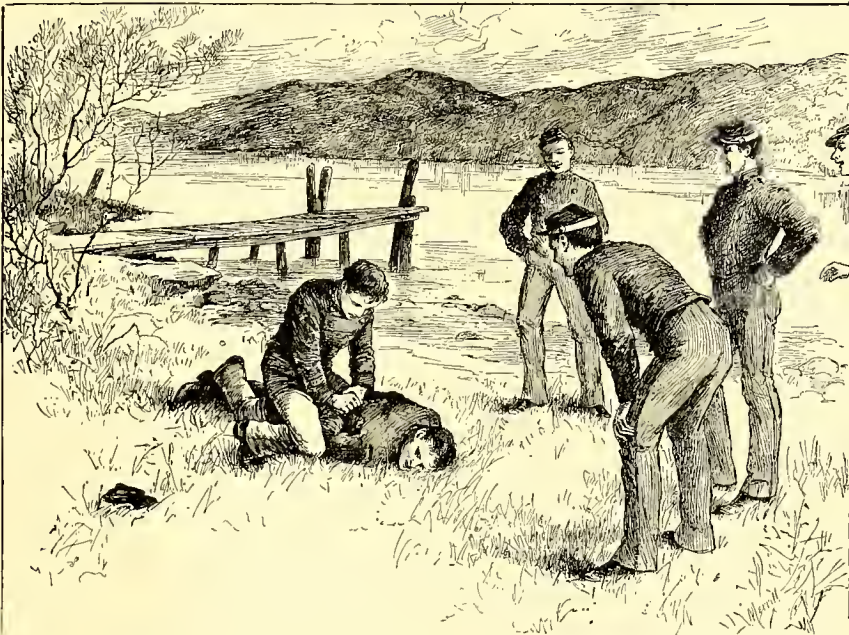
For nearly twenty minutes the drill continued. As fast as a fencer received a hit he fell out of line, and his antagonist turned to some other whose ad-

though they had not been racking their brains for the last hour.

“I thought so. Well, what you have just witnessed is a fair example of quarter-staff play, such as your Saxon ancestors were so well versed in, and about which most of you have read in ‘Ivanhoe,’ I have no doubt. In this drill I expect you all to perfect yourselves, and Mr. Percival is here to superintend your instruction.”

For a moment there was such a sensation in the ranks that it was quite useless for the principal to continue. Decidedly, there was fun ahead.

“Your officers have received a careful training



“THE SECOND LIEUTENANT WAS COOLLY TYING MITCHELL’S HANDS BEHIND HIM.”

versary had been similarly overcome. One by one they fell away until at last but two were left, most equally matched but unknown alike to the rest and to one another, since even their hands were concealed by the thick gloves. Minute after minute passed in rapid thrust and parry; but wherever the pike fell it found the other ready to receive it, while the boys clapped their hands and cheered and cheered again.

At last the principal stepped forward, saying:

“That will do, boys; you have done well,” and the fencers ceased and withdrew to the sides of the square.

“I suppose you would be glad of an explanation,” the principal continued with a smile, addressing the battalion; and a general laugh followed his remark. “Would be glad—!” As

in swordsmanship, and, as you have seen, found little difficulty in mastering the new weapon. For you, it will be somewhat harder, and I must caution you against too vigorous exertions at first. But I anticipate no great loss of time in acquiring the necessary skill; and Company A will at once retire to the store-room, where they will find a helmet and shoulder-straps for each member. The rest must be content to use their eyes and ears in gathering knowledge until their turn shall come.”

“What did I tell you, fellows!” said Sergeant Dane to the boys nearest him, rubbing his arm, which ached a little from the unusual exertion to which it had been subjected. “I said ‘Dicky’ knew what he was about when he brought down the broomsticks. Who says ‘Witches’ now?”



"We'll see fun, though, at all events; and I'm glad the old irons are gone, after all," answered Mitchell, who happened to be nearest, his eyes sparkling with anticipation. "You can fence, though, like a house a-fire, Sergeant — Dane, is n't it?" looking at the helmeted head, which presented no outward symbol of individuality, but which he knew to belong to one of the two fencers who were the last to yield.

"I suppose that you will forgive Wylie, now, won't you, Mitchell?" he said, good-naturedly enough.

"No, I won't!" was the surly answer. "I only hope that they'll set him to teaching me to handle a staff; he'll find I can teach him to dance at the same time!"

Dane laughed silently to himself at the absurd boast.

"You remember the fellow with whom I was fencing, don't you?" he said presently; "and you will doubtless also remember that he was the best in the crowd."

"That was plain enough," remarked Nat Young, with a sigh of envy. "You two could whip the whole battalion, if they came on two at a time. Who was he, anyhow?"

"Wylie!"

"I don't believe it. How do you know?" said Mitchell, hastily.

"I did n't, for a while; or, rather, I thought it was one of the other lieutenants; but I've seen him handle the foils before now, and when he came to use the staff there were some motions that gave me a clew which I followed up. I see you mean to keep up a feud with him, Mitchell. But, if you'll take my advice, you will drop it right here. It won't do any good, won't hurt him half as much as it will you; and he can take care of himself every time, besides. But here's Company A."

Odd enough they looked. A number of deep-sea divers in full armor is what they most resembled; and, as they tramped solemnly forward, two by two, with their quarter-staves at right-shoulder-shift, some irrepressible second-class boy in the rear of the company piped out, in a high-keyed, falsetto voice, to the chant of "Three little kittens sat in a basket of sawdust," that identical chorus with the parody of which they had so successfully stirred up the doctor:

*"Ave, Cæsar! Nos morituri te salutamus!"*

And teachers' and pupils' voices joined in a hearty burst of laughter. Really, they did bear some resemblance to a company of gladiators filing in, prepared to fight perhaps their dearest friend, quite unawares, as Dane and Wylie had just now tested each other's metal. If they had car-

ried shields as well as helmets, it would have been quite thrilling. But that falsetto voice spoiled it all, and swept away every atom of sentiment, and they filed into position filled with a spirit of ready good-nature that made the task of the youthful instructors extremely easy, especially as Mr. Percival would step in and assume control of any particularly clumsy craft until he had piloted him over the shoals and into deeper water.

They found it, however, to be a tiring exercise, and although they were not allowed to practice too long at a time, yet, unused to such effort, they were glad of a chance to rest and to watch the other companies in their turn. It was hardest for the officers, who were obliged to keep right on during the whole of the two hours that were devoted to the drill. But there was an exhilaration about it, a zest which even base-ball did not possess, and which soon proved to be a most efficient restorative to tired brains, while the drill itself was in effect equivalent to a whole gymnasium, for it trained eye and hand alike, and brought every muscle into play.

During the drill, however, the workmen at the end of the hall continued their steady hammering, pausing only for an occasional curious glance at the rattling quarter-staves below them. Evidently their work had nothing whatever to do with the present occupation of the boys. They had drawn a number of old sails — which had formerly belonged to the lumber schooner "Mary Ann," as the patches sufficiently indicated — into the form of a curtain across one end of the hall, from floor to rafter, and the heavy duck hung in awkward folds.

"I have it!" said Dane, suddenly, while a knot of the boys were vainly speculating concerning the use of the curtain.

"The principal is going to have a set of cockshys here, and the curtain is to stop the sticks!"

But although the suggestion provoked a laugh, it was not accepted as a sufficient explanation, for the General himself was superintending the arrangement of the sails, and the idea of his looking after the preliminaries of a game of cockshys — (a common diversion at country-fairs, where tea-cups are hung from strings and short sticks hurled at them by the bumpkins, who pay five cents for each throw, and win ten if they happen to smash a cup) — was amusing enough to bring tears to the eyes of the boys, who laughed till they cried at the mere thought. It needed a personal acquaintance with the dignified veteran to fully appreciate the joke.

But the bell clanged from the clock-tower, and announced the beginning of study-hours, and the boys returned to their dormitories with curiosity still unsatisfied.



## FIRST STEPS.

—  
BY M. M. D.  
—

FROM the low, wide, sheltering wall  
Baby drops his pretty ball;—  
Baby wants it, that is all.

Why should mother hinder so,  
Why not let the baby go?  
Baby's wish is law, you know.

'T will not always be the way;  
Baby 'll go alone some day.  
Mother can not always stay,—

*Well-a-day!*



## BEN'S PROXY.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

BEN was a remarkable pig, from the very beginning of his life.

There was a great deal of him, and everybody said so; but Ben cared very little for praise. He cared much more for the care and good feeding which came to him together with all the flattery. That, too, had its influence upon his career, and at one time his very greatness nearly led him into trouble, and he escaped it only by chance.

One bright November morning, Mr. Muggins put him into a cart, and took him to the County Fair. All the rest of the day, Ben's ears were full of praises. He was stirred up, and poked, and patted, and was continually made to stand up, when all he wished was to lie down. It was a hard day for Ben, and the only reward he received was the bright, blue "prize-ribbon" that was tied about his neck before he went home. He would have much preferred a baked apple to all this honor; but Mr. Muggins was exceedingly proud of that blue ribbon, and so were Mrs. Muggins and all the little Mugginses. On the way home, Bob and Jemima called out to every one they knew:

"Our pig took the prize!"

He had won a victory over all the other fat pigs at the Fair, and now was returning with his friends to the spot where he had passed the happiest days of his life.

Ben's home was not an ordinary "pen," such as is good enough for common pigs, who do not go to fairs and win prizes. His pen stood next to Mr. Muggins's great barn and originally had been built for a horse-stall. So it was dry, roomy, airy, and clean; and any one who knew Ben, would have thought he might well be glad to return to it again for a well-merited repose. And perhaps he might have been, if the gate to the clover-field had not been wide open, when the family so proudly escorted him up the lane toward the barn. There was trouble in getting Ben out of the cart, but not half so much difficulty as there had been in getting him into it that morning. To slip him down two wide planks to the ground was, naturally, easier than it had been to push him up those same planks, when starting to the competition for the blue ribbon.

When Ben reached the open gate to the clover-

field, he stood still and looked in; first with one eye,—a little sidewise,—then with both eyes.

It was an attractive field; for it was larger, airier, cleaner, greener, and in every way nicer, than even his pleasant apartment next to the barn.

No crowd of County Fair people would be there to praise him—and to poke him—and to tie blue ribbons around his neck.

Mr. Muggins felt that a prize-pig was entitled to gaze at the scenery surrounding his home, and willingly halted for a moment to gratify Ben's taste for landscape.

"Jemima," remarked Bob Muggins, "is n't he great!"

Just then, Ben gave a sudden lurch toward the gate, and pulled the leading-rope from the hand of Mr. Muggins. He was now free, as well as great, and he walked straight on into the clover, and lazily lay down. They all saw him go into the field, but, as he had chosen a little hollow in which to lie down, when he settled himself they could not see him at all.

"I declare!" said Mr. Muggins.

"What will you do?" inquired Mrs. Muggins, very anxiously.

"Do? With Ben? Why, he is a wise pig; that 's the best place for him. Let him stay there."

"Won't somebody carry him off?"

"Carry Ben? I think not. He would be a heavy load, even for that man who carried the cannon at the Fair! Ben would kick and squeal, too,—and that 's more than the cannon could do."

At that very moment there were two visitors walking up the lane from the gate. Mr. Muggins and his family had seen both at the Fair, and Bob exclaimed:

"Oh, Father! here 's the man with the dancing bear!"

"My!" said Jemima.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Muggins.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried all the smaller Mugginses, hurrying to get behind their mother.

"Please, Mister, could you keep me and my bear, over night?"

"Of course we could keep *you*; but I'm not so willing to board a bear," said Mr. Muggins.

"Mother! Mother!" said Jemima, "don't let him come into the house!"

"He's good-natured, quiet-mannered, and as polite as a human bein', Mister. All I want's some sort of pen, or some place, to lock him up."

"Father," said Bob, "if Ben chooses to sleep in the clover, the bear might have his place."

"That's just the thing!" said Mr. Muggins. He was a kind-hearted man, and he saw that the bear looked tired, and as if he had been overworked at the County Fair. He added: "Put him in my prize-pig's own pen. Just what you want!"

"Tony," said the bear's master, "do you hear that? I judge you're more used up than the pig is! Mister, he's been on his feet dancin' and walkin' the whole day long. He's a willin', good-tempered, and industrious sort of a bear, the best I ever had to do with in all my days."

So it was settled. Tony was led to Ben's bedroom, out by the barn; while Ben was left in the clover, entirely ignorant of the arrangement.

Tony's master told many stories about the bear at the supper-table, and promised that he should dance for the children in the morning. For every accomplishment that was claimed for the bear, Mr. Muggins had something just as clever to relate in praise of Ben.

But Ben had even more admirers than Mr. Muggins and his family supposed; and there were three of them who had plotted and planned a very wicked thing. They had made up their minds to carry out their plan that very night. Not only had they admired Ben, at the Fair, and calculated how much good pork he would make; but they knew he had gone home again, and they knew where he usually slept, in the pen out by the barn.

Mr. Muggins never locked Ben in at night; for the door-latch was high up, out of even a prize-pig's reach. There was a hasp on the door, however, a foot above the latch, and, after Tony's master had fed the bear, he took a padlock out of his pocket and fastened the door quite securely.

"Tony can open any latch there is," he said, "and I don't approve of having him runnin' around after dark."

"That would be dreadful!" said Jemima, with a shudder. She had come out with her mother and the children to see Tony fed, and Bob at once remarked:

"I should n't be afraid of him if I should meet him—not if I had father's gun with me, and if it was loaded."

"He's a very knowing bear," said Tony's master. "He would halt you and make you tell him whether your gun was loaded; and, if it was n't, you might have to look out for yourself!"

Bob gazed curiously into the man's face, uncer-

tain whether this talk was not in fun; but still, when he returned to the house, he went and found the gun, and carried it to his own room.

"I'm glad to have it," he said, as he stood it carefully in one corner. "Father's going to buy powder and shot for it some day. He means to have the lock mended, too, and perhaps the gun will shoot, then!"

When Tony was left alone there in Ben's bedroom, he did not say a word to show that he was lonely. In fact, he seemed to be particularly comfortable and satisfied. Tired as he was, he walked all around his room, sniffing, and poking his long claws into the cracks between the boards. When he came to the door, he smelled at it carefully, and then shook it. He understood what doors were for, and knew he was locked in; for his next visit was to the great, square opening opposite the door, high up from the floor, which served for a window and to let in fresh air. It was large, but too high to be reached easily. Tony tried in vain to look at the surrounding country through it. But he could not. He should have to postpone enjoyment of the view until the morning. So he wisely resigned himself to his captivity, curled up in a corner, with his nose between his paws, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Tired bears, like tired people, are apt to sleep soundly, and Tony had not eaten any rich food, to disagree with him and to cause disquieting dreams. He slept heavily for several hours, but was then awakened by a slight noise. Somebody was trying to get in at the door, and he heard a voice saying:

"Dick, it's padlocked."

Then another voice answered:

"Never mind, Bill. The window will do just as well."

Then a third voice said, very softly:

"We must look out not to let him squeal. We'll lose all our pork if he squeals!"

These were the three men who had so much admired Ben,—but Tony knew nothing about that. Neither did the men know that Ben was fast asleep in the clover-field, with plenty of air and room all around him, and with no padlocked door to guard him. Next, Tony heard some noise at the window:

"Keep still now, Dick, till I get in. You two fellows come right along after me,—I won't let him give a single squeal!"

Then Tony knew they were coming in at the window, one after another, and he stood up on his hind feet, in the corner, against the wall.

"He's here, Dick. I can hear him breathe."

"He's lying 'round, somewhere."

"Careful, now! No noise!"

Tony himself was not making any noise, but as



he was a fine boxer, he was actively brandishing his fore-paws before him in a very skillful way.

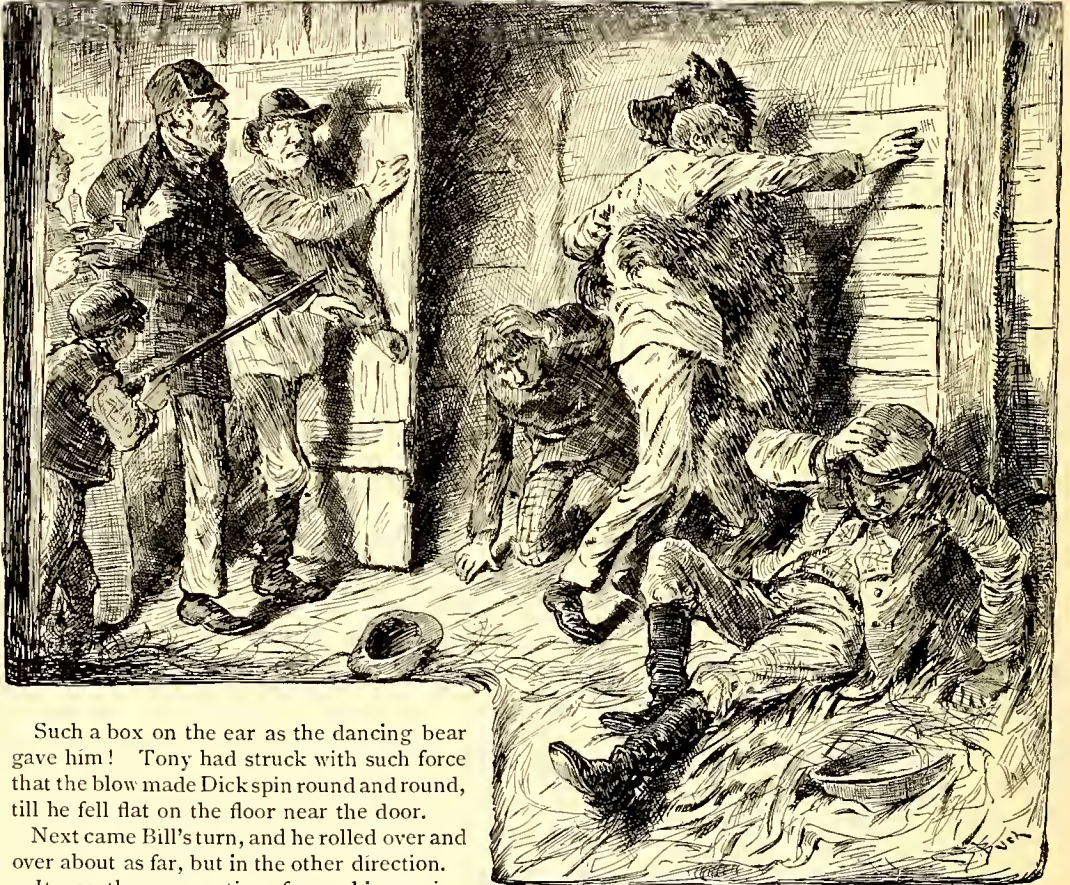
"It's awful dark, Ned."

"Look where you're going, Bill!"

The man named Dick was a little ahead of Ben's two other admirers, and just at that moment, in the darkness, he stepped within reach of Tony's paws.

ment, and Ned was forced to cry out, "O-o-o-h! Help!"

This was said loudly enough for all the people in the house to hear it. They were in bed and asleep when the noise was first heard from Ben's quarters out by the barn. They all were dressing themselves now, just as fast as they could.



Such a box on the ear as the dancing bear gave him! Tony had struck with such force that the blow made Dick spin round and round, till he fell flat on the floor near the door.

Next came Bill's turn, and he rolled over and over about as far, but in the other direction.

It was the wrong time for making noise, but, nevertheless, they could not help exclaiming with much emphasis: "Oh, o-o-h!"

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the man called Ned; but before Dick or Bill had time to explain the cause of their exclamations, he found himself grasped in a pair of wonderfully strong, shaggy arms.

"O-o-h! Boys! This is no pig! It's a bear! — and he's a-huggin' me!"

Ned may have been a dishonest man at other times, but now he was telling the exact truth. If he had been Tony's best friend, in the whole world, and if Tony had been sitting up all night waiting to give him a hearty welcome, he could not have been hugged much harder than he was at this mo-

"THERE STOOD TONY IN THE CORNER WITH NED IN HIS ARMS."

Tony's master and Mr. Muggins led the race to the pen and were the first to reach its door.

Mrs. Muggins came next, with a candle in each hand, and, actually, one of the candles was lighted!

Bob, with the trusty gun, followed her.

"Father," he exclaimed, "it's some one trying to run away with Ben!"

"They won't run any great distance with the prize-pig they've captured *this* time," remarked Tony's master, confidently, as he listened to the loud exclamations of the man called Ned. "We must be quick, too, or Tony will hug the man to

pieces. He's the strongest bear I ever had anything to do with."

They unlocked the door in a moment.

There stood Tony in the corner with Ned in his arms, and there, on the floor, sat Dick and Bill, each of them holding one hand against the side of his head.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Muggins.

"Well, well!" said his wife.

"Father," shouted Bob, "it's Ned Jones, and Dick Brown, and Bill Robinson. They came after Ben! I know they did!"

"Drop him, Tony! Drop him!" said his master. He 's had enough—he won't steal you!"

Tony dropped his armful and began to dance, while Mr. Muggins said to the three men, very solemnly:

"You can go home now, boys. I'll settle this

business with you some other time. I'm ashamed of you!"

Mrs. Muggins added:

"So am I ashamed of you. Such a pct as our Ben is, and he had just taken the prize too!"

Dick and Bill had to hold Ned's arms and to help him walk, but they all went away. Not a word was spoken by any of them until they were half-way down the lane. Just there they all heard a deep, contented, self-satisfied grunt, that came from somewhere out in the clover.

"Boys," said Bill, "if there is n't Muggins's prize-pig, now. We might have had him, just as easy!"

That was likely, and it was as well for Ben that they had gone to his pen and found Tony there.

At that moment the latter's master was saying to Bob Muggins:

"My young friend, a bear like that is a far better protection to a house than any gun."

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## "HAM" ESTABROOK'S CAN-OPENER.

BY GEORGE P. WHITTLESEY.

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A STAMPING on the steps, followed by a draught of cold air and a slam of the door, announced to his father and mother the entrance of Hamilton Estabrook, the son and heir of the family; an ordinary-looking boy of seventeen, neither very tall nor very short, having a pleasant face and a good figure. He was now in the junior class of the High School, and stood well in his studies. He possessed, in no small degree, his father's gift of shrewd common sense, and he had made up his mind to go to college, if possible. The High School fitted boys for the college, which was located on the outskirts of the village, and nearly all of Ham's classmates were preparing to enter very soon.

The junior class were now nearing the end of the school year, and Ham was looking forward eagerly to the next year's work, which would complete his preparation.

To-night, however, his face as he entered the room wore a thoughtful expression. Again and again the question had occurred to him, "How can I pay for my college course?" and on his way home he had been considering this oft-recurring problem.

"Father," he began, abruptly, rubbing his cold fingers together over the warm stove, "I think I'd better leave school before the end of the term,

and get some work for the summer. I must earn all the money I can, between now and a year from next fall, 'cause after that I sha'n't have much spare time, and I'm bound I won't ask you for a cent for my college expenses. I went to see the president this afternoon, and he told me that a year's expense would be at least two hundred and fifty dollars. My tuition will be seventy-five; books, about eight, second hand. you know; clothes, say thirty-five; board and washing—whatever you and mother think right; I don't think it will come to more than two hundred dollars."

"I heard to-day," said Mr. Estabrook, after the family were seated at the supper-table, "that a man over at Bath has made an invention of some-thing' or other, and sold it for quite a sum of money. He sent down to Washington, got a patent for it, and then sold it to one of the Bath ship-chandlers for a snug little price. You are an ingenious sort of a chap, Ham," he continued, "perhaps you could get up a patent, and sell it for enough to put you through college."

Ham's eyes sparkled at the idea. He had more or less inventive faculty, and the possibility of making it of practical use was highly attractive to him.

Everything soon wore a new aspect to the eyes



of this would-be genius. He found himself observing the shape and construction of all things with which his daily duties brought him into contact.

One night his father complained that the pumping-engine, at the paper-mill, of which he was in charge, was not so reliable as it should be. Acting upon this hint, Ham had, in a few days, worked out what he thought was a perfect pumping-engine. He made a careful drawing embodying his idea, and, with a great show of secrecy, exhibited it to the foreman of the paper-mill.

"Here," explained Ham, "is just what you want. I know all about the defects of those old pumping-machines of yours, and I've got up one of my own, which is perfect"; and he rattled on enthusiastically, talking glibly about the "improved result," "new idea," "perfect machine," and so on.

The foreman listened quietly, but with a queer smile playing about the corners of his mouth. When Ham ceased, for want of breath and ideas, he simply said: "Come along with me; I'll show you something!"

Ham followed him, having an uneasy feeling of impending disaster. The foreman led the way to a gloomy corner of the basement, and there pointed to the remains of some old machine heaped confusedly together. Ham, by the light of a gas-jet, which the foreman lighted, hastily examined it. To his amazement and dismay, it proved to be nearly an exact embodiment of the ideas shown in his drawing. He turned almost fiercely upon the foreman, who, in answer to his look of inquiry, said:

"We tried it four years ago, but it would n't work. I'm sorry for you, Ham," he added, kindly, as he noticed the boy's disappointment, "but you'll have to try something else, I'm afraid, if you want to get a patent."

A few days later, Ham entered the room of the agent at the railroad station. Remembering his former disappointment, his air was less confident than upon the visit to the mill, but he argued and sketched until his new device, a car-coupler, was explained to his interested listener.

"The reason a man gets injured," declared Ham, in conclusion, "is because he gets between the cars."

As there was no denying this, the station-agent preserved a wise silence.

"But," continued Ham, "at present he must go between the cars to hold up the link, unless he uses something to reach in to the link. Now, a man don't want to lug a stick about with him all the time. So I provide a means for holding up the link on each car. Across the end of the car I place a round

rod of iron, turning in bearings, and bent down at the ends to form a handle at each side of the car. At the middle of this rod, and consequently right above the draw-bar, I weld an arm, an iron rod, sticking out about two feet, more or less. From the end of this I hang a loop of small chain, reaching down and catching over the end of the link. The brakeman, standing at the side of the car, can take hold of the handle, and, by turning the bar, he moves the arm up or down, and can thus adjust the link to the right height to enter the draw-head of the car which is to be coupled."

"That is very nice, indeed," said the station-agent; "but what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, get it patented, —" said Ham.

"Hold on, Ham," interrupted the station-agent, "you can't get a patent for anything that has been patented before, or that has been described in any printed publication before your invention of it."

"Well — what of it?" faltered Ham, a chilling fear beginning to steal over him.

"Only this," rejoined the station-agent. "I remember seeing something like that a good while ago, in a scientific paper. Let me see," and he began searching among some bound volumes on the lower shelves of the office book-case. Those few moments of suspense seemed very long to poor Ham, but presently the agent said, "Ah! here it is," and showed to the half-eager, half-reluctant boy a wood-cut and description of a device substantially the same as that he had been so eagerly advocating.

Ham's next invention was simpler. He had somewhere read that the largest fortunes are usually made from the little improvements, not from the great inventions.

Accordingly, he was soon in consultation with his teacher over a new mode of teaching Geography by means of sectional maps. Each State in a map of the United States, for example, was to be drawn to scale, pasted on a thin piece of wood, and then carefully trimmed to remove all the surrounding wood and paper up to the boundary lines. When the sections were properly joined a complete map would be made; while, when separated, the pieces were valuable because they would give correct ideas of the comparative sizes of any given number of States, when those which are widely separated on the map were brought together. "In this way," argued Ham, "the danger of acquiring false or confused ideas respecting the true relative size and importance of various parts of the world would be removed, while now, from the use of many maps drawn on as many different scales, mistakes and errors are naturally common."

But our inventor's hopes were again doomed to

disappointment. The schoolmaster said that he himself had made such a set of maps for use in a school which he had taught in a neighboring town, and that he had used them for several terms with great success.

Ham was now thoroughly discouraged. He began to realize that the world was much larger than it had formerly seemed. He had hastily jumped to the conclusion that because *he* had never seen or heard of a certain device, therefore it must be unlike anything ever invented. But now he found that many busy minds are intent upon problems just such as he had so easily solved; that trained and logical intellects are everywhere ready to seize even the smallest chance for an improvement upon the contrivances now in use; or, sometimes, to open a new field for research and discovery.

The day after his interview with the High School principal, Ham announced at the supper-table that he should give up trying to patent anything, and should try to get a place in a store or on a farm for the summer. In that way he was sure to earn a little, and of this he could be certain; which was preferable to the uncertainties of inventing.

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Mrs. Estabrook, briskly stirring her tea. "Now you can quiet down to your studies again, and keep your eyes open for a place to work."

And Ham kept his eyes open to good purpose; for, before long, he learned that Mr. Naylor, the hardware merchant, wished a boy for the summer. Ham applied, and was accepted at once, since he was well known to the business-men of the village as an honest, energetic young fellow, who would be faithful and obliging, both to employer and to customers.

By careful and strict economy, Ham hoped to save about fifty dollars during the summer. He intended to deposit this in the Savings-bank, and to leave it there at interest till the following summer, when he hoped to add enough to give him a good sum for his college course. He quite reconciled himself to this prosaic plan, and congratulated himself upon having had the good sense to give up inventing as a means of making money.

One pleasant day in June, a young girl entered the store and approached the counter. Looking up, Ham found that it was one of his High School friends, Miss Bessie McAllister.

"Oh, Ham!" she said, "I do hope you have what I want. I've been to two other places, and can't get it. We're going to Harpswell next Saturday for a picnic, and I must have something of the kind,—it will be so convenient; and just as handy as can be, you know, and will save carrying about

so many things, and—have you one, do you suppose? Now, don't tell me you have n't!"

"Have I what?" asked Ham, rather dazed by this flow of words.

"Why, a can-opener and a corkscrew, all in one," answered Bessie, with an expectant air.

But, although Ham searched the whole store, he could not find such an implement.

"What's the use of it, anyway?" he finally asked, brushing the dust from his hands and clothes.

"Why, it would be so handy," repeated Bessie. "Instead of two things to look after, you would have only one, and you always need a can-opener and a corkscrew at a picnic, and somebody is sure to forget one of them, or to lose one, if both are brought. I am very much surprised that you have n't it in the store. I should think it would have been invented long ago."

A sudden idea occurred to Ham.

"When do you need it?" he asked, abruptly.

"Next week, Saturday," answered Bessie.

"I think I can have one for you before then," replied Ham.

"Oh, thank you, ever so much," exclaimed Bessie, smiling gratefully. "Tom said I could n't buy such a thing in the town, but I told him I knew *you* could find it for me. Good-bye," and she tripped away.

That night, Ham's dreams were a queer mixture of can-openers, corkscrews, curls, drawings, patents, and picnics. The next day, his mother observed with dismay that he had again fallen into the absorbed, absent-minded way which he had while studying intently. At supper, she startled the unsuspecting boy by the shrewd remark:

"So you've begun your inventin' again, have you, Ham?"

"Yes," said Ham, rather shortly.

"I thought you were through with that sort of thing," continued his mother.

"Well, I thought so, too," returned Ham; "but you see, Mother, the inventive faculty is like that old chap's ghost in Macbeth—it will not 'down.' I've got an idea, and I think it's about worked out, now, into practicable shape," and Ham told of the request which Bessie McAllister had made, and explained his suddenly formed resolution to invent what she had asked for.

After supper, Ham procured some hickory, and proceeded to fashion a model of the invention which he had thought out during the past twenty-four hours. It was very simple, and yet bore an air of completeness, of adaptability to the work expected of it, which was quite cheering to the young mechanic, as he put aside his tools and surveyed the completed model.



"There," he exclaimed, in a satisfied tone, "I call that pretty good, for one evening's work, if I *did* do it. Father, did I hear you say you had to go over to Bath to-morrow?" he asked, as Mr. Estabrook was

Ham modestly explained that it was his own idea, and that he had made the one which she now held.

"Did you really make this?" queried Bessie, again inspecting the tool, with increased interest. "How neatly it is done! See, Cousin Joe, isn't that well made?" and she turned to the young gentleman, who stood quietly by. Thus appealed to, he carefully examined the shining combination of iron and steel; then, looking up with an interested air, he asked:

"Did you say this invention was an original one with you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ham.

"Why don't you secure a patent for it?" continued Cousin Joe.

Before Ham could answer, Bessie suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to introduce the two young men, and at once proceeded to do so.

"Cousin Joe," she broke in, "this is Mr. Estabrook, a classmate of mine, at the High School. Mr. Estabrook, this is my cousin, Mr. Stanwood.

"My cousin," she explained to Ham, "is a lawyer, and knows all about patents. He can tell you exactly what you should do to get one."

"Do you think that this can-opener is patentable?" asked Ham, anxiously, of the young lawyer.

"Yes," said the latter, now surveying the implement critically. "I don't think there is anything exactly like this in the Patent Office. Why don't you apply for a patent?" he added.

Just here they were interrupted by the ringing of the dinner-bell, and Ham took his leave.

But the lawyer's question kept repeating itself in Ham's mind as he hurried back to the store. All the afternoon and evening it was the uppermost thought in his busy brain; and the next day he concluded that it could do no harm merely to apply for a patent,—if he should be successful, so much the better. He at once set to work to finish another model, and when this had been accomplished to his satisfaction, he sent it to Washington with the following letter:

BRUNSWICK, ME., June 10, 1880.

DEAR SIR: I send you to-day a model of an invention which I have made. It is a can-opener and a corkscrew all in one tool. I want a patent for it, if you can give me one. Please send the patent as soon as possible.

Yours truly, HAMILTON ESTABROOK.

TO THE COMMISSIONER OF THE PATENT OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Chief Clerk of the Patent Office paused a moment in his rapid inspection of the morning



preparing to lock up for the night.

"Yes," answered his father. "Why?"

"Because, if it won't be too much trouble, I wish you'd take this model to the foundry and have some of these handles made for me. They should be cast in soft gray iron."

"How many do you want?"

"Not very many—say ten, or a dozen."

"Very well," said Mr. Estabrook, taking the bit of wood. "I'll attend to it."

Three days later, Ham received word that his castings were ready, and a friend, who was a brakeman on the noon freight-train, consented to bring them over for him. For two or three days he spent all his spare time at his work-bench, filing and drilling and fitting. At length, one tool was done; and Ham marched proudly up the walk to the McAllisters' house. Just then, Bessie came from the garden with a young gentleman, a stranger to Ham.

"Oh, Ham!" she cried, "is that you? What have you brought—my 'patent can-opener'?" and she held out her hand for the bundle.

"Why, how nice this is!" she exclaimed, examining it critically. "I knew there must be one to be bought, somewhere. Where did you find it?"

mail, and as he read the boy's letter smiled to himself at its honest ingenuousness.

"He must think we keep patents all signed, sealed, and stacked up like fire-wood, ready to be given out to the first person who applies for one," he muttered, carefully laying the letter aside for his personal attention later in the day.

About this time Ham suddenly developed a fondness for the village post-office. He knew the exact minute when every Southern mail was due, and was always on hand for the ensuing deliveries at the office.

"Mail's open," called the postmaster, one day, pushing up the shutter of the little window. "Anything for you? Yes,—let me see—yes, here you are—official documents, too," and two envelopes were passed through the window.

Ham could hardly wait to reach a secluded place before opening the letters; but he succeeded in restraining his impatience until he was safe in his workshop, an unfinished room above the woodshed. He first opened the smaller envelope, and drew out the following letter:

Room No. 29. All communications should be addressed to "The Commissioner of Patents," Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1880.

HAMILTON ESTABROOK, BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

In reply to your letter of the 10th inst., you are informed that in order to obtain a patent for your invention, it will be necessary to file an application therefor in due legal form, complying with the rules of practice before this office.

A copy of the rules is mailed herewith, giving full instructions for drawing up applications.  
F. A. SEELY, Chief Clerk.

Disappointed, and half vexed at the cold, formal tone of the letter, Ham tore open the other envelope and found a pamphlet in slate-colored paper covers, entitled, "Rules of Practice in the United States Patent Office. Revised December 1, 1879." It contained some fifty pages of "Rules," duly numbered and arranged under different headings; about fifty forms, of petitions, specifications, and

other papers; and a specimen drawing, ingeniously folded between the pages, showing the size and style of drawing which the Patent Office requires. Ham eyed this with mingled admiration and despair, for he knew he could not make so clear and beautiful a drawing as the one before him, and how to succeed in complying with this requirement he did not know. Confused and disheart-



"DID YOU REALLY MAKE THIS?' QUERIED BESSIE."

ened by the multitude of formalities which this somber pamphlet had arrayed between him and his desired goal, Ham put the book carefully away, and went down to supper with a solemn face.

Ham received a call that evening from Miss Bessie's brother Tom, and her cousin Mr. Stanwood. Tom had been an old playmate of Ham's before going to Boston to enter his uncle's banking-house, some three years before.

After greetings had been exchanged, Mr. Stanwood asked:

"Well, how is your Great American Can-Opener progressing? Applied for a patent yet?"

"Why, yes," answered Ham; "I sent one of the openers down to Washington, and wrote them that I wanted a patent for it, and they sent me back a



lot of 'Rules of Practice,' which I can't make much out of, yet."

"Have you been inventing something?" inquired Tom, with interest.

"Yes," said Mr. Stanwood, "he's got a good thing, too, I think."

Mr. Stanwood soon made plain to Ham the formalities necessary to properly present his invention before the Patent Office, and marked such parts of the pamphlet as were applicable. These amounted to about twenty pages. Mr. Stanwood then went over these portions rapidly, explaining to the young men the meaning of certain phrases, and finally summed up by saying:

"So you see that a legal application is made up of five parts: the petition, which is the technical term for the application proper; the specification, or description; the oath; the drawing; and the fee. They used to require a model, also, but now that is dispensed with, unless specially called for by the examiner."

"Who is the 'examiner'?" asked Tom.

"The examiner is the officer who examines your invention, to see whether it is novel and useful, which it must be to entitle you to a patent."

"The Patent Office," continued the lawyer, "is in charge of the Commissioner of Patents. To help him, he has an assistant-commissioner and a law-clerk. Matters of ordinary routine are in charge of a chief-clerk. The examination of applications is intrusted to twenty-five principal examiners, each of whom has a first, a second, and a third assistant.\* There is also a Board of Appeals, composed of three examiners-in-chief; an examiner of interferences, and several chiefs of divisions, who superintend the copying, assignment, and issuing of patents, the publication of the *Official Gazette*, the making and photo-lithographing of drawings, the care of models, the receipt of fees and other moneys, and so forth. The whole office contains some five or six hundred clerks. The examiners are the representatives of the Commissioner, to whom he delegates the work of determining the merits of the various applications for patents. The law requires the Commissioner to issue a patent for every invention which shall be found to be 'new and useful.' Of course, the Commissioner can not personally inspect and decide upon the twenty-five thousand applications for patents which are made every year. This is the work of the examiners, each of whom has charge of all inventions of a certain kind. Inventions are classified into about one hundred and sixty-seven classes. Each examiner has assigned to him six or eight classes, which he subdivides to suit his own convenience. All applications are distributed among the examiners, according to the

nature of the inventions. The examiner sees to it that each application is properly examined in its turn, and finally, when satisfied that a case covers nothing that is not patentable, he sends it to the Issue Division, where a patent is drawn up and duly issued.

"But how about your application, Ham?" continued Mr. Stanwood. "Don't you want to have me show you how to draw up the papers, and push the thing ahead?"

"I should be ever so much obliged," replied Ham; "but, you see, I think I won't go any further with it. I—it takes,—well, the fees are pretty heavy, and you know I have n't got very much cash to throw away on uncertainties. You say it costs,—how much?—fifteen dollars—to make the application? and if you don't get your patent, you lose your fifteen dollars. And then, too, I'm a minor, and father says that that would keep me from getting a patent."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Stanwood; "a minor can take out a patent just as well as anybody."

"As for the money," put in Tom, "I'll advance the money you need, if you'll agree to go shares in the profits when you sell your patent."

Ham's face brightened at this kind offer, and after some further consultation the party separated, agreeing to meet the next evening to draw up the papers.

At the hour appointed, Ham was in attendance, and soon found himself seated at a table in the library, in company with Tom and Mr. Stanwood. A student-lamp shed a soft light upon the books and papers upon the table, and through the open windows came the whispering wind, bringing the odor of the tall, prim pines, and the distant roar of the river rushing down the rapids and over the three dams.

"I've been drawing up some parts of the papers," said Mr. Stanwood; "the formal parts, I mean. Did you bring me one of your can-openers? Oh, yes;—wait a minute," and he rapidly sketched the tool in one or two positions. "Now, if you will tell me what you intend to call the invention, I will fill in the title, and we can proceed."

"I thought I would call it the 'Picnicker's Pride,' or the 'Housekeeper's Helper,' or something of that sort," said Ham, in answer to Mr. Stanwood's suggestive question.

"That will hardly do," he replied. "Such a title as that is called a trade-mark, and is not allowed by the Patent Office in an application for a patent; for the title of a patent must 'correctly indicate its nature and design,' according to the Revised Statutes of the United States."

"Well, what would *you* call it, then?"

\*Another grade—that of fourth assistant—was established in 1882, and there are now twenty-nine examining divisions.

"Why, call it just what it is — a combined can-opener and corkscrew."

"All right," said Ham. "But what are those letters for, on your drawing?"

"To aid in clearly describing the tool," answered Mr. Stanwood. "You'll see, when we come to write out the specification," and he scribbled hastily upon a scratch-block.

"What claims do you intend to make?" he asked, presently.

"Claims?" repeated Ham. "What do you mean?" and then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Why, I claim that it is the handiest little tool ever invented; that there is nothing like it in the market, and that it will do equally good work as a can-opener or as a corkscrew."

Mr. Stanwood laughed. "Those would be excellent claims for an advertisement, but hardly suitable for a patent. They relate to the advantages of the whole tool, while the law requires the applicant for a patent to 'particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery.'"

"Well," said Ham, "you can write out such a claim better than I can, and I'll be obliged if you will do it for me; I don't think I am equal to it." His invention was assuming increased importance in the new light thus thrown upon it.

The young men consulted and scribbled all the evening, and the result of their labors was an official-looking set of papers, neatly written upon legal-cap, on one side of the sheet, numbered, and secured together by paper-fasteners to prevent disarrangement.

First came the petition, as follows:

#### PETITION.

*To the Commissioner of Patents:*

Your petitioner, Hamilton Estabrook, a citizen of the United States, residing at Brunswick, in the County of Cumberland, and State of Maine, prays that letters patent may be granted to him for the improvements in combined Can-Openers and Corkscrews, set forth in the annexed specification; and he hereby appoints Joseph Stanwood, of the town of Brunswick, State of Maine, his attorney, with full power of substitution and revocation, to prosecute this application, to make alterations and amendments therein; to receive the patent, and to transact all business in the Patent Office connected therewith.

HAMILTON ESTABROOK.

Then followed the specification:

#### SPECIFICATION.

*To all whom it may concern:*

Be it known that I, Hamilton Estabrook, a citizen of the United States, residing at Brunswick, in the County of Cumberland, and State of Maine, have invented a new and useful combined Can-Opener and Corkscrew, of which the following is a specification, reference being had to the accompanying drawing, in which

Fig. 1 is a perspective view, showing the corkscrew open and ready for use;

Fig. 2 is a similar view, showing the corkscrew closed and the tool in condition for use as a can-opener;

Fig. 3 is a longitudinal section on the line x — x Fig. 4, and

Fig. 4 is a cross-section on the line y — y, Fig. 3.

Similar letters refer to similar parts throughout the several views.

The handle, A, nose, B, and blade, C, are of the usual shape and construction, except that the handle is nearly semicircular in cross section, as is clearly shown in Fig. 4.

Near the center of the handle, A, and in the hollow, D, are two ears, E, one on each side, cast in one piece with the handle; or riveted or soldered in place.

Between the ears or lugs, E, is fitted the shank, F', of a corkscrew, F. A pin, J, passes through the handle, A, ears, E, and shank, F', and is headed down at each end to secure it. Shank F' turns easily on this pin.

A flat steel spring, G, is attached to the handle, A, by a rivet, g, passing through one end thereof. The free end of the spring passes between the ears, E, and bears upon the shank, F'. When the corkscrew, F, is open, the spring presses upon the end of the shank, and holds the corkscrew in position relatively to the handle. When the corkscrew is closed, the spring rests upon the inner side of the shank and resists any tendency of the corkscrew to open, until some little force is applied. As shown in Fig. 4, there is sufficient space left between the inner side of the shank, F', and the handle, A, to permit the corkscrew to be opened without striking the corners of the shank against the handle.

I also provide an additional means of fastening the corkscrew, F. As shown, a block, H, is seated in the hollow, D, either by soldering or riveting, or by casting in one piece with the handle. Formed in one piece with it, or secured to it, is the plate, h, which extends beyond the face of H, and forms a shoulder. Plate h is cut away at h', to permit the end of the corkscrew to be sprung up over the shoulder, where it rests securely, after the manner of some styles of safety-pins.

The operation of this improved tool is obvious. When it is to be used as a can-opener, the corkscrew is shut up out of the way within the handle. When it is desired to make use of the corkscrew, it is opened out, as in Fig. 1, in which position the handle, A, serves as a handle for the corkscrew, by which to turn it and to lift it. I thus provide in one tool two separate implements, either of which can be used at will without interfering with the other.

Having thus described my invention, what I claim, and desire to secure by Letters Patent, is

1. A combined can-opener and corkscrew, substantially as, and for the purposes set forth.
2. A can-opener having a corkscrew pivoted thereto, substantially as, and for the purposes, set forth.
3. A can-opener having a corkscrew pivoted thereto, and provided with a single means for holding it both in an open and in a closed position, substantially as, and for the purposes, set forth.
4. A can-opener, having the handle, A, the ears, E, E, the corkscrew, F, having its shank, F', pivoted between the ears, E, E, and the spring, G, secured to the handle, and bearing upon the inside of the shank, substantially as, and for the purposes, set forth.
5. A can-opener, having the handle, A, the corkscrew pivoted thereto, means for holding the corkscrew both in an open and in a closed position, and additional means for securing the point of the corkscrew when closed, substantially as, and for the purposes, set forth.
6. A can-opener, having the handle, A, the ears, E, E, and block, H, provided with cut-away plate, h, the corkscrew, F, pivoted between the ears, E, E, and the spring, G, secured to the handle, and bearing with its free end upon the inner edge of the shank of the corkscrew, substantially as, and for the purposes, set forth.

HAMILTON ESTABROOK, *Inventor.*

Witnesses, { THOMAS E. McALLISTER, }  
{ JOSEPH STANWOOD. }

W. OATH.

State of Maine, }  
County of Cumberland, } ss.

Hamilton Estabrook, the above-named petitioner, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he verily believes himself to be the original, first, and sole inventor of the improvement in combined Can-Openers and Corkscrews set forth in the accompanying specification; that the same has not been patented to himself, or to others



with his knowledge or consent in any foreign country; that the same has not, to his knowledge, been in public use or on sale in the United States for more than two years prior to this application, and that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used.

HAMILTON ESTABROOK.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 21st day of June, 1880.



EPHRAIM FORSYTH, Notary Public.

The seal and signature of the notary were obtained the following day, when Ham appeared before this official, and, with uplifted hand, took the oath, acknowledged the signature as his own, and paid the fee of fifty cents charged by the notary for his services.

Mr. Stanwood engaged a mechanical draughtsman, with whom he was acquainted, to make the drawing. It was carefully made on good Bristol-board, and measured ten by fifteen inches. A marginal line, one inch from the edges, confined the “sight,” or part drawn upon, to a space eight inches by thirteen. A space was left at one end for the title, and, at the bottom, Ham signed his name in the right-hand corner, while in the other corner appeared the signatures of two witnesses. The figures and their lettering corresponded with the description in the specification.

The drawing and other papers were then mailed to the

Commissioner of Patents,  
Washington, D. C.,

with a letter of transmittal, which read as follows :

BRUNSWICK, Me., June 26, 1880.

HON. COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS, SIR: I enclose herewith the Application of Hamilton Estabrook for Letters Patent for an improved Can-Opener and Corkscrew, comprising the petition, oath, specification, drawing, and fee,—a post-office order for fifteen dollars. A model was sent June 10, 1880.

Very respectfully, JOS. STANWOOD, Att’y.

These papers, being received at the Patent Office, were stamped in blue ink with the date of their receipt. The drawing was examined by the Chief Draughtsman, to see that it conformed with the office rules, was stamped on the back in red ink, “O. K., Draughtsman,” and returned to the Application Division. Here the petition, oath, and specification were placed in a stout blue file-wrapper, or “jacket,” upon the face of which was entered the serial number of the application, name of applicant, his address, date of receipt of the different parts of the application, and the name and address of the attorney.

Meanwhile, the following receipt was sent to Mr. Stanwood :

Room No. 37. All communications should be addressed to “The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.”

Series of 1880. No. 13,133.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1880.

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of the petition, specifica-

tion, and drawing of your alleged Improvement in combined Can-Opener and Corkscrew, with fifteen dollars as the first fee payable thereon.

The papers are duly filed, and your application for a patent will be taken up for examination in its order.

You will be duly advised of the examination.

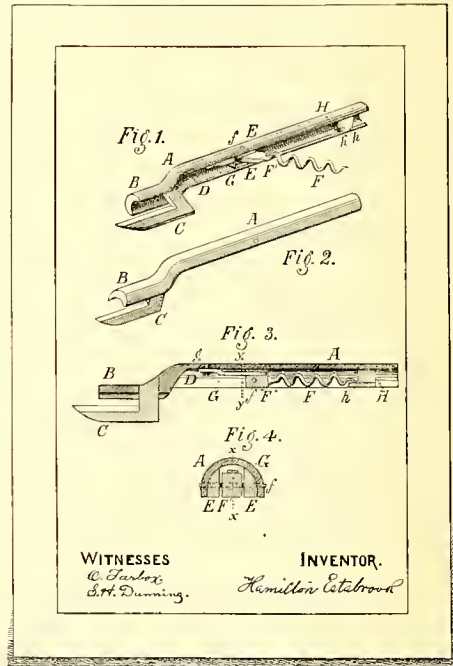
Very respectfully, E. M. MARBLE,  
Commissioner of Patents.

H. Estabrook, care Jos. Stanwood, Brunswick, Me.

NOTE.—In order to constitute an application for a patent, the inventor is by law required to furnish his petition, specification, oath, and drawings (where the nature of the case admits of drawings), and to pay the required fee.

No application is considered as complete, nor can any official action be had thereon, until all its parts, as here specified, are furnished in due form by the inventor or applicant.

The next day the blue file-wrapper, with its contents and the drawing, were received in “Divi-



sion 12,” of the Patent Office, and, after the clerk had properly written in the “Journal” the several items necessary to be entered upon the receipt of an application, the case was assigned to one of the assistant-examiners. In the course of a week he reached it, and after careful reading and inspection, proceeded to make a search among the drawings of patents in the class of “Household Articles; corkscrews.” Not feeling that this search was sufficient, he also examined the “compound tools,” and “can-openers.” An inspection of the English, French, and German patents then followed. The results of his investigation were presently reported to the Primary Examiner in charge of the division,

and the claims of Estabrook were carefully considered in the light of the patents which the assistant had found. A few days later, Mr. Stanwood showed Ham the following letter:

Room No. 102. All communications should be addressed to "The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9, 1880.

H. ESTABROOK, care Joseph Stanwood, Brunswick, Me.

Please find below a communication from the Examiner in charge of your application, No. 13,133, for a Patent for Improvement in combined Can-opener and Corkscrew filed June 30, 1880.

Very respectfully,  
E. M. MARBLE,  
Commissioner of Patents.

Claim 1 is met by each of the following:

Harrigan, July 25, 1871, No. 117,278, Compound Tools, showing a handle having a can-opening blade at one end, and a corkscrew riveted into this handle at right-angles thereto; and Jenness, Mar. 23, 1875, No. 161,124, Corkscrews, showing a knife, with a corkscrew pivoted to the handle, and folding down against the back thereof.

Claim 2 is met by Jenness, cited, in which either of the knife-blades is capable of use as a can-opener.

"What does that mean?" asked Ham. "Are they going to give me a patent?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Stanwood, in whose care the letter had been addressed, as the attorney for Estabrook. "It only means that the first and second claims are said to have been anticipated by those inventors."

"But what are the dates and numbers for, and what does 'Compound Tools' and 'Corkscrews' mean?" continued Ham.

"The dates and numbers are those of the patents of these inventors reported as anticipating your invention; and the words following the numbers are merely references to the sub-class of inventions in which these patents may be found at the Patent Office. I will send for printed copies of them — which will cost us twenty-five cents each — and then we can see about amending."

"Amending?" repeated Ham.

"Yes; making such changes in the claims as to relieve them from the objection of claiming matter shown or claimed by these prior patentees. You see that only two claims are rejected. The rest are 'allowed,' as they say, and you can get a patent for them, at least."

A careful inspection of the patents cited in the examiner's letter convinced Mr. Stanwood and Ham that it would be wisest to erase the rejected claims, and to secure a patent for the others. The following paper was accordingly drawn up by Ham's attorney:

BRUNSWICK, Me., July 18, 1880.

HON. COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS,

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the official letter of July 9th, rejecting certain claims in the application of Hamilton Estabrook, serial number 13,133, filed June 30, 1880, for combined Can-opener and Corkscrew.

Please amend as follows: Cancel the first and second claim, and change numerals of remaining claims accordingly.

Very respectfully,  
JOS. STANWOOD, Att'y.

"Don't you want me to sign that?" asked Ham, as he saw the lawyer fold up the paper, and prepare to address the envelope.

"It is n't necessary," was the answer. "The correspondence is carried on by the office with an applicant, or with his attorney, but not with both at once. You remember that by a 'power of attorney' inserted in the petition of your application, you gave me full authority to make all necessary amendments."

"All right," said Ham. "But suppose they reject some more of the claims; what will you do then?"

"I can amend as often as they cite new references. If I refuse to cancel a claim which they have rejected, and they reject it a second time on the same references, then, if I still think the rejection was an error, I can appeal to the Board of Examiners-in-chief, by paying a fee of ten dollars. If the Board sustains the examiner, I can pay another fee and appeal to the Commissioner of Patents. If he agrees with the examiner and the Board of Appeals, then I can appeal from his decision to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and finally, if necessary, I can bring a suit in equity to compel the Commissioner to issue a patent."

"Then the decision of the examiner is not final," suggested Ham, rather mystified by this technical explanation.

"No; an applicant has plenty of opportunities to test his claims and prove his right to them, if possible."

Another contingency occurred to the anxious young inventor. "Suppose some other fellow has invented a combined corkscrew and can-opener, and has applied for a patent. How do they decide to whom to issue the patent, — or do they give one to each of us?"

"No; the law says that the patent shall be granted to the first inventor — not the first to present his application, but the first to really complete the invention; or, as it is called, to 'reduce the invention to practice.'"

"But how can they tell?" persisted Ham.

"They institute what is known as an 'interference,' which means that each of the parties is notified that his application has been found to interfere with another. Then each party must, within a certain time, file a concise statement, under oath, showing the date of his original conception of the invention, of its illustration by drawing or model, of its disclosure to others, of its completion, and of



the extent of its use. Each party has then to take the testimony of witnesses as to the points I have just mentioned. This evidence is carefully considered by the examiner of interferences, and he decides which party is the prior inventor. If the other applicant is not satisfied, he can appeal from this decision to the Board of Examiners-in-chief, and from them to the Commissioner, if necessary."

"Oh, what a bother," was Ham's comment. "I hope we sha'n't have to go through any such rigmarole as that."

"So do I," replied Mr. Stanwood.

The amendment, upon its receipt at the Patent Office, was sent to Division 12, and entered by the clerk in "case number 13,133." The assistant who had examined the application now looked carefully through the papers to see that all errors of spelling, etc., were corrected, made the proper indorsements on the file-wrapper and drawing to prepare the case for "issue," and wrote out for the use of the Government printer a "brief," indicating the matter to be inserted in the *Official Gazette*. The file was signed by the Primary Examiner in charge of Division 12, and, after another entry by the clerk in her journal, the papers were forwarded to the "Issue and Gazette Division"; the model being sent to the Model Halls for safe keeping until the patent should be issued.

The next communication from the office to Ham was in the following form:

Issue Division. All communications should be addressed to "The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C."

Serial No. 13,133.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. PATENT OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1880.

H. ESTABROOK, care of Joseph Stanwood, Brunswick, Maine.

SIR: Your application for a Patent for an Improvement in combined Can-Opener and Corkscrew, filed June 30, 1880, has been examined and allowed.

The final fee, Twenty Dollars, must be paid, and the Letters Patent bear date as of a day, not later than six months from the time of this present notice of allowance.

If the final fee is not paid within that period, the patent will be withheld, and your only relief will be by a renewal of the application, with additional fees, under the provisions of Section 4897, Revised Statutes. The office aims to deliver patents upon the day of their date, and on which their term begins to run; but to do this properly, applicants will be expected to pay their final fees at least twenty days prior to the conclusion of the six months allowed them by law. The printing, photo-lithographing, and engraving of the several patent parts, preparatory to final signing and sealing, will consume the intervening time, and such work will not be done until after payment of the necessary fees.

When you send the final fee, you will also send, distinctly and plainly written, the name of the inventor and title of invention as above given, date of allowance (which is the date of this circular), date of filing, and, if assigned, the names of the assignees.

If you desire to have the patent issue to assignees, an assignment containing a request to that effect, together with the fee for recording the same, must be filed in this Office on or before the date of payment of final fee.

Additional copies of specifications and drawings will be charged for at the following rates: Single copies, uncertified, 25 cents;

twenty copies or more, 10 cents each. The money should accompany the order.

The within title is that given by the Examiner in charge, as most appropriate to your invention. Should you desire a change in the same, satisfactory reasons must be given therefor on or before the payment of the final fee.

In remitting the final fee, give the serial number at the head of this notice.

Very respectfully,

E. M. MARBLE,  
Commissioner of Patents.

A letter from Mr. Stanwood to Tom McAllister, reminding him of his promise to furnish all the money necessary in the prosecution of the application, was quickly responded to, and about four weeks later, a heavy document, resplendent with blue ribbons and red seals, was placed in the hands of the delighted young patentee. The patent was a steel-engraved form printed on parchment, and filled in by an expert penman. It bore at the top a view of the Patent Office, and was in the following language:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

No. 231,213.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME:

WHEREAS, Hamilton Estabrook, of Brunswick, Maine, has presented to the Commissioner of Patents a petition praying for the grant of Letters Patent for an alleged new and useful improvement in combined Can-Opener and Corkscrew, a description of which invention is contained in the Specification, of which a copy is herewith annexed and made a part hereof, and has complied with the various requirements of law in such cases made and provided, and

WHEREAS, upon due examination made, the said Claimant is adjudged to be justly entitled to a patent under the law,

Now, therefore, these LETTERS PATENT are to grant unto the said *Hamilton Estabrook*, his heirs and assigns, for the term of seventeen years, from the seventeenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and eighty, the exclusive right to make, use, and vend the said invention throughout the United States and the Territories thereof.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the PATENT OFFICE to be affixed at the City of Washington, this seventeenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifth.

A. BELL,

Acting Secretary of the Interior.

Countersigned:

E. M. MARBLE,  
Commissioner of Patents.

This was accompanied by a photo-lithograph of the drawing, and a printed copy of the specification.

Ham turned the crisp leaves back and forth with intense satisfaction.

"What will mother say now?" he proudly exclaimed. "I rather think she will have to confess that she's mistaken about inventions not being good for anything."

"Have you any plans as to selling the patent or manufacturing your invention?" asked Mr. Stanwood.

"Why, no," replied Ham, slowly. "I had n't gone so far as to lay any plans. What would you do about it, if you were in my place?"

The lawyer smiled good-naturedly. "Of course you are aware, my boy, that advice is a costly luxury when given by one of my profession," he said. "But you are quite welcome to any stray grains of wisdom which I may be able to offer. It seems to me that Tom McAllister is in a better position to dispose of it than you are; besides, Tom is personally interested in the matter, and will naturally be on the look-out for some way to dispose of it, and get his money back. Shall I write to him?"

"Yes, if you please," replied Ham; and he hurried off to display to the admiring home-circle the magic document which was to make the family's fortune.

The days lengthened into weeks, and the short, warm summer days gave place to the cold weather of fall. Expectation deepened into anxiety, and the flush of success gave way to the seriousness of uneasy misgiving. Tom's letters were not encouraging. "So many patents in the market," he wrote, "that there seems to be no chance for a good sale." "Manufacturers say there is no demand for such an article." "Season is over now, and there is no particular reason for making arrangements for next year just at present," and so on. Ham's face grew longer and longer as he read these discouraging epistles, and he found little consolation in his studies. The thought of the possibility that he might fail to carry out his cherished plan of going to college seemed to take away the old zest in his work and the greatest incentive to duty.

"It never rains but it pours," says the homely adage, and Ham was grimly reminded of this one day when he came home and found his strong, cheery father lying white and faint upon the bed, while the doctor and Mrs. Estabrook worked quietly and busily to relieve his sufferings. "An accident at the mill," they said; and Ham had little more time for meditation until the cool night-breezes brought the needed sleep to the patient, and a respite to the tired attendants.

"It's all up with me now," soliloquized the boy, as he tumbled into bed. "I've got to give up college. Poor old father! I'd give up twenty colleges, rather than have him laid up in this way. Well—let's see——" and he thought over his new-formed plans until he fell asleep. The result was, that he left school, and by a determined effort succeeded in impressing upon the mill owners the straits into which the accident had thrown his father's family, and the justice of Ham's request to be given a situation in which he could earn something; enough at least to keep from their door the distress for which the mill owners were responsible by their neglect in not taking sufficient precaution against the accident.

"We have a little something to give thanks for, next Thursday," said Ham to his mother, after a satisfactory interview with the mill superintendent, and the promise of fifty dollars a month for his services.

"Oh, yes," responded his mother, cheerfully. "I've never seen a Thanksgiving-day yet, but what there was some blessing to be remembered in the past year. The only thing I feel badly about is the money you got Tom McAllister to spend on that invention of yours. I shall always feel as if that was a debt."

"But it was Tom's own offer," broke in Ham; "he went into it with his eyes open."

"No matter," replied his mother; "I can't help feeling under an obligation to him so long as he has n't got his money back."

"We'll see, Mother," cried Ham, with an attempt at bravery. "Perhaps that can-opener will open a pot of gold for us some day, yet; who knows?"

"I don't, for one," was Mrs. Estabrook's answer, with a deprecatory shake of her head.

As Ham passed the post-office the next morning, the postmaster came out, locking the door behind him.

"By the way," he exclaimed, "seems to me I remember seeing something of yours—guess I'll have to get it for you," he added, laughingly, as he fumbled for his keys.

Ham lingered at the door while the man good-naturedly ran over the letters in the dim light of the shuttered room. "Here it is," he said, presently, and handed the boy a letter upon which appeared the familiar handwriting of Tom McAllister.

"Another wail, I suppose," muttered Ham, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "I'll wait till I get home before I open it. It's too cold to stand here and read unwelcome news."

It was not until the little family were gathered round the table, with Mr. Estabrook comfortably bolstered up on the lounge near the stove, that Ham remembered his letter.

"Had a note from Tom to-day," he remarked, as he opened it, "and entirely forgot to read it. Wonder what the matter is now. Hullo! Great Scott! Sold! Hurrah!"—the boy fairly shouted, staring at the letter with wide-open eyes.

"My son!" cautioned Mrs. Estabrook, "you must——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Ham; "but just listen:

"DEAR HAM: I can sell the patent to a Worcester man who has a little spare capital and wants some novelty to work up for the hardware trade. He gives you a choice of twenty per cent. royalty on actual sales for three years, or two thousand dollars cash. I



advise you to accept the latter. It is not very much, but I think you would do well to take him up; otherwise there will probably be little chance of disposing of the patent until Spring. Answer at once.

Yours,  
TOM McALLISTER.

"There! Have n't I a right to shout at such a letter as that?"

"You have, indeed," answered his mother, heartily. "Ham, I'm sorry for all I said about patents and inventions. That money will be a godsend to us this winter. I was worrying dreadfully to think how we should ever manage through the next six months!"

"And I won't have to give up college, after all," exclaimed Ham, joyfully. "Two thousand dollars! Why, even after I have given Tom McAllister his share, I shall have enough left to keep us until father gets well again, and then to go through college!"

"This is truly a Thanksgiving-day," said Mrs. Estabrook. "I shall always remember this whenever I feel discouraged hereafter. And Ham," she continued, "if I ever again make any more objections to one of your inventions, you just say 'Can-opener!'"

## THE BALLAD OF THE RUBBER-PLANT AND THE PALM.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

A RUBBER-PLANT and a small Palm stood  
Upon a parlor floor.  
From either side the fire-place  
They scanned each other o'er.



"What do you rub?" the small Palm asked  
His statelier neighbor tall.

"Alas!" the Rubber-plant replied,  
"I can not rub at all.

"If I had hands, like yours," he said,  
As wistfully he eyed  
His smaller neighbor's pretty palms  
With fingers opened wide,

"Then I could rub!"—"And yet," replied  
The little Palm, "you see,  
Though I have hands, I can not rub,  
And that 's the rub, with me.

"I wonder why it 's always so:  
That something we have got  
Seems never quite complete to be,  
Without what we have not.

"I 've often longed to rub my hands  
With glee, here in my tub;  
And you, no doubt, have often wished  
You had some hands to rub.

"Now, if you were I, or I were you,—  
No, that 's not right, I see,—  
But if you *and* I, were you *or* I,  
What a fine plant we should be!"

Still, they did as all good plants should—  
Kept green all winter long:  
So no one ever knew or guessed  
That anything was wrong.

# THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.

BY PALMER COX.



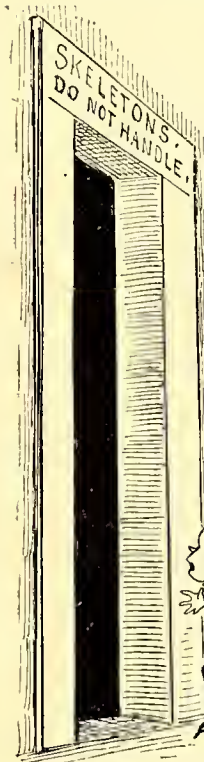
HE Brownies once with  
capers spry  
To an Academy drew nigh,  
Which, founded by a gener-  
ous hand,  
Spread light and learning  
through the land.

The students, by ambition fired,  
And men of science had retired;  
So Brownies, through their mystic power,  
Soon took advantage of the hour.

Ere long a door was open swung,  
To show some skeletons that hung  
From hook and peg, which caused a shout  
Of fear to rise from those about.  
Said one: "Thus Science works its way  
Through old remains from day to day;  
And those who during life could find

No time, perhaps, to aid  
mankind,  
May, after all, in some  
such place  
For years assist the hu-  
man race  
By giving students, as  
you see,  
Some knowledge of An-  
atomy."

A battery was next dis-  
played,  
And soon experiments  
were made;  
Electric currents were  
applied



To meadow-frogs they found inside,  
Which sage professors, nights and days,  
Had gathered up, in various ways,  
And thought the captives safe to keep  
For operations dark and deep.  
Now on the table to and fro  
Tripped frogs on light fantastic toe,  
While ranged around with fingers spread,  
And eyes protruding from each head,  
In wild amazement and delight  
The Brownies viewed the novel sight.



To making pills some turned the mind,  
While some to Dentistry inclined,  
And aching teeth, both small and large,  
Were there extracted free of charge.  
More gazed where Phrenologic charts  
Showed heads partitioned off in parts.  
Said one: "Let others knowledge gain  
Through which to conquer ache and pain,  
But by these charts I'll do my best  
To learn where Fancy makes her nest,  
And hatches notions, day and night,  
To fill the millions with delight."

Another cried, as he surveyed  
The bumps that were so well arrayed:  
"These heads exhibit, full and clear,  
Which one to love and whom to fear;  
Who is with noble thoughts inspired,  
And who with hate or envy fired;  
The man as timid as the hare,  
The man destructive as the bear.  
While choosing partners, one may find  
It well to keep these charts in mind."

A microscope at length they found;  
And next, the Brownies gathered round





A stereopticon machine  
That cast its rays  
upon a screen.  
A thousand times it  
magnified,  
Till, stretching out  
on every side,  
An object large and  
larger spread,  
And filled the gaz-  
ing group with  
dread.

The locust, beetle, and the bee  
Soon gained proportions strange to see,  
And seemed like monsters close at hand  
To put an end to  
all the band.

At other times,  
all breathless  
grouped  
O'er crucibles,  
the Brownies  
stooped  
To separate, with  
greatest skill,  
The grains which  
cure from those  
that kill;



While burning acids, blazes blue,  
And odors strong confused the crew.

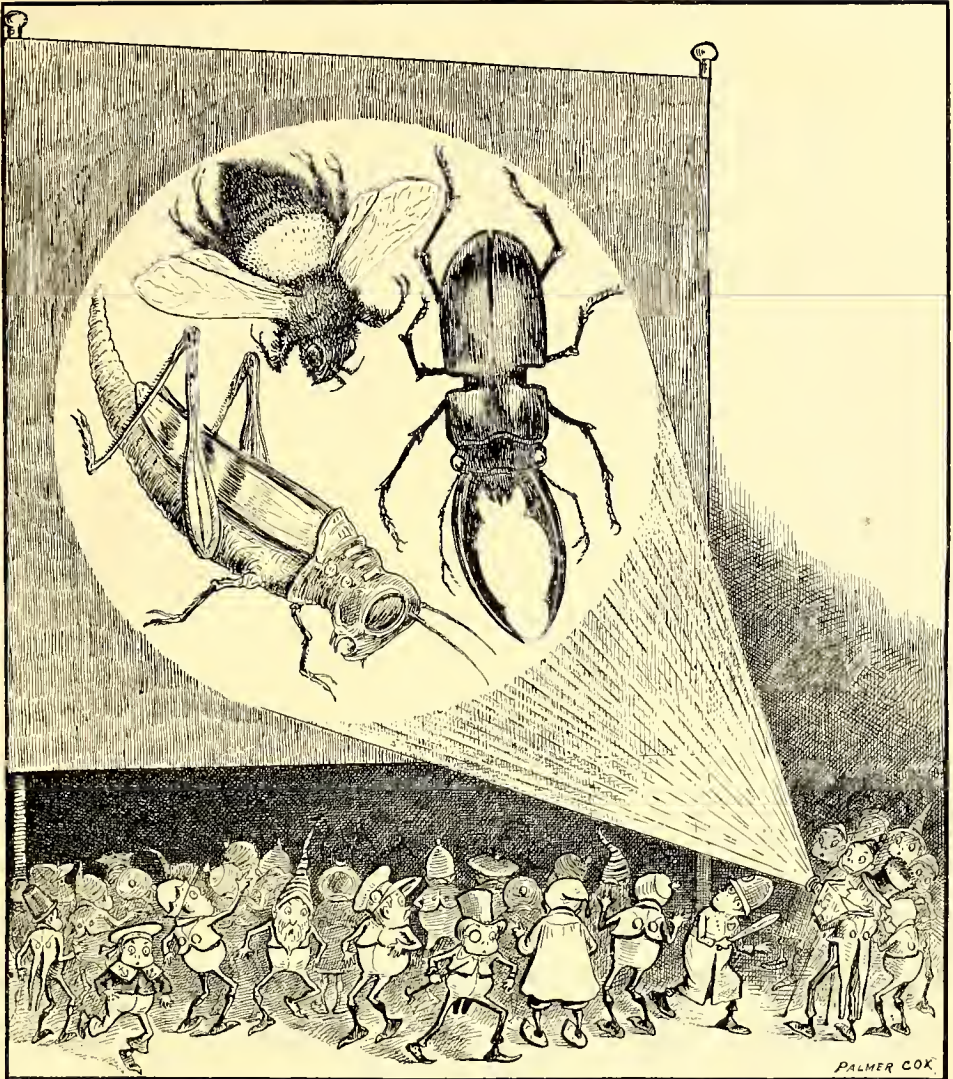
Cried one: "Through trials hard to bear,  
The student must himself prepare.  
Though mixing paint, or mixing pill —  
Or mixing phrases, if you will —



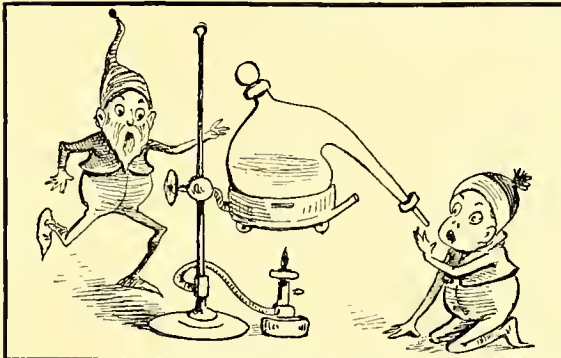
No careless study satisfies  
If one would to distinction rise;  
The minds that shed from pole to pole  
The light of years, as round we roll,  
Are first enriched through patient toil,  
And kindled by the midnight oil."

Thus spicing logic with a joke,  
They chatted on till morning broke;  
And then with wild and rapid race  
The Brownie band forsook the place.





"THEY SEEMED LIKE MONSTERS CLOSE AT HAND TO PUT AN END TO ALL THE BAND."



THE BROWNIES AND THE RETORT.



A BOTTLE THAT SURPRISES TWO BROWNIES.





HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. II.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

*Marcato.*

I. Rub - a - dub - dub, In a foam - ing tub, O - ver the rip - pling

board we lean, Up and down till the clothes are clean; Rub - a - dub - dub, we

*cresc.*

glee - ful - ly sing, With a rub - a - dub - dub, and a wring - a - wring-wring.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics: "glee - ful - ly sing, With a rub - a - dub - dub, and a wring - a - wring-wring." The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The middle staff is in G major with a treble clef, and the bottom staff is in G major with a bass clef. Both piano parts feature a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) appearing in the middle staff.

## II.

Rub-a-dub-dub,  
In the scalding tub!

Paddle and poke with the lifting stick,  
Poke and paddle and stir them quick;  
Rub-a-dub-dub, we gleefully sing,  
With a rub-a-dub-dub, and a wring-a-wring-wring.

## III.

Rub-a-dub-dub,  
In the rinsing tub!

Grandmothers rinsed in the running brook,  
Dipped and squeezed them, and wrung and shook;  
Rub-a-dub-dub, we gleefully sing,  
With a rub-a-dub-dub, and a wring-a-wring-wring.

## WHAT THE BUTCHER BOY SAID.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

## II.

THE question concerning the butcher boy, the dead pigeon, and the gardener, which was put to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS for January, has not been exactly solved by any of the guesses at what the boy said, although we have received answers from many young friends, two or three of whom have made guesses which differ only in detail from what was really said. A list of the names of those who have sent replies may be found in the "Letter-box" of this number of the magazine.

It will be remembered that the pigeons were seen sunning themselves on the barn in a wealthy man's house-yard, which was presided over by a gardener of ferocious aspect and terrible reputation among the boys of that neighborhood. The butcher boy was seen to approach on a neighboring sidewalk; to discover the pretty birds; to drop his basket; to draw his bean-shooter, and to kill one of the birds. After that, he walked across the street and rattled the garden-gate. The ferocious gardener came, and, after listening to what the boy said, went away and, bringing the dead pigeon, presented it to the boy, who walked off whistling light-heartedly.

Subsequent inquiry has shown that the boy was in one important respect better than boys usually are who delight in frightening, maiming, or killing

helpless creatures, and that the case was otherwise peculiar.

"Mister," said the boy to the gardener, "I have hurt one of your pigeons. I did not mean to. I fired my bean-shooter, and thought it would only scare them; but one pigeon fell, and I am afraid it is killed. I have six dollars saved up, and I will pay for it gladly, if you will take the money."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the gardener; "you are the first boy I ever saw who did not take to his heels when he had done wrong. The pigeons, though they belong to us, are great nuisances; and if you had killed them all, it would have pleased my boss. But, my boy, killing and hurting helpless things, because they are smaller and weaker than you are, is bad business; and if you had not been so honest, I would have thought you had a wicked heart. Let me give you the pigeon to take home." He went and got the pigeon. "There, now; take it, and show it to your mother, and see what she'll say. See if she does not tell you to throw away that bean-shooter. It is not a fit plaything for an honest lad."

One moral that may be drawn from this tale is, that the fierceness of a gardener seems to depend upon the consciences, rather than the eyes, of the boys who look upon him.

Perhaps other morals may be found in it.



## NANNY'S SKETCHING.

BY ALICE P. CARTER.

STEALING out alone, demure and secret,  
Feeling rather naughty, I'm afraid,—  
Yes, I'm pretty sure she knows 't is naughty,—  
Forth she goes, the cunning little maid.

Closely hugged beneath her tiny elbow,  
Peeps a sketching-block of Sister Lou's ;  
Nanny thinks she, too, will be a "lartist,"  
So she 's toddling out to draw the "moos."

Pretty moo-cows ! Nanny 'll draw their leggies  
And their tailies, and their hornies too,  
Make a booful picture, all herselfie,  
Sitting in the fields like Sister Lou.

Down she sits, and, all absorbed, is working,  
Drawing "booful pictures" on the block,



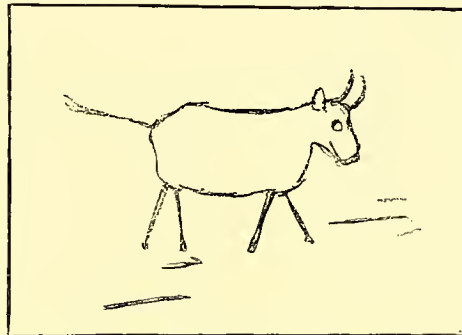
When a rumbling murmur close  
beside her  
Makes her turn her head with  
sudden shock.

Right behind her stands a mon-  
strous "moo-cow,"  
Gazing at her with big, kindly  
eyes,  
As if so small a midget busy sketch-  
ing  
Filled her honest "cowship" with  
surprise.

Maybe "moo" admires her sisters'  
 portraits,  
 But Nanny does not fancy that at  
 all.  
 Off she runs, and never stops her  
 screaming  
 Till she is safe behind the  
 garden-wall.



Sister Lou had not the heart  
 to scold her,  
 When Nannie came back  
 crying with affright,  
 But the heads and eyes of low-  
 ing "moo-cows"  
 Haunted little sister's dreams  
 that night.



SKETCHED FROM LIFE.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

APRIL is here !

There 's a song in the maple, thrilling and new ;  
 There 's a flash of wings of the heavens' own hue ;  
 There 's a veil of green on the nearer hills ;  
 There 's a burst of rapture in woodland rills ;  
 There are stars in the meadow dropped here and  
 there ;  
 There 's a breath of arbutus in the air ;  
 There 's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest ;  
 There 's an arch of color spanning the west ;  
 April is here !

Very true, April *is* here,—that is to say, she is due whenever the April St. NICHOLAS is ready to appear ; and she is apt to follow out the general plan described so pleasantly by Emma C. Dowd, in the verse I have now given you.

HOW SHALL WE SAY "ARBUSUS" ?

AND, by the way, speaking of "the breath of arbutus," your friend Maria L. Owen, of Springfield, requests me to mention here, that you 'll oblige her very much if, when speaking of that beautiful, earliest, spring wildflower, the trailing arbutus, you will put the accent on the first syllable of the word, where it belongs, and not on the second, where it does not belong. She says this may sound strange to you at first, because you probably have become used to hearing the word pronounced *arbutus*, just as you may have heard *clematis* pronounced *clematis*. But as soon as your ear becomes accustomed to the right accent, she is sure you will think *arbutus* and *clematis* quite as pretty sounds as *arbutus* and *clematis*. She admits, however, that you will find this practice rather perplexing when you meet with the word in the rhymes of American writers, though all over England in prose and verse *arbutus* holds its own. Further, she sends

you two extracts from American and two from English poets (Mrs. Browning and William Cowper), so that you may note for yourselves the pronunciation of the disputed word.

"Whisper on, glad girls and boys ;  
 Sealed the fragrant rosy wells ;  
 You and spring are safe alike —  
 Never the arbutus tells." [H. H.

"The wild arbutus, flushed with haste,  
 Trails close, to make appeal."  
 [LUCY LARCOM.

— "Over which you saw  
 The irregular line of elms by the deep lane,  
 Which stopped the grounds and dammed the  
 overflow  
 Of arbutus and laurel." [E. B. BROWNING.

"Glowing bright,  
 Beneath, the various foliage wildly spreads,  
 The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit."  
 "COWPER.

Miss Owen repeats that *arbutus* is wrong, though a thousand American tongues soon will make the air resound with it. In proof, she quotes Virgil as classical authority, and for the present day the late Dr. Asa Gray, and Dr. Goodale of Cambridge.

Webster's Unabridged, the lady says in effect, used to give the pronunciation *arbutus*, but it reformed in 1873, and has insisted ever since upon throwing the accent on the first syllable. The Imperial Dictionary gives only *arbutus*, though Worcester's Dictionary ventures to stand up for the old *arbutus*.

There! my chicks, I have delivered the message — and I never could have done it but for the help of the dear Little School-ma'am. Settle the matter among yourselves and your elders. Meantime, safe under the snow, the beautiful flower is tinting its new buds among its stiff old leaves of last year, caring little what folk may call it, so that they only welcome and enjoy its fragrant loveliness.

THOSE BIRD-MOTHERS AGAIN.

STIRLING, ILL.

DEAR JACK: I have long been a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and so I am very much interested in its communications. Our daily *Evening Journal* denies the possibility of such instances as your correspondents recently gave you. Its explanation of mother-birds killing their imprisoned young is as follows:

"Old birds have a spite against young ones,— even the sires of some families will kill their offspring; and those captive birds known to be killed by grown-up birds of their kind were not killed by their mothers at all, but by any that chanced to come upon them, and agreeably to a practice that is not confined to birds, even. These same birds would have killed them in their nests, if their guardians had been away."

Now, my mamma thinks the assertion is too sweeping, and she thinks the writer of the letter in ST. NICHOLAS is correct, as, during her own girlhood, and while living in Schuylkill County, Pa., a similar circumstance came under her own observation.

One summer afternoon, after a violent thunderstorm, she found two young robins that had been blown out of their nest, and the parent birds were flying about, crying mournfully. She took the young ones, put them in a cage, and left it within reach of the parents. She went away, but watched them from a window. When the old birds discovered their young were prisoners, they flew away, but, returning in a short time, fed them, continuing to do so until

nightfall. The next morning they renewed their care, but before evening both birds lay dead in the cage. Her mother (my grandmother) said the parents gave their young something to poison them.

A devoted friend of ST. NICHOLAS, CAROL R. S.—

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA, Dec. 30, 1887.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just read a letter in your last, entitled "Cat-bird Parents." I must tell you that my experience in raising the young birds has been very different from Miss Torbert's. I have had a number of them, invariably too young to fly, and only once (in the case of a bird whose leg had been broken, and which I finally chloroformed) did I fail to see them reach their full development, and fly from the open cage-door. The first bird I raised, I lodged comfortably in a large wire cage, and placed it in a small room opening from a large one. Several people were sitting in the large room, when two grown cat-birds flew in, and straight through to my foundingling. We were quiet and awaited further developments. Presently the male flew back, and out, but soon returned with a limp worm, which it fed to the captive through the cage-bars. The mother-bird went out foraging. Thus did they relieve each other for days, until the young bird could pick up its food, one of the parents remaining at the cage all day. They would let me sit close to them while they tended their baby, sometimes even alighting in my lap.

Dear, brave little birds! Who shall say what resolution and courage it took for them first to enter that room! After that I always left the little birds out on a shaded porch. I also put a saucer of potato and yolk of egg mixed (both hard-boiled) near the cage, and the birds would feed the captive with this. They would even carry some of the food away, for the benefit of the rest of their family, I have no doubt. It has been my experience that cat-birds show more intelligence, and are more easily tamed, than red-birds or mocking-birds. Their song is very sweet. So you see, dear Jack, that the cat-birds of Virginia must not fall under the ban which pronounces their Northern cousins so cruel, or so wise, which is it? I hardly can claim for my birds that they knew I intended letting the little ones loose. I fear I have written at too great length, but I wished to vindicate our cat-birds.

Yours sincerely, K. S. P.—

LET us thank both of these correspondents, my people, and hope, until observation enables us to be sure of it, that the birds of our friend K. S. P. have a right to be considered fair average examples of bird morality, intelligence, and kindness.

#### THE SUN AS A FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

THE dear Little School-ma'am tells me that as soon as the wintry cold begins to wane and the sunlight grows warmer, house-fires are apt to get low and dull, and for this reason persons say "the sun puts the fire out." Sometimes the children ask her to explain this queer conduct on the part of the sun, and then she tells them something like this:

During the sunniest part of the day we are apt to neglect our fires and to cease supplying fresh fuel. Meantime the sun's rays warm the air and rarefy it until it is as warm and thin as the air in the chimney that has been heated by the fire. Then the draught ceases and the fire gets lower and lower. But the Little School-ma'am opens a door, or a window, and the fresh, cool air sends the warm air of the room up the chimney in a hurry, and the fire brightens.

And the little lady reminds them of another fact: If the sunshine falls directly upon the fire, it is at least a rival light, and not so well calculated to show the glow of the coals as a flattering shadow would be.

#### THE JACK-SCREW AND OTHER JACKS.

L. P. WARREN, Florence Henry, E. R. H. and several others have sent letters placing that loose screw we talked about in January. They say: "The jack-screw is a portable machine for raising heavy weights short distances."

These correspondents also suggest more Jacks, such as Jack-block, Jack-boots, Jackdaw, Jack-plane, Jack-saw, Jack-pudding, Jackanapes; and Florence quotes the Mother-Goose rhyme:

"Handy, spandy, Jack-a-dandy,  
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy."

#### "WHY HARTSHORN?" ANSWERED.

OF the many replies that have come to the Little School-ma'am's query, which I gave you in January last, Edward C. D.'s is the best and shortest:

Ans.: "Because it originally was made by distillation from deer's (or harts') horn."

Every hundred pounds of deer's or any horn is, I am told, capable of producing sixteen pounds of ammonia, that pungent gas with which you all are familiar and which gives smelling-salts, or hartshorn, its peculiar odor.

#### HOW IS THAT?

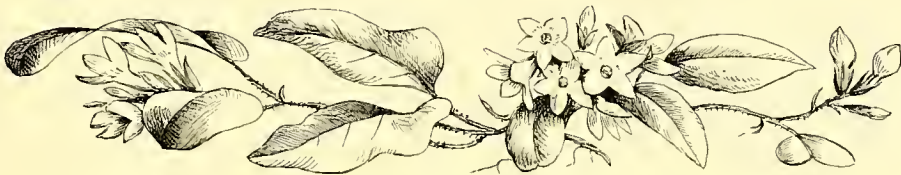
ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR JACK: I am a school teacher, and one of my little puzzlers puzzled me recently with this question: "Is that as that is a preposition the same as as that as that is a conjunction?" I answered indignantly: "Is that that that is a conjunction that same that that that is that is a pronoun?" Thinking that perhaps you or the Little School-ma'am might help out me and the babies, I refer the matter to you.

Yours truly,  
ANGUS E. ORR.

I showed this letter to the dear Little School-ma'am this morning and she said: "Say to Mr. Orr that that that that that that is that he mentions is as confusing as as as a preposition and as as as a conjunction (though to my mind as is as useful as a conjunction as as is as a preposition) and that I beg to be excused solely on that ground."

Who can correctly and with the right emphasis read aloud the Little School-ma'am's reply?



TRAILING ARBUTUS.



# HANDIWORK FOR GIRLS.

BY ELLA S. WELCH.

We hope many girls will be glad of these suggestions for simple pieces of fancy work. While all of the articles described may not be entirely new, yet it is believed that each reader can find some novel trifle which will repay the slight trouble of making it. The directions are plain and easy to follow; and although both materials and colors are specified, individual taste may of course be freely exercised in choosing other suitable fabrics, or in varying the colors and designs here given.

## LITTLE BROOMS.

A SMALL broom may be so trimmed as to be an ornament when

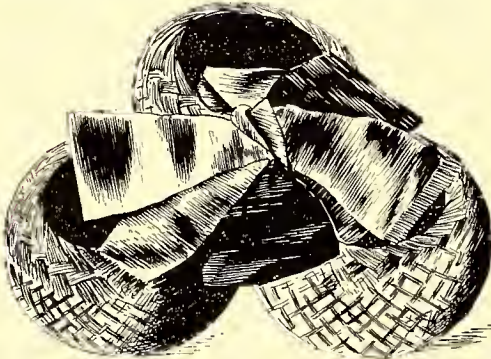
standing by the fireplace in readiness to keep the hearth or floor tidy. Cover the upper half of the broom part with dark-brown cloth; first embroidering this cover in outline,—a cob-web makes a very appropriate design. If you wish to make two, the other may be of peacock-blue felt, the embroidery being a few long stitches of crewels of various colors.

The handles should be bronzed or gilded; or, they may be covered by a strip of cloth wound in a tight spiral around the wood and fastened at the top by some sort of ornamental tack.



## TRIPLE BASKET.

THIS is for the dressing-table, and is convenient as a temporary receptacle for jewelry, or similar small articles. Any small baskets may be used; those shown in the picture cost four cents each at a "Japanese store." They may be gilded, bronzed, painted, or left as bought, according to taste. A pad should be tacked in the bottom of the baskets, and is thus made: Cut a piece of cotton-batting to fit, and sprinkle it freely with sachet powder. Cover the cotton with plush or velvet cut a little larger, fastening the edges beneath the cotton by stitching them either to the cotton or to each



other. Fasten the pads in the bottom of the baskets by means of a stitch or two.

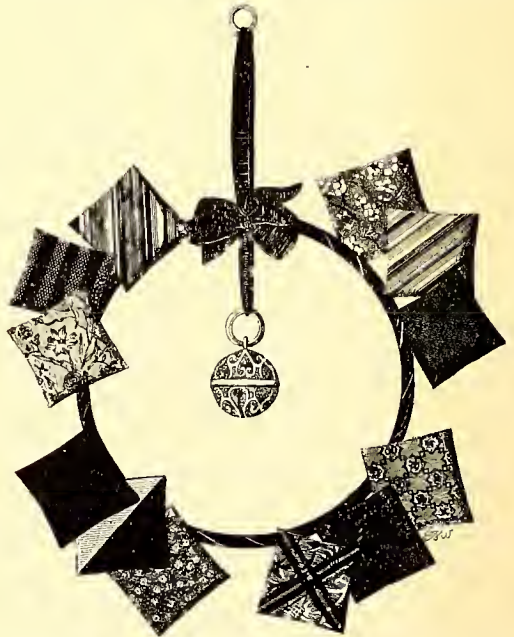
Sew the three baskets together, as indicated in the picture, taking care to make them stand evenly. Cover the joinings with a bow consisting of seven loops and ends.

Shrimp-pink and Nile-green form a pretty combination for the bow, which will require about half a yard of each color, if ribbon an inch and a half in width is used.

## BEAN-BAG GAME.

THE illustration represents something new: a "Home-made Bean-bag Game," so named because all the materials needed for it can be found in almost any home.

The ring can be made of a piece of a barrei-hoop; or an old iron hoop can be used. It should be about sixteen inches in diameter, but a difference of an inch one way or the other is not important. Wind this with a strip of turkey-red, or some bright-colored ma-



terial; suspend a sleigh-bell, or small table-bell, on a piece of ribbon in the center; use a loop of the same ribbon, slipped through a small metal ring, by which the hoop is suspended in a doorway; the ends forming a bow on the large ring, as seen in the picture.

The bags should be four inches square; and only about three-quarters filled with small, white beans.

Almost any kind of material can be used for the bags; cretonne, awning-material, or ticking will answer the purpose. It is an improvement to cover the bags with soft silks of various colors.

The object of the game is to see who, in pitching the bags through the hoop, can strike the bell the greatest number of times in twelve trials. Variations of the game may readily be devised. The distance from the ring at which players should stand, and the height at which the ring is hung, will depend on the average size of the players.

The ring should be suspended from a hook screwed into the top of

the door-casing. Tacks in each side of the doorway, with fine cords running from them to each side of the ring, are often found useful to keep the ring from turning and to hold it in place.

Sometimes the game is made more interesting by a pretty little prize given to the most successful player, and a "booby-prize"—some funny article, such as a fool's cap or a toy donkey—may be awarded to the one making the lowest count.

#### BEAD CURTAINS.

BEAD curtains are easily made by little girls to hang in the doorways of their baby-houses.

*Directions:* First, mark off on a piece of strong tape, of any required color, the exact width of your doorway. For convenience, tack this tape along the edge of a pine table or chair-back or shelf.

Next, within this marked-off space, and side by side, hang very strong linen threads, all of the same length, and each strung with beads. The length of the threads must, of course, depend upon the desired length of the curtain. String each thread with beads before you fasten it to the tape, and be sure that the first bead, which should be a large one, is securely fastened, as it will come at the bottom when your curtain is hung. When all the beaded threads are strongly fastened upon the tape, you have only to hem the ends of the tape at the two marked places and hang it up in the little doorway.

In threading the beads, do not put so many upon the string that it will be too stiff to swing freely; and, above all, exercise your best taste in assorting the colors and sizes of the beads. It is not difficult so to arrange them that very pretty patterns will appear upon the curtain.

The writer knows a bright little girl who, during a slight but rather long illness, made her mother a beautiful bead curtain for a "grown-up" doorway, as she called it. Her mother had bought the beads at wholesale.

Other articles may be used with or instead of beads; such as muskmelon, watermelon, or other seeds, or bits of bamboo from worn-out or broken Japanese bead-curtains. The wooden beads that were lately used in trimming dresses and bonnets—but that are now out of fashion, and probably to be bought very cheaply—would be effective. Even pop-corn first dipped in gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, and when dry strung instead of beads, makes a very pretty curtain, if one is willing to wash off the dust occasionally.

#### "MENAGERIE" BLANKET.

THIS cloth is intended to spread on the floor for baby to play upon and for his amusement. It can be of gray linen, felt, or heavy flannel.



nel. The outline of the animals may be copied from books or papers by the aid of transfer paper, and worked in outline-stitch with red

and blue working cotton. If the blanket be made of linen, bind it around the edge with red braid; if made of flannel, it will be prettier to pink the edges; then stitch a band of contrasting flannel underneath the gray, so that the pinked edge will show against it.

#### FANCY-WORK APRON.

THIS style of fancy-work apron, or "art" apron, as it is sometimes termed, will be found particularly useful on account of the capacious



pocket. It may be made in cream-colored grenadine or pongee silk. The design on the pocket is worked in colored wash-silks; the cob-web part, in dark gray; the letters, in cardinal; and the figure, in harmonious shades of olive and light blue.

All hems are feather-stitched with cardinal. Satin bows of the same color as that used in the feather-stitching are fastened at each side of the pocket; and a piece of cardinal satin ribbon is run through the hem at the waist, and the apron is shirred over this, to give fullness. The ribbon must be long enough to tie in a pretty bow at one side.

With a few necessary modifications, this apron is well adapted for wearing with a tennis-costume, and then the tennis-balls can be kept in the pocket.

The designs should be changed accordingly. A racket might be embroidered in outline upon the pocket.

If found best, either for tennis or for fancy-work, divisions in the pocket can be made by stitching perpendicular seams at either regular or unequal distances, as the purpose may require.

#### HANDLES FOR PACKAGES.

THESE are made of the common wooden handles sometimes given away to purchasers by the large stores. The metal ends or hooks must be painted with several coats of bronze, or gilding-liquid. The handle is neatly covered with plush or velvet, which is glued on very smoothly, the edges meeting but not overlapping. One of these handles may be completed in twenty minutes, and no one will regret the moments so spent.

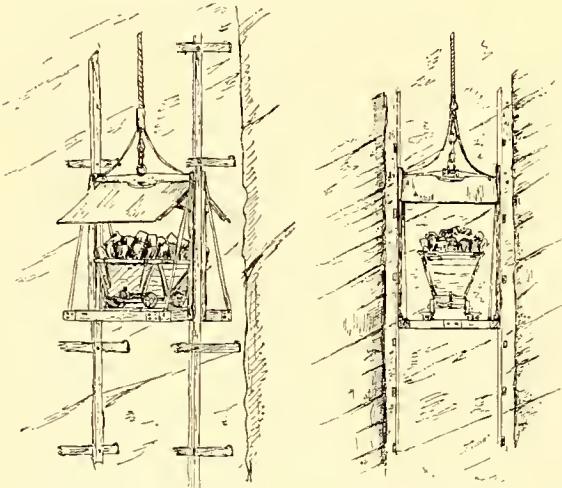


## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE answers to the question, "What did the butcher boy say?" have been ingenious and amusing, but can be arranged into a few general classes: 1. That the butcher boy made up a story to account for the dead bird, without blaming himself. 2. That he frankly confessed and was forgiven. 3. That he shot the bird as a dainty for a sick mother or sister. 4. That the gardener was threatened or bribed. 5. That he asked for the body to have it stuffed, or buried, or to buy a bird like it, to replace the dead one.

The best answer received is from L. R. Gillam, and we are happy to record the names of the young friends who have also sent letters: Frank C. R., Bessie Gardner, Willie M. Vermilye, Amy A. C., John A. Milligan, Mildred Foote, Herbert D. Murray, Louisa E. Emburg, Clara P. Curtiss, Frank H. Hamilton, C. Marion Bush, Marie Buchanan, Clarence and Annis, May, Maggie Schenck, Daisy Thorne, M. R. Chase, E. Runcie, Janet Williams, B. de L., Frank D. W., R. R. Kendall, Cyrus H. Adams, Jr., Francis Beardmore, Ethelinda B. Judson, Grace Patterson, Dottie, and Rowland D. Lanz.

### EXPLANATORY NOTES ON "EDWARD ATHOY."



NOTE 1. SKETCHES, SHOWING "CARRIAGES," OR MINE ELEVATORS, IN A SHAFT.

#### NOTE 2. "The coal is high"

Seams of coal vary greatly in thickness. In a seam having an average thickness of between six and seven feet, there will occur many portions where it may increase in thickness to eleven or twelve feet. At such places it is called "high coal," and as explosive gases found in coal-mines are lighter than air, these high places, when the coal is removed, become filled with gas, which the air-current—without some assistance—can not dislodge. Men go into such "high places," and make a great commotion in the air by whirling their coats rapidly above their heads. The eddies of air extend into the high places and push the gas down into the main current.

#### NOTE 3. "The great fan-wheel."

A ventilating fan, such as is used in coal-mines, is an enormous wheel, containing paddles, somewhat like the paddle-wheels of a river steamer, and placed over a shaft leading to the mine. The air enters at the center of the fan (at the axle), and is whirled outward by the rapid motion of the many paddles. If a fan is not inclosed, by a wood or an iron covering, it will simply whirl about a great quantity of air. By inclosing it, and having in the inclosure an opening like a chimney, the air is drawn out of the mine, and is forced through the chimney, thus creating an "air-current."

#### NOTE 4. "Gangway road."

In mines, all narrow passages through which men travel or air is directed, are called "headings." When two headings are driven one at the side of the other, the one used as a road for hauling coal is called the "gangway"; the other, used for directing the air-current, is called the "air-way." The words "heading road" and "gangway road" mean the same thing.

#### NOTE 5. "Brake-band."

Coal lies imbedded in the rocks forming hills, and hollows, and flat places,—just like hills, dales, and meadows on the surface. Where a gangway road runs up one of these underground hills and the loaded cars, running down, drag the empty cars up by means of a wire rope, this part of the gangway road is called a "plane." The machinery is very simple, consisting of a big wooden cylinder or drum, about which a long wire rope takes a few turns. The loaded cars, to which one end of the rope is fastened, are on the top of the hill, the empty cars are at the bottom, also fastened to the rope. The speed of the cars, as they rush over the plane, is regulated by a flat band of iron claspings the drum, called a "brake-band."

The tighter this band is squeezed about the drum, the slower will the drum turn, until it finally stops. The top of the hill is called the "head," and the bottom, the "foot," of the plane.

#### NOTE 6. "Colorless flies."

These flies are strange-looking insects. It may be that they are an open-air species changed in appearance by living in the dark,—as a blade of grass whitens when growing beneath a board. They have very large heads, and their enormous compound-eyes have a brilliant, red, opalescent glow. The bodies are almost colorless, and perfectly transparent. They are to be found in places where the current of fresh air is sluggish.

#### NOTE 7. "The rats bes gone, sir."

The old saying, "Rats desert a sinking ship," applies to the mines also. These rodents are very large, and become very tame—often sitting opposite a miner at lunch-time, and noisily scampering after the bit of meat or cheese he throws to them. When an accident, such as an explosion or a flooding, is about to happen, these animals seem to be aware of the coming danger. Threatened sections of the workings they desert—even going to the surface to secure safety, when necessary.

### CHERRY GROVE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the oil regions of Western Pennsylvania. Oil was found in Cherry Grove township in the spring of 1881. The first well drilled was called the "Mystery," because very few people knew whether they had found petroleum oil or not. At last the secret was out. Oil was found, and people began to crowd in. They pump the well now.

Nearly everyone uses natural gas here. A great deal of excitement was caused, in the summer of 1881, by the burning of a flowing well, which flamed nearly a week. B. L. F.—

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The public-school authorities of this city, having decided to establish cooking-schools, have employed teachers, and furnished two kitchens in different parts of the city, where the girl pupils may learn the art of cooking. Attendance is not compulsory, only those going who so desire. There are three classes of fifteen each, daily, the lesson lasting two hours. The kitchen where I attend is a moderately large room. A table covered with oil-cloth—around which are arranged sixteen chairs—is in the center of the room. The shelves of a large dresser are filled with breakfast and dinner plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Cups are hung on little hooks. In the lower part are kept the sugar and flour. Pots and pans are near by. An ice-chest holds the butter, eggs, and milk. A small table, with dish-pan and tray, wash-stand, and cooking-range, where the kettle sings merrily, make this a complete kitchen.

The first duty of the young cooks is to wash their hands and put on their aprons. Then all gather round the table to copy the recipes as given by the teacher. Each pupil has a different portion of the

work to do,—some mixing, some kneading, some baking, and all under the teacher's direction. The old adage, "too many cooks spoil the broth," is here disproved; for although many have a finger in it, the result is delicious bread, biscuits, soup, and cookies, up to this date; with other good things to follow from future lessons. And then we have a jolly time eating what we have cooked.

ONE OF THE COOKS.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing so many nice letters in your "Letter-box," I write my letter also.

The only thing that I can remember that is of any interest is Old San Diego, which I lately visited. I saw the two old mission-bells (cast in 1852), "Don Juan," and, I believe the other was named, "Pedro." It was cracked, and, when I slapped it with my hand, sounded hoarse and low, but "Don Juan" sounded ringing and sharp. Each has "Ave Maria" in letters, almost erased, on the side. I'm sure, all of the boys who have read "Two Years Before the Mast," would like to see Old San Diego; but instead of galloping across on a broncho, as Mr. Dana did, they might ride over on the electric-motor road.

I have visited Lower California, too, and may pleasantly surprise some of you Eastern people by saying that it is a very pretty country, with fine mountains and bays and valleys. Before I saw it I thought (from the maps I had seen) that it was a desert.

I like Mr. E. W. Kenble's pictures, and the expression he puts in his characters is so amusing. Mr. Birch's pictures are beautiful.

The winter out here is most pleasantly devoid of all cold; and a rain, a few days ago, made the grass very green (what grass there was), and in some gardens to-day I saw oranges and flowers growing nicely. Looking from the window, I see the bright sunshine, and there's a perfect mass of green trees, of all descriptions, outside. The bay sparkles away off, too, and it is as pleasant here in January as it is elsewhere in June. And one of the most pleasant features of to-day was the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS. I say, "Viva San Nicholas!" and, indeed, "so say we all of us."

Good-bye. A. B.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For many years you have been a source of the greatest delight to me, and now I write to thank you and tell of the sunshine you have shed upon many, many hours of my life that would otherwise have been spent in loneliness and gloom. Good, kind Saint that you are, do you ever try to realize what a blessing you are to not only the hearty girls and boys, but also to those who, like myself, spend many days in being taught patience by the angel of pain?

And there are great numbers who owe you heartfelt thanks without knowing it. These are the guests of the Children's Christmas Club of our city; for you must know, dear Saint, that your suggestion to the children of putting some pleasure into the lives of the poor little unfortunates has not been made in vain. One of our wealthiest merchants undertook to help and guide the children, and under his assistance and direction they were enabled on Holy Innocents' Day to give to the little ones a dinner and Christmas-tree such as they had never seen before.

For several days before the feast, clothing and fuel were given to those in want of it; and after dinner a paper sack was given each child, and they were told to fill it with whatever they liked. That it was greatly enjoyed was fully attested by the zeal with which the "three cheers for the president" of the club were given; and that its object was attained was satisfactorily proved by the accounts of numerous cases of relief, not only of the poor children, but also of their parents, in many cases.

I hope my letter is not too long, but on such a subject it is impossible to be brief. And now I must say good-bye, hoping that we shall shortly hear from all parts of the world of the success of the Children's Christmas Club.

NELL N.

RUTLAND, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that "A Girls' Military Company," in the January number, was splendid, and I should have felt proud to have been one of those girls. I suppose the reason why I feel so (though a girl) is because I have been drilled in nearly the same way, only we drilled with tin pails and milking-stools instead of guns. There were thirty-two girls in the drill. It went under the name of "Dairy Maids' Drill." We had an excellent drill-master. Our costumes were not like those the girls wore from the design of Lieutenant Hamilton. Ours consisted of blue, buff, pink, and red skirts, which came to within seven inches from the floor, and white waists and black bodices. We gave an entertainment which occupied three evenings; the net proceeds were over three hundred dollars. I must close now, hoping my letter will not be too long and uninteresting for you to print.

Your devoted reader, CASSA.

GREENCASTLE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The university mentioned by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in his article in the January number, concerning "A Girls' Military Company," is De Pauw University. The Ladies' Drill Corps has now one hundred and seven members

enrolled. There is one "special" company of twenty-two uniformed young women, which gave an exhibition at the Military Fair given by the cadets.

Lieutenant Wm. T. May, U. S. A., is the present instructor of Military Science and Tactics in the university.

Yours truly, A "CADET."

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since you began, and could not live a month without you. I have one sister twenty-two, one fourteen, and I am eleven.

I made the "Babes in the Wood" game that was in the January number. We all enjoy playing the game very much. It is very hard to aim the arrows, and we get a great many "minuses." I made it to amuse my sister, who was getting well. Of course my favorite story is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I think "Sara Crewe" is very interesting.

Your constant reader, I. B. W.

NEAR WALKER, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. An aunt of mine, in California, has sent you to my older sister for ten years. That was a year before I was born. She was six years old then, and we lived in Tennessee.

My brother Ernest's favorite story was "His One Fault." One day while the story was being printed he came in with a new number of ST. NICHOLAS, just as supper was ready, and wanted Mamma to read to him. When she said "wait," he just danced up and down in the dining-room door and said, "O Mamma, I am aching all over to hear it; I can't wait"; and he is a boy who thinks a great deal of his supper. Now, when a number comes with "Brownies" in it, we all shout, we are so glad. I am so glad that "Juan and Juanita" got home all right.

From your delighted little friend and reader, INA E. D.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have welcomed you in our home for many past years, and I hope we will continue to welcome you for many years to come. I like your stories ever so much, and particularly liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita." I am very much interested in "Sara Crewe," and every time Papa brings a ST. NICHOLAS home the little children crowd around me and beg me to read "Sara Crewe" aloud to them.

I have three sisters and three brothers. We have a pet pigeon, and its name is Midget. Whenever it is offended it struts like a young lord, and makes us all laugh very much. I read the "Letter-box" every month, and it affords me much pleasure.

To-morrow is my birthday, and I will be thirteen years of age.

I like Miss L. M. Alcott's stories very much, and I hope she will contribute some more to the ST. NICHOLAS. I liked the article on "A Girls' Military Company" very much, and I hope that when I am larger I will have a chance to belong to that "Company," or one like it. My letter is too long, so I will stop.

Ever remaining your interested reader, C. E.

OIL CITY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, in November, and I think that "Juan and Juanita" is just a lovely story.

I have a pet dog, and every time I tell her to say her prayers she will jump up on a chair, put her paws upon the back of the chair, then put her head between her paws, and will not get up until I say "Amen." She is a water-spaniel.

I go to school every day, and am getting along very nicely.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and on my birthday I got a lovely bisque doll. Your loving little reader, LILLY L.

QUINCY, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Among your stories, I like "Three Miles High in a Balloon" very much; I suppose for the reason that I saw a man, last summer, jump from a balloon,—with the aid of a parachute. He made two jumps in this city; the first distance was 4500 feet, the second 7000 feet. The name of the aeronaut is T. S. Baldwin. We young people are very much interested in him, and are proud of him, for this place is his home.

I dearly love your magazine, and hope to have it to read for many years.

Your admirer and well-wisher, ELSA C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little French girl, living in America. I have been studying the English language for a very long time. Crossing the ocean, we had a terrible time; the waves were higher than the ship, and I was very much frightened.

I have taken you ever since I have been in America. Hoping that I have not made any mistakes in spelling, I remain your little French reader,

CLAIRE.

P. S.—I got the medal for English.



MANSFIELD, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of another Christmas Club that to-day has given its first dinner. About four weeks ago, upon a rainy Sunday, a lady was reading over some back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS to her little girls, and happened upon the account of the first dinner in Portland. Soon she found the older children and their father all listening, and many tears fell before the touching story was told. They all felt they must have a Club here, and the children with one accord said: "We will do without Christmas, if you will put it all into such a dinner." Then a few friends were spoken to, and soon a Club of not more than twenty children was organized, and such effectual work was done, that to-day one hundred and sixty children were fed and sent home with many nice presents. Forty more tickets were issued, but it was too bitter a day for those at a distance to come. A kind gentleman gave us the use of the hall, and all responded worthily to the call upon them. After the dinner, paper bags were given them, in which to put their surplus cake, oranges, etc., and the plates were soon bare. Then eleven of the children gave very prettily the little play in the ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1892, interspersed with songs. It was received most rapturously by the audience. Then Santa Claus came with his pack, and they were dismissed happier than they came. Another year will find us thoroughly organized, ready to care for many more, if it is needed.

Truly yours, M. B. H.—

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma subscribed for you as a birthday gift when I was twelve years old, but I had taken you when I was only six years old. I think "Donald and Dorothy" was a splendid story; but at present I am much interested with "Sara Crewe," and her queer "supposing" and "pretending" manners and ways.

We have a pet water-spaniel called Leo. He is very young, but we have taught him to sit up, to ask for food, to jump over things, and to carry papers for us.

Papa wished to send him to the dog-trainer, but we objected, wishing to train him ourselves, and not expose him to the cruelty of dog-trainers; and we were well rewarded, for his gentleness and sagacity are remarkable.

I am afraid my letter is too long to be printed, but as it is my first, I should feel very much honored if I found it in the "Letter-box," of your pleasant, instructive magazine.

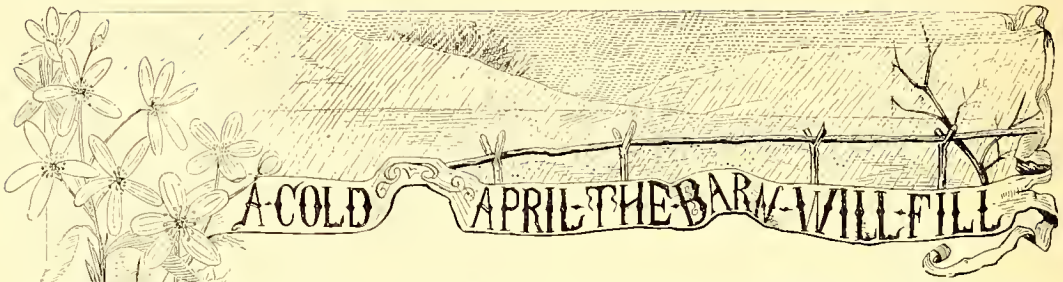
Your admiring reader, BERTHA J. R.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Alice B., Edith N. A., May, Emily P., Fannie Mason, Ethel M. Smith, A. Parker, Mabel Hughes, Gilbert H., F. A. C., Freddie E. Hobart, Lloyd McC., Ella D., Edith M. C., Josie, Gwyneth and Winnie, Bertrand F. Bell, A. H., Jeanette C. V., Edith S. Wade, Constance Ruth, E. H. W., Edna, Fanny B. Johnson, Susie K. Zettie, A. H., Percy McDowell, Margaret J. W. and Ethel B. D., Grace Riley, Eleanore P. C., Inez E. Holt, Helena J., May E. R., Elsie S., Ethel Holbrook, Pansy and Daisy, Ethel Doan, H. D. P., Minnie Orcutt, Marie Griswold, Helen Sears, Mary and Alice, Daisy J., Emma H., Mary A. Meigs, Luie Buchanan, Daisy Vivian, Edith Parks, Nancy W., Sophie M. Lee, Guy M., Bessie G. Pomeroy, M. D. and L. F. Libbie, B. Griffin, C. Burt, Laura Howell, Harry A. Austin, C. A., Anita F., R. Wiley, Roy Taylor, Gussie Norcross, M. T., Lida S. Danforth, Florence Adèle N., Flossie Russell, Evangeline Y., Lillian A. Thorpe, Minnie V., F. Adela C., M. E., Sarah and Kate L., Susie J. M., Lena A. C., John J. D., Bessie, A. McK. G., Nellie F. D., Mabel S., Oswald L., Nellie S. C., M. W., Mabel and Elsie, M. Dennison, Daisy Holroyd, Walton L. Oakley, Meta B. Macfarlane, Potter R., W. B. Benjamin, Ethel Fish, and Mary Meigs.









**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and form two lines of an English poem. The lines are not consecutive. The first line contains twenty-six letters.

My 22-7-14-56-44-33 is the author of the poem from which the two lines referred to are taken. My 54-29-53-35-3-25-51 is the biographer alluded to in the quotations. My 30-17-38-49-4-23-11-40 is a figure of speech used in each line. My 4-15-6-9-1 is what the biographer is called in the first line, and is the name of something that lives both in and on the water. My 35-2-27-51-48 is what his hero is called; this lives in the water. My 4-46-29-14-41 is the name of a Corsican patriot, and is the person referred to in the second line. My 17-55-43-6-3 is what he is called in the second line, and which flies in the air. My 31-44-3-37-5-16 is what the biographer is called in the second line, and which also flies in the air. My 32-53-8-23-30-12-53 is what the biographer once compared himself to, as being an *interpreter* between these two heroes, "joining them, as two great 56-7-45-34-36-47-52-42-28-53." His biography will ever keep 10-20-55-50-13-19-42-38 the name of his hero of the first line, and he will 18-24-47-57 as "Prince of Biographers" by all who have an 26-21-39 to the force of minute detail. J. P. B.

5. Behead a pronoun, and leave belonging to us. 6. Behead to efface, and leave to destroy. 7. Behead to reproach, and leave a relative. 8. Behead to annoy, and leave comfort. 9. Behead an occurrence, and leave to give utterance to. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous general, beloved by all Americans. "BUFF."

**DOUBLE ZIGZAG.**

1	.	.	.	11	.	.
.	2	.	.	12	.	.
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7	.	.	.	.	17	.
.	8	.	.	.	.	18
.	.	9	.	.	.	19
.	.	.	10	.	.	20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Granting. 2. Counterfeit. 3. Obstructions. 4. Opposed. 5. Gentleness. 6. Contrivance too late. 7. Sound in doctrine. 8. A cipher composed of one or more letters interwoven. 9. To operate against. 10. In truth.

ZIGZAGS: From 1 to 5, one of the months; from 6 to 10, dunces; from 1 to 10, dupes; from 11 to 15, terms; from 16 to 20, value; from 11 to 20, the name of a famous English poet who was born on April 7th. FRANK SNELLING.

**QUINCUNX.**

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I. ACROSS: 1. A long beam. 2. To spring. 3. Food. 4. A reptile. 5. A festival. DIAGONALS (beginning at the lower left-hand corner): 1. In fray. 2. Recompense. 3. An arrow. 4. The Turkish government. 5. To imitate. 6. In fray.

11. ACROSS: 1. A salver. 2. To increase. 3. Penalty. 4. A colored fluid. 5. The Greek god of war. DIAGONALS: 1. In fray. 2. A tree valued for its timber. 3. To twist together. 4. Grades. 5. A sharp instrument used for heaving timber. 6. In fray. DYCIE.

**AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.**

FROM one word of thirteen letters every word in the following paragraph may be formed. No letter is used twice in any word unless it occurs as many or more times in the original word, which contains the five vowels of the English alphabet, and which means "the act of reviving."

"Arise, O saint! To Etna run! Rest not in cot nor court, on seat or stone. Instruct! Insist! Use reasons stern! Rouse, scare; scorn sun, star or rain! Souze curate, tenor, crone! Susion resist, nor count on seniors' snares. Trounce strict censors; strut on in coarse attire; retain no act; incur not Orient ire."

CHARLIE S. B \*\*\*.

**CHANGES.**

EXAMPLE: Change comrades into vapor. Answer, MATES, STEAM.

1. Change salty into foreigners. 2. Change wrinkled into a bird. 3. Change a filament into scarcity. 4. Change pieces of meat into a vessel for holding coal. 5. Change a kind of plunger into sharp ends. 6. Change a kind of plum into wanderers; again, into atoms. F. S. F.

two great 56-7-45-34-36-47-52-42-28-53." His biography will ever keep 10-20-55-50-13-19-42-38 the name of his hero of the first line, and he will 18-24-47-57 as "Prince of Biographers" by all who have an 26-21-39 to the force of minute detail. J. P. B.

**PI.**

Sturf eth lube dan tehn eth rowshw;  
Stingrub dub, dan slingri lerwof;  
Skorob tes efre hwit kinglint rign;  
Drisb oto luff fo gons ot gins;  
Scrip dol sewai tiras hwiw dripe,  
Weerh eht dimit stovell hied,—  
Lal hingst darey hwit a ihw,—  
Pali's mognic pu eht lih!

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. Pestows. 2. To reiterate. 3. A rhetorical figure. 4. The essential oil obtained from the flowers of the bitter orange. 5. A maker of men's garments. 6. Steps. "EUREKA."

**TRIANGLE.**

1	.	.	.	.
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1, In pledge; 2, 8, a preposition; 3 to 9, a small quadruped; 4 to 10, a feminine name; 5 to 11, a simpleton; 6 to 12, part of a compass; 7 to 13, musical instruments.

From 1 to 7, acquiring by labor; from 1 to 13, possessions. "ODD FISH."

**BEHEADINGS.**

1. Behead a tree, and leave roughish. 2. Behead on high, and leave rally in a church. 3. Behead thrown violently, and leave an of the body. 4. Behead a preposition, and leave a contest.





